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Fantasy

A carnival Winter staged, fête-day of mirth,
To brighten the spiritless off-seasoned Earth;
In holiday mood, from the deep-ceilinged sky
He streamered resplendent stars, fastening high
A frosted globed lantern to light up the night.

The Snow Maiden entered, a shining-eyed Queen,
And tossed white confetti upon the gay scene,
It fell pirouetting to Earth's polished floor,
By dancing wind partnered, and glowing the more
For endlessly whirling, in rapturous twirling.

King Winter smiled soft at the wild festive glee,
The Snow Maiden looked at the Earth laughingly;
Her smile was caught living, and imprisoned fast
By ice-mantled river on crystal-cut glass,
And straining tall towers gleamed white snow-dust showers.

For carnival Winter staged, fête-day of mirth,
To brighten the spiritless off-seasoned Earth.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

The Spirit of the South

I do not know whether anyone else has the same reaction that I have whenever the glorious Southland is mentioned; but immediately there flashes before me a charming scene in which color, sound, and light merge into exquisite harmony. To me the South is a garden of blooming fragrance, a variegated profusion of perfumed loveliness and of white-flowered magnolia trees. Against the warm blue sky wings of brilliant hue dip swiftly graceful, the air is filled with rhapsodic melody, while the sun spills pools of "lemon-colored light" everywhere. My imagination running wildly on, the garden scene becomes suddenly, if confusedly, peopled with red-bandannaed mammies and grinning little darkies, and fried chicken, corn pones, and mint julep appear out of nowhere to tempt a New Englander to that annoying malady known as indigestion.

Behold, then, my picture of the South: one pattern collected from literature, another from the movies, and many from the haunting melodies of "Ole Virginie," "Dixie," and "Swanee River," all boasting the distorted fancifulness of a half-completed jig-saw puzzle.

More than all this, however, the mention of the Southland awakens in me the consciousness of an indefinable quality, a characteristic ethos, a spirit, peculiar in its essence and in its effects, and belonging to the land as an individual trait. It is a kind of nationalism, honor, chivalry, yet each as a definition in itself is wholly inadequate. It is a spirit as completely identified with the South, as taciturnity and righteousness are with the North, or breezy hospitality with the West. It is a kind of heritage, reverently received and proudly cherished.

It may be interesting to recall the settlement of the South to determine, as far as possible, how much the qualities derived from the adventures of the early settlers influenced their descendants. History describes them as a wealthy, leisurely class, English cavaliers of culture and loyalty. Although they were restless and pleasure-loving, they became excellent colonists, shaping fertile plantations out of a wilderness, evolving from rude shacks an originally beautiful style of architecture, the Colonial, and above all, preserving often indiscreetly but always ardently, a loyal love for their home, the South.

There has been no period in the fairly short history of America when this tendency has been so marked as the few brief days when the South

loomed up sharply as a rebel power, when time stopped for just one moment as the North and South paused on the brink of war in the lull before the cataclysm. In the deep undertone of that hushed period of suspense the South was supremely, passionately alive, ready to die a thousand deaths for that spiritual possession which it termed "the honor of the South."

I have often wondered how many people really know what the Civil War was all about. A child in grammar school will answer eagerly after he has had his first lesson in American history: "The Civil War was fought to free the slaves." Perhaps his older brother is present and interrupts scornfully: "The freeing of the slaves was only incidental—the South wanted to dissolve the Union—that was the cause."

But was that the cause? Or did the fundamental cause lie hidden under the mist of plausible generalizations? Was it not something more than a traiterous, mad attempt at divided sovereignty? I think so. I think there was a spirit working within it, a living, growing, deathless seed of principle in which its possessors believed blindly, and which they watered with their heart's blood. I think it was something more than a crazed desire for absolutism, for the blazing glory of victory, for the ruthless slaughter of their countrymen. It was a fire, too consuming perhaps, too dazzling in its flaming fierceness, that burned in the heart of every true son of the Confederacy,—a fire kindled from the spark of faith that inspired them to die courageously, unquestioningly, when that spark grew white-hot. Here, perhaps, I ought to stop, lest I, a Northerner born and bred, might be accused of sympathizing with the South, but the reason is not that I wish to be disloyal to my own cause, but that I wish to be loyal to America in seeking the motive for her soft-voiced child's misbehavior.

That the deep battle scars of the Civil War still mar the beauty of Southern fields and that hundreds of once prosperous plantations lie neglected and silently reproachful is in irreparable result of conflict; but that there should naturally remain an unmitigated hatred between the two forces is nothing more than exaggerated sentimentality, which divorces truth from sentiment.

What if the Northerners were devastating, ravaging invaders? Both armies knew that war is a destroyer, not a healer; or what if the South was fighting for a victory that would violate the very integrity of the sacred Constitution? What the rest of the world thought about it did not matter. That is a little of what I mean by the "Spirit of the South."

Yet my stern New England conscience will not permit me to conclude without asserting my earnest conviction that the blue-coated youths

possessed a fire within their hearts which was not only as glowing, as that of their southern foes, but which had the additional quality of being the flame of truth. Their souls, however, were no purer, their eyes no brighter, their smiles no braver than those of the gray-coated lads, who, although they fought a losing fight, and died triumphant in defeat, were equally great heroes.

Since I have touched lightly on the question that tore young America in two, I may add a word on the negro problem. We condemn it in theory just as the humane Unionists did some sixty years ago, because we have not seen it in practice. Nevertheless, Dubose Heyward, the novelist who devoted years of research to the study of the "tensest four months in American history" describes the situation in the reflections of one of his characters, Peter Ashley. "The air was thick with abolitionist propaganda. And most galling of all had been the attitude of his college mates, who, conscious of England's superior position on the question, invariably pointed to slavery as a confirmation of their contention that the States continue to exist in a state of barbarism. When he returned home, it was with the conviction that the system was, to say the least, outmoded; that while it continued to work in fact, it was wrong in theory, and that sooner or later it was doomed. But now on the other hand, here it was under his eyes. And it worked. Even the term 'slave' was seldom used among his associates; the occupants of the quarters at Wakefields were always referred to as 'our people,' and the domestics as 'the servants.'

"What standard, he had often wondered, could be so elastic in its application? Property value: to a certain extent, yes. But it was warmer, more human, than that. A moral code, perhaps; but within his own class there was a wide range of personal morality. Then one day he had hit upon a possible explanation. Good form. About the treatment of the negroes in his locality there had grown up as intricate a code of good form as that which surrounded the institution of dueling, or behavior upon a ballroom floor. In the interrelationship that had developed between master and slave during their generations together, there were certain decencies to be observed. A gentleman, confronted by a certain situation, would conduct himself in accordance with the unwritten code. If he failed—well, there were deflections in every social order; it was unfortunate, but the transgressor was no longer a gentleman. That the conventions of his particular locality and class had crystallized from the attitude of individuals of high moral character was a matter of gratitude, Peter thought. It made it easier in the present crisis to reconcile conscience and necessity. It buttressed the threatened

edifice with certain Christian virtues and endowed the impending conflict with the indispensable elements of a crusade."

I am not bemoaning the emancipation of slaves,—far from it. It was one of the deeds that immortalized Lincoln, one of the noblest acts a president ever accomplished. But my point is that there lives in the South a rigid code of honor, apparent above all in the negro problem; a code of chivalry that is a prized birthright; the code that justifies the fierce pride of the boast: "A South'n gentleman, suh!"

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Race Week

King Cotton overslept today.
His dusky slaves have crept away,
And left him in his royal bed,
White nightcap still upon his head.

The city stirs. Its sleepy eyes
Awake to see a red sunrise.
A minstrel band goes down the street,
There is a sound of dancing feet;

Ten thousand quickened pulses trace
The restless rhythm of a Race;
While Cotton sleeps in royal bed,
White nightcap still upon his head.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

"Four I Love . . . ."

"Are we almost there, Robert?"

"Yes, my dear." Colonel Payne spoke gently to his wife, a tiny, fragile looking lady with finely etched lines of terrible grief around a strong, firm mouth.

The Civil War was in progress.

"Oh, God, let nothing have happened to him," she prayed.

The colonel looked at his wife fearfully. He was afraid of a breakdown. She had endured so much. The past two years whirled through his tired mind with the motion of the train until he almost cried out in pain. "Paul dead,—Ronald fighting with the North—Paul dead—Ronald fighting with the north—"

He thought tenderly of Paul—gay, loving, and lovable Paul. Why had it been he? Why couldn't it have been—oh, no—regretfully he recalled Ronald, a quiet, shy boy, the cleverest boy, who had shown such extraordinary promise that they sent him north to Harvard to study. Then he seemed to change; grew even more serious; developed queer northern notions: "Slavery was wrong. All men were equal." Then the final quarrel, that last grim row. Southern pride had been clawed raw. Ronald could stay in the South no longer—now he would not. He had left to help "those Yankees." Ronald's name was no longer mentioned. He himself had forbidden it. His heart had been cruelly torn; and he was no longer a young man. Mary, how it had hurt her! How even now the awful anxiety must rip to shreds her mother-love. On top of the heart-break of Ronald's desertion came Paul's death. And now Richard ill—how ill? It could mean anything today. Dead? Dying?

"It could not be," he thought rebelliously—not his three boys.

"Robert, what did the telegram say?"

"You saw it, dear—"

"Yes, I forgot," she spoke slowly.

"It said, 'Come at once. Richard Payne wounded.' "

"Oh, yes, thank you, do you think—?"

"Mary, my dear, try to be brave about it. He is all right. I feel sure."

The train roared.

"Paul died" . . . Ronald deserted . . . Paul died . . . Ronald deserted. . . ."

The colonel's brow was furrowed by deep lines of care, but his arrogant nose and stern eyes were indicative of an unbending character.

They sat silent for some time. He knew that even now Mary was thinking of Paul, of the last time they had made this same trip. They had been just in the nick of time—then. Finally, St. Laurient's again. What an interminable time it had seemed. The trip from the station to the hospital was made quickly. The orderly at the door recognized the colonel.

"Lieutenant Payne is on the second floor left, sir."

"Thank you." Mrs. Payne smiled at him as he held the door open for her.

"That was a trick of hers," the colonel noted absently, "making people like to wait on her."

They hurried through the wards, where the wounded lay huddled on cots. Yankees huddled here too, this was almost the border line. They were receiving scant attention from the Southern doctors and nurses who could not care competently for their own men. Mary Payne tried not to look at the cots and their pitiful burdens, but her eyes were streaming when they reached the officers' wards. Only the same cots filling the same bare rooms. But the blankets looked a little cleaner and the men were obviously getting more care. Her glance roamed anxiously over the prostrate bodies.

"Richard? Oh, Robert, that's he over there!"

"Be careful, Mary, he may be sleeping."

The colonel had seen so much of this. He knew well the value of sleep to a wounded soldier. They tip-toed nearer the cot. None of the other men seemed to pay any attention. Richard opened his eyes painfully and looked at them.

"Mother—Dad!"

"Richard, dear, what—?" she could go no farther.

"Mother, Mother, don't cry, I'm all right really, just a chest wound, but it puts me out of the running. I am going home to recuperate. You'll even be glad I was wounded." He tried to laugh.

"Father, what did they tell you?"

"Just that you were wounded, son, we'll let it go until later. How soon before you can be moved and we can get you out of here?" The colonel was a man of action.

"Unless you take me home there is no place else I may go. Every place in town is being utilized for hospital room. Conditions are growing worse."

Father and son looked grave. The mother was crying gently. Now that the awful tension was over, she felt weak and sick.

"Richard all right—Richard coming home," she almost did not care that the war was going badly. "How he must have suffered." His whole face had changed. The skin was drawn over it like thin parchment. He looked so much like Robert. The same prominent nose and eyes, but Richard's eyes were no longer open and frank. They were now deep and unfathomable, like Robert's. His mouth was a grim straight line. He had seen his men wounded and their comrades step right over their inert bodies to take their places as fodder for the cannons. His heart was heavy, his voice reflected all this.

Suddenly Mrs. Payne became very angry. "What right had men to do this to one another? Why did they settle disputes this way, the side who slaughtered the most being the victors?" She determined to see the doctor and take Richard from this awful place of living torturous memories in the shape of dying friends.

"I shall be right back."

"All right, Mother."

She spoke to one of the nurses. "Will you please tell me where I may find the head doctor?"

The nurse looked up wearily, but she smiled. "Surely. Dr. Lee will be in the small room straight ahead."

"Thank you."

The doctor looked up. "Yes?"

"I am Mrs. Payne, Dr. Lee, Lieutenant Payne's mother. When may Richard be moved?"

"How far?"

"Green Lake. It's about a six hours' train ride."

"If you are very careful, any time, I should say. He'll get better care at home and, we need the room." He spoke heavily.

Back again through the wards for the unknowns, the privates, the despised Yankees. Two hundred boys left on dirty cots, wanting to die, with only five nurses to care for all of them.

"Please, can't I have some water?" It was almost a whisper.

She saw a boy, his entire face shattered, his eyes blinded. Her face contracted with horror and grief. She ran for water.

"Let me put it in your mouth with this spoon, it will be easier."

"You are kind—"

She bathed what she could of his face, made him a little more comfortable, and prayed for a quick release from this awful agony. Only an hour or so to live, and if accident had not brought her, he would have died with no one to give him even a few drops of water.

"Oh, it's so unfair!" she cried out.

"No, no reason why they should care for me, I fought with the North."

"With the North?"

Suddenly Mary Payne knew. This was not chance.

"Ronald!"

"Mother, is it really—oh, Mother!"

She was kneeling by the cot trying to think.

"Ronald, dear, what's wrong? I'll get the best doctors. You must live!"

"No, Mother, I can't. And father's pride, it would kill him to have a deserter in the house. . . ."

She knew that he was right.

"Mother, will you sing for me?"

She started an old song that brought back pleasant memories.

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
The fifth I cast away—"

Her voice broke. She sobbed piteously.

"Mother, dear, please don't, please."

He tried to raise himself enough to put his arms around her.

"As long as it is four you love it's all right. It won't be long. You will all be with me soon, and then Father and the others will understand. I had to."

She caught him to her. He was getting weaker.

"I wish I could see you, Mother, but it's better to have you. God was good to me."

He lay quiet for a few minutes then a sudden thought bothered him.

"Mother, you always understood?"

"Yes, dear, and I always loved you for it."

"Sing it again, Mother."

Her eyes closed in pain, hardly breathing to keep back the sobs.

"One I love,"
("That's Father," he whispered.)
"Two I love,"
("That's Paul.")
"Three I love, I say,"
("That's Richard.")
"Four I love with all my heart."
("That's me.")

Again her eyes closed in pain. The muscles in her throat became numb.

"Mother—"

She listened—he was dead.

HELEN GATELY, '33.

Lincoln

His birth was not attended with great joy,
The cabin was too rude for festive zeal.
In poverty he grew, a slender boy,
Whose eager mind devoured its frugal meal
Of tattered books. He could not help reveal
To one who watched his lean face dreamily
The promise of the man he was to be.

EDNA M. GALLAGHER, '33.

Non Omnis Moriar

Latin is almost universally considered a dead language. In fact a movement to abolish the study of this tongue in our high schools and colleges because it is too antique for the twentieth century finds zealous advocators, a situation that no doubt arises from the fact that so many students have made elementary Latin a stumbling block to the wealth of enjoyment offered in the more advanced study of Latin poetry.

Far from being dead, Latin poetry is more alive and vital for those who understand it than the latest novel with a provoking red jacket is to the malcontents. In the eighteenth century Horace was the fashion, and surely there must have been something especially interesting in him to lure men from the hunt and from politics, to an appreciation of the Latin which our generation calls dead. Perhaps a consideration of some of Horace's poetry will serve to show us his views on the problem of life which was the chief interest of men in the eighteenth century as in the first, and as it is in the twentieth. We can draw our own conclusions as to whether Horace's views live or not.

Horace has the happy faculty of expressing himself in succinct phrases which are usually weighed with meaning. We understand the reason when we consider that he had been schooled in solid virtues as an Apulian peasant boy, and educated in the arts at Athens. Later, as a promising young poet, he indulged frivolously in the tawdry pleasures of the Rome of his day. His better nature revolted, however, against becoming mere driftwood, and at the mature age of about thirty-five he turned seriously to literature, writing such phrases as the following, in the quiet of his Sabine farm:

"Rectius vives, Lucini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquum

Auream quisquis *mediocritatem*
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.

"Lucinius, here's a recipe
To keep you from undue commotion,
Remember that the shore can be
As treacherous as the depths of ocean.

The man who loves the *golden mean,*
Avoids the squalor of a hovel;
And scorns the palaces, serene,
Above the envious ones who grovel."

"He who cherishes the Golden Mean lives rightly." This is the keynote of success, of order, of harmony, neither too much nor too little, but a happy medium. The words immortalize moderation like our Christian principle, "moderatio in omnibus rebus."

"Rebus angustis animosus atque fortis appare," a man who possesses the golden mean should "show himself brave and courageous in straitened circumstances." He is the one who can take the bitter with the sweet, who can meet reverses with the fortitude and courage that characterize him in times of prosperity. It is the pagan expression of resignation to God's Will in misfortune. It suggests to those looking for life in Latin poetry that they should act the soldier's part along life's way and meet hardship gallantly, bravely.

To this ennobling thought of moderation and resignation, he adds that of simplicity of living:

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bobus exercet suis.

Quod si pudica mulier in partem iuvet
domum atque dulcis liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
pernicis uxor Apuli.
Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum
lassi sub adventum viri.

"I hate Persian luxury, boy."

"Happy the man who far from schemes
Of business, like the early generations,
Ploughs and ploughs again his ancestral land,
With oxen of his own breeding, with no yoke
Of usury on his neck.

But if a chaste wife do her part,
And grace his house, with its sweet children,
(Such as is a Sabine spouse or the sunburnt
Partner of the sturdy Apulian);
And pile the sacred hearth with old logs
Against the return of her wearied lord. . . ."

"I hate luxury," is Horace's sentiment on the vanities of life. In charming contrast he presents a picture of homely simplicity with the individual spheres of the man and woman finely drawn. There are many such definite and important portrayals in Horace. Here we have not only the hero of a story but also his wife and children in an atmosphere untainted by the modern evil of divorce.

And how should a man who is moderate and simple in his tastes regard himself? The poet tells us, when he says:

"Integer vitae s celerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

"He who has lived a blameless life and pure one
Needs naught of Moorish bows or mighty javelins,
Needs neither armored plates nor poisoned arrows,
Fusce, to shield him."

Here is an ideal worthy of imitation, a pinnacle of high principle to which the heroes of the so-called "daring" novels can never hope to reach.

As a novelist is never unqualifiedly optimistic, neither is our poet. Horace becomes meditative when his theme is the transitoriness of life.

"Pulvis et umbra sumus."
"We are dust and a shade."

These words echo in our souls and make Time seem like a thin shadow: "We live but to die; death is the last conqueror!" They stir us like Longfellow's "tick-tock, tick-tock." "Forever-never, never forever!" "We are dust and a shade," that is, we have a body, which, when deprived of life,

turns to dust, and an indestructible spirit (shade) which lives on in glory or punishment in an after life. Therefore, implies the poet of what avail excess in life's short span?

How near this is to the Christian ideal, and yet how distant from it! We hold that we are made to the image and likeness of God, for the spirit or soul while imprisoned in the body on earth avoids sin or excess to please God above all, and to enjoy a happy eternity with Him hereafter.

Horace has extolled simplicity and righteousness, and he has shown how transitory life is, yet he does not leave us sorrowing in a corner. He tells us how to be content. How different our modern novel that leaves us excited and disturbed! All men from every rank, Horace says, pray for peace and yearn for that contentment which money cannot purchase. He accounts the man happy who possesses this, on whose humble board shines the ancestral salt cellar, and whose sleep is not disturbed by fear or ignoble greed. The philosopher adds, however:

"Nihil est ab omni parte beatum."
"No man is altogether happy."

and the only way to satisfy this desire for peace, as he has said before, is to be content with little, with ordinary and unvarnished things of life.

Mary M. Devenny, '35.

Code of Honor

The peculiar moisture-fragrant breeze of late April found its way into the sun-flooded office of Dr. David Jordan through the partially opened window. It occasionally stirred the pongee curtains or caused a faint rustle and flutter of the upper leaf of the wall calendar. That was the only sound audible in the room as the physician studied his tense, anxious-eyed patient. "Since you ask for a complete diagnosis of your case, Miss Field, I shall give it to you. Your constitution and tendencies indicate that some day you will become a victim of that malignant disease which has been hereditary in your family."

The girl gasped and uttered a faint "Oh!" and covered her face with her hands.

* * * * *

Philip Howland was whistling gaily as he let himself into the apartment he shared with David Jordan.

"Hello, Dave! Are you here?"

"Hello, Phil," answered a voice from an inner room, and then its possessor came into view.

"By Jove, Phil, you look great," clapping his hand on the other man's shoulder. "There's no place like Maine, even though you did have to combine your vacation with a little business."

"You said it, Dave,—and . . . er, say, Dave . . . well . . . I thought I'd let you be the first to congratulate me."

"What for? Get the promotion you expected as a result of your trip?"

"No, Dave, something even better than that," he added impressively and with engaging boyishness, "I'm engaged!"

"Engaged! Glad to hear it, Phil. You know I wish you every happiness," taking his hand. "To think you're caught at last, Phil!" added Dave banteringly, "by whom, may I ask?"

"Don't think you know her, although her home is in the city here. I met her on my trip. Gosh, Dave, she's the most wonderful girl I've ever known," with the impulsive rapture of a swain.

"Naturally," replied David with a twinkle.

"No, I mean it. She'll be home next week and I'll introduce you to her."

So the following week, Doctor David Jordan met Alice Field—socially. He shuddered at the sensation he experienced on the occasion. Alice gave no indication of having ever laid eyes upon David before.

Weeks of mental torture for the young doctor followed. To tell Philip would be a mortal violation of a physician's code, the code that was the standard of his service to humanity, the code he must defend at any cost. To keep his knowledge from the man with whom he had shared joys and sorrows from boyhood, would, eventually, mean tragedy for impulsive, lovable Philip. That Phil loved Alice, there was no doubt; but better heartache now than a prolonged lifetime of it. He would tell Phil. But the code! It obtruded itself again, and David was conquered. It sealed his lips forever.

As a last resort and with a faint glimmer of hope in his heart, David called upon Alice Field.

She entered the drawing-room, and approaching David, spoke in the same cryptic tone that she had used in all her conversation with Dr. Jordan since their social introduction, "How do you do, David? I hardly expected the pleasure of receiving you as a guest until Phil and I were 'at home.' "

A twitch of pain crossed the stern features of her fiancé's friend. Perceiving it, she started back and exclaimed, "Oh, . . . is there anything the matter with Phil? . . . Why do you look like that? . . . Why are you here?" she ended hysterically.

"You know why I am here, Miss Field."

She looked up at him, and slowly her eyes widened in comprehension.

"I have come to ask you to give up Philip Howland. As his friend and as your physician, I advise it for the eventual good of both of you."

Alice remained silent for so long that the man thought that she could not have heard him clearly, and was about to repeat his plea, when she jumped up, and facing him defiantly, cried out, "No, no, I will never give up Phil . . . not all his friends nor all the doctors in the world can make me."

"You love Phil?"

"Of course I love him."

"And yet you would wreck his life?"

"How do you know that I'll wreck his life? How do I know that your diagnosis was absolutely correct?" she asked wildly, her voice mounting. "Why should I send the only person who has shown me any light or happiness out of my life? No, no, never!"

And so shortly afterward David witnessed the marriage of Philip to Alice Field.

Since his friend's marriage, David Jordan lived only for his profession, devoting long hours of his time to clinics and hospitals.

It had been a particularly trying day at the free clinic of the Dennis Memorial Hospital. Doctor Jordan had been requested and demanded by countless patients, and he had attended as many as was physically possible. He sighed wearily as he doffed his white surgeon's smock; sighed not so much in fatigue as in pity for the numberless poor and suffering that he treated week in and week out.

Doctor Jordan lost surprisingly few cases for a young surgeon, so his reputation was mounting steadily day by day. He seemed to take no heed of it, however, or, if he did, it mattered little to him, for his thoughts were on others, not himself.

"Poor Phil!—I wonder," he muttered, when his soliloquy was interrupted by a hasty knock on the door.

"Come in!"

The head nurse entered. She spoke gravely, briefly, "Will you take an emergency in number six, doctor? The patient has been in a serious automobile accident—bad concussion of the brain and internal injuries. Your skill might save her."

"Right away!"

He hurriedly donned a fresh smock, blessed himself, and took up his gloves and mask as he left the office.

All was in readiness for him as he entered the operating room. The bright light above the table shone down mercilessly upon the inert, sheet-covered form. Silent attendants stood about waiting for his instructions. Doctor Jordan approached the table. His glance rested for a minute on the gashed face of his patient. Then as comprehension came upon him, the surgeon started back involuntarily, and a hoarse, whispered cry escaped him, "My God—Phil Howland's wife!" and continued to stare at the figure as though mesmerized.

The attendants, alarmed, exchanged glances, and then looked at Doctor Jordan. The assisting surgeon came up to him and laid his hand on his colleague's arm.

"Doctor! Are you all right? Can you go on with it?"

The other surgeon's voice roused him from his trance, and he waved away a stimulant that an attendant held out to him.

"Yes, I'm all right."

His mind was working with lightning rapidity. If he allowed Doctor Harvey, his assistant, to operate, Alice Howland's odds against life were staked even higher against her. Why not let him operate then? Why should he be the agent for a second time (although in the first instance he was a negative one) in a cause that was going to crush Phil?

Certainly Providence was trying him in the crucible of temptation. Then the words of his father, who was a doctor before him, flashed across his mind, "Remember, my boy, when you hold a life in the balance of your hand, always save it if you can. It's your duty to your God and to your code."

Doctor Jordan spoke again decisively, calmly, "Hand me the instruments." And with that he was galvanized into action.

Hours later when he emerged from the operating room, he was confronted by the ashen face of Philip Howland. His friend gripped his arm frantically, "Will she live, Dave?"

"Only God can answer that, Phil. I've done all in my power to save her."

Placing his hand on the distracted man's shoulder, David said kindly, "Better go home and try to get some rest, old man. There's nothing you can do here."

"Can't I see her?"

"No, Phil, her condition is too serious."

"You mean—"

"I mean she has a chance."

"Dave, she's got to live," implored his friend. "I'll give anything, I'll do anything to save her. We've been so happy," cried the man, frantic in his grief.

"I understand. Go home now, and I'll 'phone you as soon as possible."

When Philip Howland had left, David threw himself upon the couch in the office to snatch a few moments of rest before taking up his vigil at Alice Howland's bedside. His friend's face rose before him imploringly, pleadingly; then Alice's face defied him as it had almost two years ago on the day she told him that she purposed to marry Philip.

Then he sighed, got up, and went to the sick room where the bride of a year hovered between life and death. The hours dragged—finally Alice's eyelids fluttered and opened. Gradually recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Dave!"

"Yes, Alice."

"Where's Phil?"

"I sent him home but he'll be back shortly."

After a while, weakly, "Do you hate me for marrying him?"

"No, all that matters to me is Phil's happiness."

"I—I haven't caused him sorrow—and never shall, for I shall not live to experience the awful thing that you predicted. I've always had a premonition that I would not," by now her speaking was labored, "so

I lived—only—for—today."

Silence for a time, then Alice spoke again, "Dave!"

"Yes?"

"Tell—tell Phil—"

But Doctor Jordan never knew what it was that Alice wanted him to tell her husband.

HELEN MORGAN, '33.

My Little Strip of Sea

I am looking out my window at a little strip of sea,
So blue, so clearly bright today in all its majesty.
Sometimes it frowns in anger, sometimes looks coldly black,
And other times it smiles at me, and I keep smiling back.
An everchanging beauty, a gift from God to me,
To watch from out my window, my little strip of sea.

ELINOR M. CROSBY, '33.

Chesterton's "Chaucer"

In reading G. K. Chesterton's *Chaucer* I was interrupted by a chance question that recurred most annoyingly, and one which I still find unanswered: which is the more delightful, Chaucer's humor or Chesterton's description of Chaucer's humor; Chaucer's personality as studied by Chesterton or Chesterton's personality as revealed by a study of Chaucer, etc., etc. It became more involved as the reading progressed, nor was it unravelled with the regretful sigh that followed the closing of the book. So, after long deliberation, I have decided that the best reply I can give is this: Chesterton is at his best when describing Chaucer at his best.

Chaucer, to use a bold metaphor for the moment, is a medieval play, its title at once appropriate and illuminative; its hero, Chaucer, the man, the poet, the humorist; its setting, the highroad to Canterbury; its cast, the riotous, immortal, heterogeneous pilgrims shrine-ward bound. All the glorious pageantry is there; all the world of chivalry and armorial blazonry, when that world "was in its glorious autumn, glorious with decay"; all the wit, the grandeur of religious fervor! But, someone objects, that is nothing more than the *Canterbury Tales,* that is Chaucer, not Chesterton. True, it is Chaucer, but it is Chaucer seen through the delicately constructed, magical opera glasses of Chesterton; it is Chesterton who whispers in our dull ears the secrets of Chaucer's genius, who explains to us the artistry of each role, without disturbing in the least the players, as we watch the stage with entertained but uncomprehending eyes, much as a thoughtful father does for eager little theatre-goers.

Chaucer is not only a fascinating story of the life and works of the most sane and sensible of English poets, it is a "stimulating and informative study of medieval life and the medieval mind." Nor is it treated as a thing of a period historically detached, for the author emphasizes the unseverable link, the ceaseless continuity of history, which will remain intact as long as there are men to make history. As Chesterton points out, "one of the most necessary and most neglected points about the story called History is the fact that the story is not finished." On this indisputable fact, then, he builds his comparison of

medieval and modern systems, showing that medieval history is useless unless it is modern history. He asserts the existence today of every type of character found in the *Canterbury Tales,* clearly recognizable in the social or ecclesiastical order: the Friar, the Summoner, the Wife of Bath, and all the representative people of that age.

When we consider that the *Canterbury Tales* is the first true novel in history, and a classic withal, we can realize that it embodies the "spirit of the ages" as well as the spirit of the age, and that its types are the deathless types of the modern present and the modernistic future. This is true according to the universally accepted aphorism, "human nature never changes." Circumstances peculiar to a moving civilization may adorn, strip, or alter it in its superficial mien, but its character remains integrally the same. So, in speaking of the possibility of turning the "Prologue" and frame work of the *Tales* into a modern novel, Chesterton theorizes thus: "It would be amusing to see how far we could really get along with the Host as a modern hotel proprietor, the Knight as a retired colonel knighted for his military services, the Clerk of Oxford as an Oxford don, the Franklin as an ordinary country gentleman with a good estate, the Doctor as a modern doctor, etc. One of the quarrels in the *Canterbury Tales* sounds exactly like a quarrel in a public house today, between a boisterous bookie and a surly north-country groom."

And who could not discover in the garrously-egotistical Wife of Bath the ancestral traits of a modern landlady, who is suspiciously overattentive to the needs of the "Star-Boarder," doubtless with the attention of making him, "Mr. Number Six," the type of business woman who haggles with the fisherman over a penny but keeps a jobless boarder for weeks out of sheer good-natured generosity, a faithful attendant at the movies, and an ardent dévotée of popular, sensational fiction, ready to shed copious tears over the fate of the platinumed heroine, yet with all her coarse giddiness a kindly, liberal neighbor? Of such highly colored patterns, then, is woven the tapestry of the *Canterbury Tales.*

With a reverently efficient hand, Chesterton wipes away the dust of the centuries from the tomb of the Middle Ages, and having resurrected the buried, unrolls the shroud of legend and false perspective to view Medievalism as it originally existed. "There exists," he explains, "a misunderstanding rather than a quarrel about medieval and modern ideas, because the two do not meet on the same plane. The medieval world, with all its crimes and crudities, was intensely concerned with ideas as ideas, and not as medieval ideas. But the moderns and especially the Modernist, are intensely concerned with the fact that modern ideas are modern. They are sometimes so excited about it that they

neglect to make anything like ideas. There could not be a better example than a comparison between that idea of Guilds with the fact of Capitalism. There was an idea in Guilds—but there is not and never was any idea in Capitalism. Nobody knew where it was going, and at this moment it appears to be going straight to sheer strangling monopoly and then to bankruptcy. Nobody understands the modern world who does not realize this primary truth."

An intelligent grasp of the meaning of medieval institutions is a necessary background for the study of Chaucer and for the more expansive field of modern History and Economics. For this Chesterton has worked. His *Chaucer* boasts something more than the mere element of new, intimate biography. It is a broad survey of the times, the literature, the customs, a retrospective view of the beginnings of a representative Englishman, first apparent in Geoffrey Chaucer, at the period of French and English cleavage of culture and politics. Despite the long years of French influence and dominion, England had preserved intact the great national heritage, humor—and Chaucer was the "Trustee of that Heritage." This quality appealed greatly to Chesterton, a famous humorist himself, and his definition of humor has the weight of an authoritative opinion. "It is the custom to boast that it is more than wit but the really interesting truth is that it is even more than humor. It is not merely a critical quality; in a sense it is even a creative quality, a sort of crooked creation that is called the fantastic or the topsy-turvy. Even in the father of English poetry that far-off cry of pure folly can be heard, perhaps for the first time in history. There was little enough in him of the Mystic; yet it is impossible not to feel something mystical about his magnitude as an emblem of England. He had somehow got into his head and into his notebook a certain national quality, centuries before the Nation attempted to understand or describe its own quality. He had, for instance, the humor that is at once broadened and blended by good humor."

To this last statement I am almost tempted to add "Et tu, Mr. Chesterton," finding sufficient basis for the tribute even in so brief a passage as the one in which the author, speaking of the absurdity of completely modernizing Chaucer, says: "For instance, what in the world is the use of altering the word 'withouten'? If there be any human being who can read the line, 'Alone withouten any company,' who does not know at once that 'withouten' means 'without,' I should imagine he must be very rare and isolated sort of reader, withouten any company and certainly withouten any commonsense."

It is characteristic of Chesterton that he dwells particularly on the Pardoner, doubtless to disprove, with a twinkle in his eye, the highly

fantastic fables of papal corruption in the matter of indulgences. He says, "The Pope wanted to collect money for various objects. The trouble was not so much what he was doing as the way in which the thing was done. The shortest way of describing it is to say, in modern language, that the papacy condescended to employ up-to-date methods of advertisements. It put its trust in people who professed to be a sort of publicity expert. In the religious atmosphere of the time it took the form of going about delivering ranting sermons about the indugences attached to works of piety and charity, and then sending around the hat in the usual rather vulgar fashion. These hustling advertising agents dragged religion in the mire, but they got the money. The whole root of the evil was there. The contempt that normal Catholics felt for all this is written in red-hot letters in Chaucer's account of the Pardoner."

And here the question of Chaucer's religion insinuates itself, a widely discussed and often misrepresented problem. Modern critics have hailed Chaucer as an enlightened reformer for satirizing the Monk and Friar, have proclaimed in loud accents, "see how degraded the Catholic Church must have been when even the genial tolerant nature of the poet was stirred to such extents," at the same time conveniently ignoring the reason for the satire. Chesterton points out the fallacy: in the whole of his satirical sketches of the Monk, the point is not that the Monk is sunk in monkish superstitions, but simply that the Monk is not monkish enough. He jeers at him for coming out of the cloister and partaking of the pleasures of the world. He jeers at him indeed in his own jovial fashion, making up an imaginary defence for the Monk, which is full of hearty hatred of work and the bother of reading books. To those troubled in spirit by the divine disturbance of humor, it will be obvious that Chaucer is simply chaffing a monk for his hypocrisy in not being a monk at all. The whole of this passage, taken in a historical and social sense, is simply a protest against abuses.

That Geoffrey Chaucer was an orthodox medieval Catholic, who never dreamt of being anything else, is evident from the whole spirit of the *Canterbury Tales* as from the theological and ethical explanations in which he delights. In answering the common imputations that Chaucer was a Lollard, Chesterton employs an argument the special force of which is its present-day application: "A man does not come an inch nearer to being a heretic by being a hundred times a critic. The church is not a movement or a mood, or a direction, but the balance of many moods and movements; and membership in it consists in accepting the ultimate arbitrament which strikes the balance between them, not in refusing to admit any of them into the balance of all. Chaucer did say that it was disgraceful for priests and men in authority to be base

and unworthy, but there is nothing particularly lollardish about saying that; thousands of Catholics have said it in every age and are saying it now."

His argument concludes with a tribute to Chaucer which is one of the most beautiful passages in the book: "Chaucer had the one thing needful; he had the frame of mind that is the ultimate result of right reason and a universal philosophy; the temper that is the flower and fruit of all the tillage and toil of moralists and theologians. He had the charity that is the heart and not merely the mind of our ancient Christendom; and between the black robes of Gower and the grey gown of Langland, he stands clothed in scarlet like all the household of love; and emblazoned with the Sacred Heart."

In brief, then, for a searching sympathetic life of Geoffrey Chaucer, for a liberal education in medieval history, for an artistic study of the *Canterbury Tales,* for instructive glimpses into the works of Chaucer's contemporaries, for a clearer understanding of ecclesiastical policies and the glory that was, is, and ever shall be, the Papacy, I advise everyone to read Chesterton's *Chaucer*—not only to enjoy the best of Chaucer, but to delight in the best of Chesterton.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Francis

No more the house resounds with shouts
That split the very air;
No more the tread of little feet
Is heard upon the stair;
No more the floors are strewn with toys,
Or books with pages torn;
No more we hear the child-like voice;
Now all is so forlorn.
For Angels came one sultry night
And closed his eyes in rest,
And took his little soul to God,
To be forever blessed.

Mary Flatley, '33.

Tokens

"My Wild Irish Rose. . . ."

M-m, that air was good. Made one feel young and gay.

"The sweetest flower. . . ."

The jaunty song became a jarring duet as a faint wail from seemingly nowhere suddenly joined in.

"What th—" . . .

Larry Sullivan, a symphony in gray from hat to spats, stopped short.

"Must be a new kind of bird!"

So, he dismissed the unseen sound and again took up the refrain.

"You may search everywhere . . . ."

But the faintly stirring spring breeze wafted the disconsolate tone once again to his annoyed ears, and this time it came distinctly from the ground, not the air.

"Darn! It couldn't be a frog. Too early for them to croak! . . . What's this!"

Anyone could read from the expression in Larry Sullivan's steel gray eyes that he was a very amazed gentleman. Gingerly he bent over a bundle of rags. It moved, and Larry started back with alacrity. You never could tell. Prominent men had been bombed before.

"W-a-a-a!"

Why the sound came from the bundle! Well, that didn't sound like a bomb! So Larry bent over and plucked at the mysterious rags.

"Good Lord, a baby!"

He frowned with surprised indignation at the equally indignant, puckered face upturned to his. He put one finger curiously on the baby chin.

"W-a-a-a!"

Away came the finger with lightening speed.

"M-m-m, didn't know youngsters were so touchy."

Just then, a card fluttered out from the quivering bundle. Larry picked it up carefully. His own card! Soiled, bent, . . . but sure enough, . . . J. Lawrence Sullivan, Attorney-at-Law. . . .

"Shades of Sherlock!"

Larry scratched his graying temple in growing bewilderment. Then he addressed the child.

"Well, it looks as if my rôle should be that of the hospitable host, eh, Watson?"

Somehow he contrived to ring the bell and at the same time keep the infant intact in his arms.

"Mercy, Mr. Larry, what have you got there, a baby?"

"My, you're improving Martha. That's just what it is—a baby."

"O-o-o, . . . you'll drop the poor little mite. Give him to me. . . . What's his name?"

"Watson," answered Larry shortly. "Look here, Martha, what am I going to do? I found him on the door step!"

"Well, the first thing is to give the little cherub a bath, then we'll feed him, then we'll put him to bed."

Martha was efficiency personified.

"Just as you say, Madame." And Larry bent in an exaggerated bow.

One half hour later Larry viewed his new-found charge, all pink and white like a pretty sea-shell.

"Well, feel better, Watson?"

Larry's well-guarded heart irresistibly softened as he found one finger captured within a tight, little fist.

"You just wait. Your old Sherlock will find out what's what and make everything O. K."

"Mr. Larry, I wish you wouldn't be calling her Watson," put in Martha apologetically.

"Her. . . . why . . ."

Suddenly his face crinkled up into one of his rare smiles.

"Well, then . . . Rose . . . Little Wild Irish Rose. . . . How's that?"

" 'Tis better than Watson," conceded Martha.

* * * * *

Sherlock went "sleuthing" for many a day. But he never fathomed the mystery.

"I guess we'll have to keep the child," said he ruefully, one night.

Martha, faithful and old retainer that she was, spoke her mind.

"Now, Mr. Larry, you needn't be looking so glum. You know right well the little darling has won your heart. Sure you're a new man. You laugh and sing like you used to before . . ."

She hesitated uncertainly.

"That's all right, Martha, . . . before Paula threw me over for the big butter and egg man from the West. That was when I was young and poor, and believed in everyone." He laughed bitterly, cynically.

"Look, do you think she will like this? I had it made small. . . ."

Martha paled as her employer held up a ring with one blazing sapphire, encircled by tiny, pure white pearls.

"It's the engagement . . . it's the one she returned," she finally gasped.

Larry's firm mouth twisted into a smile that was more pathetic than tears could ever be. Then he gayly laughed.

"You're right Martha. But you've heard the saying, 'off with the old, on with the new!' Little Rose is my new love, and I just know she's going to stick. . . . Call her in now, Martha."

His face was like a boy's, alight with suppressed excitement.

"What are you hiding behind your back, Dad?" The little girl laughed merrily as she came into the room.

"My, my, how the little Miss measures up to her original cognomen. See if you can guess, Watson!"

"Oh, don't be cruel, Daddy dear. Let me see!"

Funny how he could never hold out against those bewitching eyes, blue like another pair. . . .

"All right."

Her smothering, grateful kisses went deep into his arid, bachelor heart.

Later that night, Larry was dreaming before the crackling fire. A small, dark head rested against his knees.

"It was just the happiest day," a drowsy voice murmured.

The two looked over at the table, where nine little candles, like lonely sentinels, stood on a partly demolished cake.

"It's funny how you've brought back my faith in people, little one."

"Why do you say that, Dad?"

But the man only smiled. And Martha, sitting quietly in the shadows smiled too, and fingered a locket, which she had found on the little waif. It was plain except for one big sapphire encircled by tiny pearls ornamenting its cover.

"Yes, it's funny that you should be the one," she softly said to herself.

Ruth Grush, '33.

Echoes

I stood at the edge of the forest,
  And called with heartfelt glee,
For I wanted to hear the echoes
  Come ringing back to me.

I like to hear their plaintive note
  Echoing sweet and clear.
They fill the woodland with a song,
  And bring my childhood near.

Catherine Leonard, '33.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

The Sign of the Cross! What bold effrontery on the part of the producer of this moving picture to assign so misleading a title to such a lurid play. Cecil B. de Mille has given to the public many praiseworthy productions to be sure, but he has made a great mistake in *The Sign of the Cross.* It is impossible to understand how any one who calls himself a Christian can permit the showing of this picture, for it is filled to overflowing with horrible deceit and hypocrisy. The story is the threadworn tale of a Christian girl who is compelled to undergo severe tortures for her religion, who falls in love with a Roman pagan, and who finally brings about his conversion. The plot in itself is misleading, for it effects the conversion of this pagan in such a manner that the part the grace of God must necessarily play in such an act is entirely irrelevant. The plot, however, is merely incidental to the rest of the play, which is an appeal to the emotions, and an exhibition of the most horrid sensuality and debauchery of Rome in the time of Nero. A very apt description of the production has been given by Richard Dana Skinner, who says, "Because of the very realism of the motion pictures, the modern audience is treated to nearly every sensation that the Roman audience themselves experienced, and all in the name of a play supposed to exalt the heroism of the Christian martyrs! That is where the intolerable hypocrisy comes in." It is unfortunate that theatregoers are ensnared into witnessing such productions as have been turned out from Hollywood during the last few years. "Give the public what it wants," is the slogan of the producers. It is for us, the public, therefore, to show that pictures such as this one is not what we want. Let us rebel against such hypocrisy and deceit and thereby rid American theatres of such nauseating exhibitions.

MARY E. FLATLEY, '33.

OUR FIRST RADIO

We touched it speculatively. We smiled on it fondly. We gazed at it with wonder and interest. Our new baby? No, our first radio. There it stood in all its mysterious splendor, encased in a walnut cabinet of a most charming and graceful design, a cabinet that would "lend an

inimitable distinctiveness to any room, however drab" (so the salesman said). "There is nothing in the world that you cannot do with this super-selective, sensitive, super-heterodynamic controlled set" (so the salesman also said); and now we were going to put this marvelous, this magnificent instrument through a most gruelling test. We did not intend to cook with it, however; neither were we going to force it to furnish hot air. You see, we had a faint suspicion that our salesman had slightly exaggerated its capabilities. All that we demanded of our radio was a little entertainment. (Oh, superfluous wish!) "Awk! Wow! wee-e-e . . ." This initial greeting, though unintelligible, was music to our anxious ears. Surely it meant a distant station! Perhaps Peoria or even Baden! But it was neither Peoria or Baden. It was bedlam! "Zeek! Sque-e-e . . ." And finally . . . "This is Station WNAC, the Shepard Stores, Boston." Much chagrined, the master of ceremonies, alias dear father, gave the dials a swift twist . . . and we had Liszt. The full volume of the grand symphony swept the entire room. But suddenly it stopped and a persuasive voice announced that we simply must drink no other than Patrick Henry Coffee. Indeed! We Jokar Coffee advocates were indignant. Whizz! Off to another station. We were beginning to learn the bitter truth, that our super-selective, sensitive, etcetera set had but one merit. It could be turned off! We, being new at listening in, did not go to such lengths. So, soon the languishing lullabies of Croonin' Roy, the Shavusall Boy, made us forget our troubles. But again, just as suddenly, a sugar-coated voice broke in and warned us that we were taking awful chances with our faces if we did not use Shavusall, the supreme shaving cream. We of the weaker sex resented this as being unnecessary. We immediately tuned in on Emily Boast, the perfect hostess. This time, however, we were prepared for the closing sentence beginning with . . . "use." Thus it was that, by the end of the night, we had heard practically everything, from sopranos, senators, and financiers, to trackmen and tap dancers, all of whom finished their program by advocating the use of wares of some kind or other. The world was now at our door. We exulted, and the next day, it literally was, asking us to line our house with sound-proof walls!

RUTH GRUSH, '33.

THE GIFT OF SCIENCE

It is a perfect Thursday evening and John Smith is driving his weary way homeward. "Ah," he thinks, "home will seem good to me tonight. Ellen is going to her Bridge club, Margaret to the movies, and Alice to her class dance. I'll be left by my lonesome to enjoy that wrestling bout."

Musing thus, he passes neighbor Murphy's house, from which issues the strains of O'Leary's Irish Minstrels. Mr. Murphy is seen turning in the driveway, also looking forward to a quiet evening at home. As John stops for the traffic lights, a machine draws up beside him and the voice of Cab Calloway comes out of the nowhere, wailing "Underneath a Harlem Moon." Mr. Smith looks to see from whence the music is coming, notices that the car belongs to Margaret's friend, who recently had a radio installed in it. Both men wave in recognition and as the lights change, glide off in different directions to their respective homes.

At last John enters the house marked 67 on Merivale Avenue—and what greets him? There sits little Junior with starry eyes listening to Mother Goose telling all her good little boys and girls to eat spinach and drink Brown's Cod Liver Oil, in order to develop into strong men and women. John breathes a sigh of relief as he hears Mother Goose sign off, with a parting reminder to the fond parents of her juvenile listeners to buy Brown's Cod Liver Oil at their nearest drug stores. This, she claims, will develop sturdy limbs, increase energy, and make boys and girls healthy and happy. Now John decides to listen to the News Bulletin, but Ellen, his wife, remembers that it is time for "Girlish Gertrude" to give her evening talk on why the mothers of today need no longer get gray, if they use "Heenan's Youth Perpetuater" regularly three times a day. Ellen with a twinkle in her eye says to John, "See how fine the texture of my skin is, dear, I've been using . . ."

"I know," breaks in her husband, "that Heenan's concoction. Bah! It's all your imagination, you looked lovely without it. Why must you . . .?"

"Now, John, there's no need of a woman looking her age nowadays. See what science has done for us!"

"That's true, Dad," chimed in Margaret, "but let us not forget to listen to 'Mert and Marge' tonight. I forgot to listen to them last evening. Did anyone hear what happened to Jimmie when he . . .?"

Whereupon Alice describes to Margaret the why's and wherefore's of radio Jimmie's rash deeds.

"Margaret," calls John, "turn on Station XYZ will you? I'd like to listen to the football results."

While in the process of locating XYZ, Margaret hears the strains of the "Song of Love" from *Blossom Time,* and replies:

"Oh, Dad, please don't bother about the scores, let's listen to Don Sierra sing this number, his voice is . . ."

"Yes, yes," impatiently says John, "every male voice coming through that loud speaker is 'divine, gorgeous,' and . . . well, go ahead and listen to him. Any arguments of mine against him would be quite futile," he

concludes as he buries himself behind his newspaper, and smiles good-naturedly to himself. "I'll listen to the eleven o'clock report when you are all out."

"Dad, you are a dear!" sweetly coos Alice as she and Margaret settle themselves to listen to Sierra.

Then comes dinner, the hour when the family picture is complete. John, as proud father presides, a king over his happy kingdom; Ellen, the grayless queen, beams contently on little Junior as he eats his spinach, albeit with a wry face, yet bowing low to be in the good graces of Mother Goose. Margaret and Alice are deeply engrossed in discussion of the latest frock displayed in the French Dress Shop, while John and Ellen talk over the doings of the day.

Dinner is over and the clock strikes eight. Like a bolt from the blue, Alice rushes to the radio to tune in on Station KRVO, lest she lose the inimitable "Rudy Vallee," without whose syncopating, "Your Time is My Time," no Thursday would be complete. This continues until Junior is overtaken by the Sandman and is tucked in bed by Ellen. Margaret's friend arrives, and they are off to see the screen version of "Smilin' Through." Then Alice comes downstairs in a whirl of excitement to show her mother and father how lovely she looks in her new evening gown before leaving for her class dance. Finally, Ellen is on her way to her Thursday Night Bridge Club, and John is at last alone . . . with only the radio for company. Like a child with a toy, he turns the dial here, there, and everywhere, and at length decides to listen to the third act of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" as a preliminary to the Wrestling Bout, which is scheduled to follow at ten-thirty. And thus we leave our friend, John Smith, a type of many thousands of American fathers.

Anne Noone, '33.

Wisdom

My souvenirs in a box I keep,
  Yet very seldom venture
Into that land of Yesterday,
  For fear to risk Time's censure.

Those bits of ribbon, knick-knacks, too,
  My erstwhile programs gay,
Seem only to remind me that
  Today is Yesterday.

But what is this?—a valentine?
  Ah, yes! a broken heart,
That somehow could not stand the strain
  Of Cupid's well-aimed dart.

I pick it up with gentle tears
  And ask Saint Valentine:
"When you were young, was your heart brave?
  Or did it break like mine?"

I seem to see a lurking smile,
  A look of kindly glee,
"Although my very name means Love,—
  No Cupid darts for me!"

ANNE T. NOONE, '33.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

AGAIN THE INTRUDER

"No man ever regarded the first of January with indifference."—CHARLES LAMB.

The New Year has romped in once more, treading mischievously on "the skirts of the departing year," and clamoring loudly for immediate and complete attention. Some give it willingly, delighted at the promising freshness of the New Arrival; others frown and mutter that if it be any relation to the unlucky wretch just leaving, it had better go along with her.

Some regard the New Year quizzically, as if unable to decide whether to like or dislike the little intruder; others resent his coming and would shut the door in his eager face were he not too quick for their angry fingers.

Thus every man greets the New Year with smile or scowl, caress or blow, according to his mood; but whatever it be, he cannot ignore him. His birthday is universally recorded, his every day meticulously marked, and men's affairs are arranged in conformity to it. From January first, all date their time and count upon what is left.

To Charles Lamb, the death of the Old Year was a lugubrious event. She was a beloved, gossipy friend who could awaken a million varied memories. She was an enchantress, weaving a tapestry of hopes and broken dreams. She was a witch, concocting in her seething caldron, from black despair, disappointment, discord, from gold-flaked charity, sacrifice, faith, a priceless potion called "experience."

Of her burial, he says:

"Of all sound of bells, most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve months; all I have suffered or done, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking."

But Charles Lamb was a self-avowed "bundle of prejudices, shy of novelties—new books, new faces, new years." Though he lived keenly every moment of his life, he was continually haunted by a brooding fear of death, an almost unconscious melancholia which reached a climactic

height on New Year's Eve. An habitual retrovert, a confirmed bachelor content to stand still at the age to which he was arrived, the lively impudent intruder disturbed the peaceful flow of his life, ruffling the calm surface with turbulent currents.

Like Lamb, Scrooge disliked the New Year, too, but the wide divergence in their respective temperaments provided singularly different reasons. Here was no timid, generous soul, sensitively awake to all beauty, no elfin Elia, bewildered by change, but a crabbed, snarling miser with knotted veins, a beady-eyed, withered villian croaking, "Happy New Year? Bah! Humbug!"

To the young, the New Year means the future, another step up the magic ladder of Life; to the aged it means the past, and one more step down toward Death; for the contented, he brings promises of continued peace; for the despairing, he brings hope and a new baptism. He comes to all, and all must receive him.

It rests, therefore, with the individual to make of this yielding child a rational pleasant experience or a resentful, malicious deformity. He cannot mold himself, he is plastic, impressionable, but grow he must, and that according to the deliberate procedure of his foster-parent.

May your New Year, as yet in his infancy, grow in wisdom and grace; may he develop a thousand talents; may he be kind, generous, prosperous; may he be truly a "Happy New Year!"

E. C. ECHOES

Recognition for Emmanuel

Alumnae and friends of Emmanuel will rejoice with the faculty and undergraduates over the recognition that has recently been accorded the College by three regional and national accrediting agencies. In the fourteen years since its foundation Emmanuel has gained a rank among colleges which is phenomenal for so young an institution. The College received recognition by the Massachusetts State Department of Education in 1921, when it was empowered by the State Legislature to grant collegiate degrees. In 1925 it was affiliated with the Catholic University of America at Washington. The same year the Bachelor of Arts degree conferred by the college was registered "in full" by the regents of the University of the State of New York. Emmanuel became a member of the National Catholic Educational Association and was placed on the list of standard colleges of that association in 1925.

The three recent recognitions are by the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, a regional accrediting agency for colleges in this section of the country; membership in the American Council on Education, which is the central organization representing the great national associations of the country; and membership in the Association of American Colleges.

Historical Society

The Reverend Martin Harney, S.J., professor of History at Boston College Graduate School, lectured to the members of the Historical Society and their friends, on November thirtieth. His subject was, "The Heretical Sects of the Catholic Church," in the course of which he discussed in particular the Greek Schism, its causes, and its effects. Reverend Father Harney traced the spread of the heresy, begun by Photius among the Greek people of Constantinople, until the time of their final break with Rome, and their consequent excommunication. The Greek Orthodox Church is the result of this cleavage. Father Harney concluded with an earnest entreaty for prayers for the Holy Father and for the support of his decrees.

Miss Mari-Elisabeth McCarthy was recently elected Freshman representative in the Historical Society.

Foreign Mission Society

A "Plaisance" was enjoyed by the members of the Foreign Mission Society on December sixth. Articles old and new, valuable and invaluable, found eager buyers.

The Literary Society meeting of December fifth answered the roll with the usual quotation from Shakespeare, displaying both an acquaintance with and an appreciation of the most significant passages in his works. Three of the seniors, Frances Downey, Ruth Grush, and Marguerite Downey, had prepared a study of the drama from early Greek days to the present, describing the gradual evolution of our modern theatre, the accompanying changes in technique, staging, and lighting effects, and the difference between ancient Greek themes and those of our time. A lecture on Oxford, the Alma Mater of many of our best English writers, followed, with an interesting comparison between the organization, activities, and the educational methods of English and American universities.

Literary Society

The Freshman Class was officially received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin on December seventh, and eighty-five new names were added to the list of children placed under Mary's special protection and guidance. The student body attended the ceremony in the college chapel. A welcoming address to the new members, in which the need for true children of Mary was stressed, was given by Reverend Father Lynch. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. Perhaps there is no ceremony in the entire year that is so attractive to us students of Emmanuel. Let us endeavor to be worthy children of Our Lady!

Reception Into Sodality

On the fourteenth of December El Club Español enjoyed a charming Christmas festival, "a la española." Señora Belen Quiros de Artesani and her daughter were the guests of the club. The former addressed the members in her native language and entertained them with an interesting account of Cuban manners and customs at Christmas time. Miss Artesani entertained the audience wth her artistic interpretation of Spanish Christmas carols and other native songs. The program artistically designed by Dorothea Dunnigan, '34, contained a varied selection of appropriate numbers. The

Spanish Club

"estudiantina" sang sweet carols around the Crib, and were joined at intervals by the club in full chorus. Mary Neylon, '34, accompanied at the organ. Dorothea Dunigan, in radiant robes and wings, representing the "Angel of the Crib," recited first a Christmas poem by Lope de Vega, and later she brought "good fortune" to all present, distributing gifts that hung invitingly from the Christmas tree overshadowing the crib. In the most delightful Spanish, Rose Maffeo, '34, introduced the carols with an interpretation by Fernan Caballero. Emily Collins, '34, added to the joy of the festivity with charming and graceful Spanish dances. Surely the happy, joyful Christmas spirit, fanned and kept alive throughout the evening under the serene and jovial sway of the president, Mary Rogers McCarthy, '33, was felt and enjoyed by all.

Christmas Play

The students of Emmanuel were hostesses to a group of over one hundred orphans on the afternoon of December the nineteenth. During the afternoon the gymnasium was alive with laughing children, who sang, danced, and played games for the entertainment of the students. The Dramatic Society staged the original play, "The Star of Christ the King," written by alumnae of the college: Elizabeth Linnehan, '28; Ethel Morris, '28; Anna McCarthy, '29; Kathleen Rogers, '29, and Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

Those taking part were: Marion Chiampa, Helen Walsh, Helen Goodwin, Mary Vaas, Eleanor O'Brien, Rita Guthrie, Irene Ryan, Anastasia Kirby, Marguerite Carr, Patricia Cahill, Anna McCarthy, Martha Doherty, Dorothea McDonald, Rita Shea, Dorothy Londergan, Katherine Flatley, Cecile Shanahan, Dorothea Hoar, Anna Kenney, Muriel Kingsley, and Helen Murphy. Mary Stanton took the part of Saint Joseph, and Evangeline Mercier that of the Blessed Virgin.

Senior Bridge

On December twenty-ninth, the Seniors held their annual bridge in the Rainbow Room of the Hotel Westminster, and although there were many present, bridge-playing was subordinated to a continuous flow of conversation. Christmas, with its gifts and its social events, was the chief topic of interest, and the charming atmosphere of the hotel was conducive to confidence.

Some, however, were more interested in bridge, and their diligence was awarded by a prize of four colored pencils. Tea was served.

Claire O'Neill was chairman of the following committee: Elinor Crosby, Helen Morgan, Barbara Hall, and the four class officers, Catherine Leonard, Mary Koen, Marian Barry, and Helen Sullivan.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

On January fourth, the Sophomore members of the Cercle Louis Veuillot entertained the other members of the club with a novelty program. An original French crossword puzzle by Oda McClure sharpened the wits and the vocabularies of the eager participants, who were forced to take refuge in the dictionary—only for very difficult words, however. A record time was established for the solution. Mary Kavanaugh read an excellent appreciation of Réné Bazin's *Magnificat,* giving a brief résumé of the story and a criticism of the stylistic qualities of the author. A fluency of language and a rich accent added charm to an essay of high merit. In direct contrast to the solemn spirituality of the *Magnificat* was Oda McClure's "Une Histoire Ponctuée," a ridiculous tale of animated commas, semi-colons, and question marks. As someone observed, it is certainly fortunate that our mistakes in punctuation do not come to life to trouble us, for there would be few easy minds in the world. Shubert's "Ave Maria" and Rehfeld's "Country Dance" were the violin selections played by Elizabeth McNamara. The meeting closed with the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the entire group.

Class Elections

In accordance with Emmanuel customs, the semi-annual elections took place before the opening of the second semester, with the following results:

Junior Class

President—Eleanor Stankard of Belmont.
Vice-President—Mary Clarissa McCarthy of Brookline.
Secretary—Lillian O'Neil of Arlington.
Treasurer—Ruth Hayes of Peabody.

Sophomore Class

President—Mary Vaas of Chestnut Hill.
Vice-President—Marguerite Maguire of Dorchester.
Secretary—Agnes Handrahan of Brockton.
Treasurer—Mary O'Brien of Forest Hills.

Freshman Class

President—Helen Lyons of Dorchester.
Vice-President—Rita Koen of Salem.
Secretary—Anna Kenney of Roxbury.
Treasurer—Mary Shannon of Newton Highlands.

Retreat

From January twenty-fourth to January twenty-seventh, the annual retreat was given to the student body by Reverend Father Austin, C.P., Rector of Saint Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton. The schedule was as follows:

9.00—Holy Mass.
10.15—First Conference.
11.00—Assembly.
11.30—Second Conference.
12.30—Lunch.
1.00—Rosary and Stations of the Cross.
2.00—Third Conference, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Reverend Father Austin insisted particularly on the necessity of a firm, intelligent faith, arising not from fearful superstition or blind acceptance of doctrine, but a faith that becomes stronger and grows beautiful because its possessor can view it rationally, explain it thoroughly, and defend it before the whole world. Never before has a sound knowledge of Catholic principles been demanded as in this age of flagrant immorality, atheism, and the insidious, disintegrating "Religion of Reason." Another point emphasized by Father Austin as an argument against those who claim the Bible as the sole rule of faith, and denounce the Catholic's deplorable inadvertence to it, was the fact that Our Lord said, "Go ye and preach to all nations," without commanding that the preacher's doctrines be recorded. The Bible was truly inspired, but it did not comprise the sole rule of faith; it resulted from an afterthought as an expediency.

Of particular significance was the lecture on the reasonableness of the Catholic religion. Though not a "religion of reason," it is a reasonable religion. Every intelligent person, if sincere and open-minded, is perforce led to the Catholic Church because of this characteristic. The mission of lay apostles is the duty of our Catholic college students, for Scripture says, "To whom much is given, much is expected."

Classical Club

The Classical Club spent a very enjoyable hour on Monday, January thirtieth, reviewing the history of the "Liber." While the evolution of the book was being traced, the members studied corresponding illustrations of the work done in different periods. A scroll and wax tablets were objects of great interest and it seemed almost incredible that at one time these were con-

sidered a great advancement in facilitating writing. Quite in keeping with the atmosphere of the program was the presence of a doll, dressed like a Roman gentlewoman, and a very practical example of Roman apparel. The Seniors who had charge of the arrangements should be congratulated for their originality.

Musical Concert

Of special interest to the student body was the concert given on February first by Margaret Reed Dooley, soprano, a graduate of Trinity College of the class of 1924. Her program consisted of selections from Brahms, Strauss, Bizet, and Haendel, as well as French and Old Irish Melodies. Marie Schneider-Staack, accompanist, chose as her solos the more popular of Chopin's works, the "Polonaise," and "Scherzo," with compositions of Leschetizky and Liszt. The audience responded with an enthusiasm partly because of their strong attachment for their sister college, but primarily because of the decidedly brilliant talent and gracious charm of Miss Dooley and her gifted accompanist.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The Emmanuel League held its second meeting on Sunday, December eighteenth, at the college. The speaker was Mr. Bartholomew Griffin, Editor of the Boston News Bureau, and a well-known Catholic layman. Mr. Griffin's subject, "Yardsticks," proved very interesting to his audience, as it revealed the recent changes in our standard of economic measurement. Mrs. James W. Carr, president of the league, presided at the meeting. The Welmont Trio entertained with musical selections, and the College Glee Club sang Christmas carols. Following the musical program, Mrs. Peter Collins of Newton and Mrs. Frank W. Kiely of Milton, poured tea.

The January meeting of the League was well attended. "Unfurling the Secrets of Citizenship" was the subject of the discourse which the speaker, Miss Mary L. Guyton, Supervisor of Adult Alien Education, gave. Miss Guyton illustrated complications which had arisen in her experience through lack of citizenship, and urged the members to welcome and help the foreign born. Mrs. James W. Carr, president of the League, presided. Mr. Louis A. Neal, accompanied by Miss Anne Cullinane, gave vocal selections. The enthusiasm of the audience brought the artists again and again to the platform.

The Emmanuel League held its first affair for the purpose of raising money for its various needs during the Christmas season. The party took the form of a holiday bridge and tea on Saturday afternoon, December the thirty-first. Christmas decorations added charm to the classic interior of the College auditorium, and the party was gay with the spirit of reunion and loyalty to Notre Dame. Financially and socially the undertaking was a great success and, no doubt, has created greater interest in the Emmanuel League and its purposes.

Mrs. Matthias F. Cunningham of Waltham was general chairman. Her immediate assistant was Mrs. Charles Callahan of West Roxbury. Mrs. John B. Piscopo, Boston, conducted Progressive Bridge; Mrs. Dennis Cambridge, Pivot Bridge; Miss Mary McMahon, Brookline, Prizes; Mrs. John McElroy, Brookline, Reception of Prizes; Mrs. Francis Roland, Roslindale, Tables; Mrs. Charles McCarthy, Mrs. William Prendergast, Jefferson, Reception; Mrs. Thomas Doan, Dorchester, Candy; Mrs. Marguerite Maguire, Dorchester, Hospitality; Mrs. John J.

Williams, Brookline, Door; Mrs. James W. Carr, Roslindale, Subscriptions; also Mrs. William Bannon of Waltham, and Mrs. Mary Williams of Cambridge.

CLASS OF 1923

On January seventh, the Pioneer Class held a meeting of the tenth reunion year. The graduate and non-graduate members of the class were invited by the president, Miss Elizabeth C. Logan, to a Bridge and Tea, and plans for the year were formed with a great demonstration of enthusiasm. All the members of the class were not able to attend because of either illness or distance. It is interesting to note that the Class of 1923 represents six different States and almost every section of Massachusetts.

CLASS OF 1924

Sister Emmanuel (Aloyse Doherty) is teaching in the French department of Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF 1928

Sister Patricia (Ethel Morris) received the religious habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame on February second.

CLASS OF 1929

Sister Catherine Joan (Catherine Skelley) made her religious profession as a Sister of Notre Dame on February second.

Clarisse Dion entered the novitiate of the Presentation of Mary at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec.

Phyllis O'Connell has a secretarial position with the MacDonald Insurance Company.

CLASS OF 1930

Sister Mary Dolores (Mary Cleary) made her religious profession as a Sister of Notre Dame on February second.

Sister Anne Cyril (Mary Delaney) received the religious habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame on February second.

Sister Marguerite Louise (Margaret Kiley, ex '30) is studying at Trinity College at Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF 1931

Sister Claire Frances (Susan Brennan) received the religious habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame on February second.

Mary Elizabeth Killion, who received her Master's Degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is teaching in Malden.

CLASS OF 1932

Mary Clancy is assisting in the Chemistry Department of Emmanuel.

Sister Agnes Claire (Eileen Donovan) received the religious habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame on February second.

Agnes Knox has been appointed in the Everett public schools.

Margaret O'Connell is teaching in St. Bernard's High School, West Newton.

Sister Julia Louise (Kathleen Sullivan) received the religious habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame on February second.

WEDDINGS

Esther McCafferty, '28, to James Collins.
Eleanor Kiley, '28, to John Lanigan.
Catherine Minahan, '32, to Thomas Collins.

ENGAGEMENTS

Margaret T. Gleason, '25, to John Benson.
Teresa O'Flahavan, '30, to Charles O'Connor.
Helen Martineau, '31, to Thomas Foley.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle (Katherine McLaughlin, '27), on the birth of a son, John, Jr.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Margaret Maguire, mother of Margaret Maguire, '33.

Mrs. Henry L. Hayes, mother of Ruth Hayes, '34.

Mr. Thomas F. Goode, Deputy Superintendent, father of Agnes Goode, ex '23.

Class of 1935

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APRIL, 1933

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This magazine is published quarterly, during the academic year—December, February, April, and June—under the management of the Senior Class, assisted by a member of the Junior Class on each board. Contributions to the literary department are requested from undergraduates and alumnae. The terms of subscription are $2.00 per year, payable in advance; 60 cents per single copy. All business communications should be addressed to Mary Keenan.

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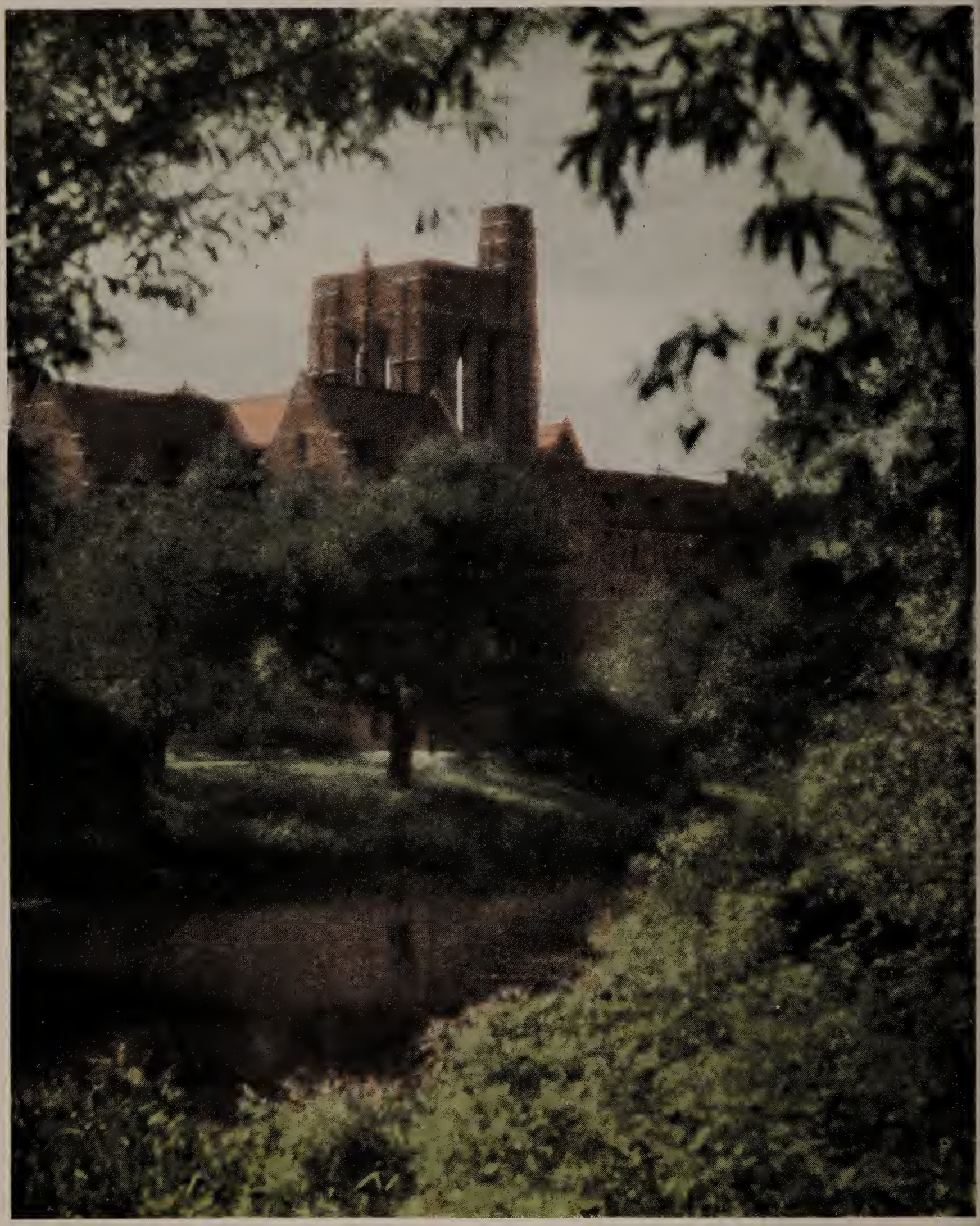
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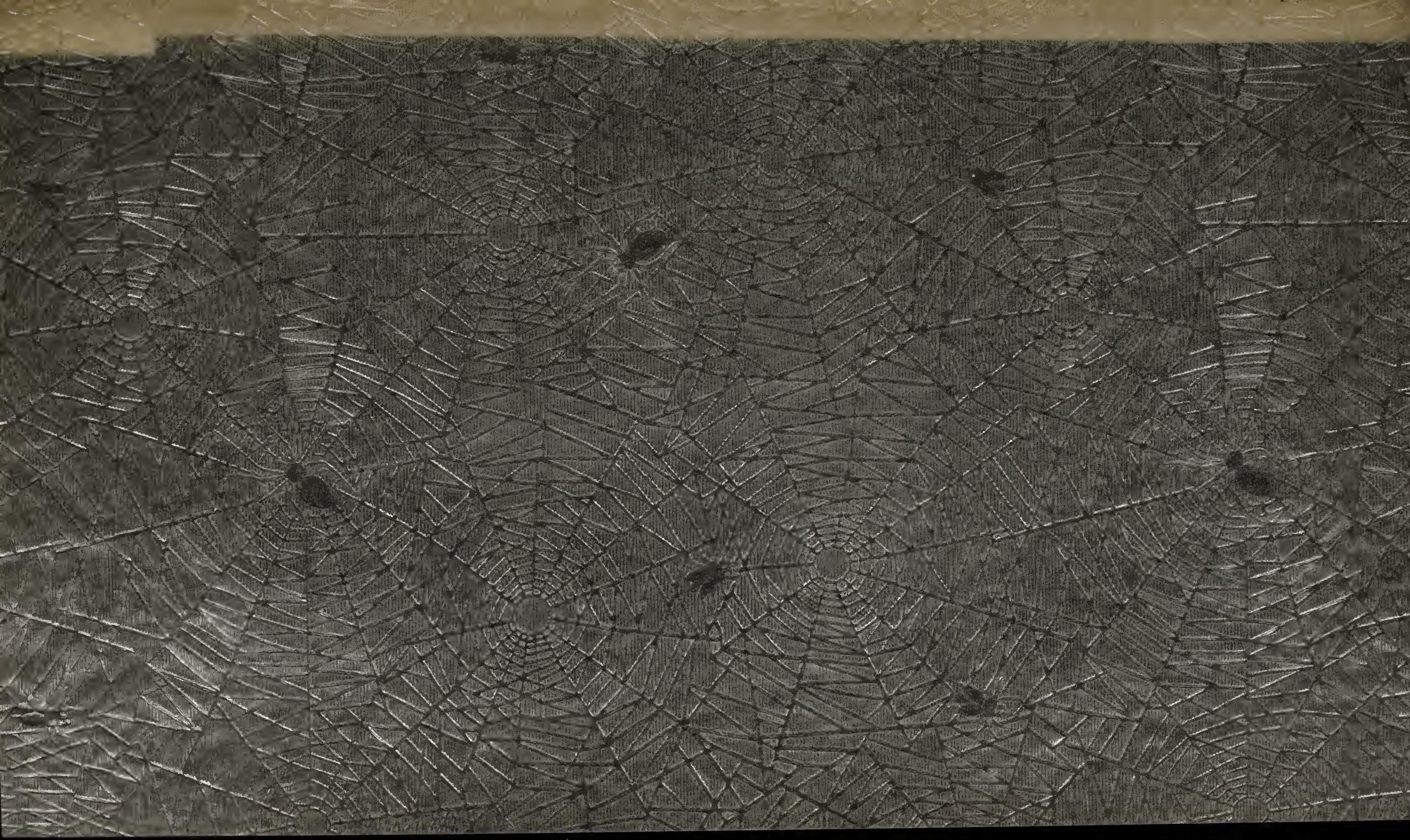
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Promise

Spring sent a messenger in yellow dress
To warn the Winter that her reign was past;
(And Winter trailed her ermine wearily
As one who tires of wornout robes at last.)

A messenger who held within itself
The fragrance of a thousand other Springs,
The deathless life of death that lives again,
The radiance that resurrection brings.

A thousand suns had poured into its heart
The gold of sunshine minted in the skies,
A thousand showers coined in silver drops
The silent laughter shining in its eyes.

A little thing, this solitary flower,
A miniature of prodigality,
Whose hidden treasures held in secret depths
The promise of a richness yet to be.

Spring, too, is in thy heart, Emmanuel,
And future glories in thy young eyes dwell.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

The Sea and Alfred Noyes

"Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

—*"Ode on Intimations"—Wordsworth.*

A year ago when I was writing a thesis on *Alfred Noyes and His Theory of Poetry,* I came upon an interesting bit of literary gossip that I subsequently relegated to a footnote in the thesis. I venture to say that of all humble, obscure, unfrequented spots, a footnote in a thesis is the very humblest; and so, now, I grasp this opportunity to rescue the little discovery from its threatened oblivion. It is significant gossip, anyway, and deserves attention here because it introduces Alfred Noyes in the light of his motivating force.

When *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy* was published in 1930, it included a correspondence between Hardy and Mr. Noyes. The correspondence emphasized very definitely the motivating force behind the literary achievements of Alfred Noyes and revealed with special clarity that Thomas Hardy and Mr. Noyes held radically different points of view. But as Emile F. Hardy, the author of the account, indicates, Thomas Hardy would in all probability never have written to Mr. Noyes in the first place if they were not on the friendliest terms, and therefore it must be borne in mind that the ensuing controversy is one of amicable nature. The correspondence had its inception when Thomas Hardy picked up his newspaper one morning and read a report of a lecture that had been delivered by Mr. Noyes the previous night. The report quoted some remarks of Mr. Noyes about Hardy that called attention to Hardy's pessimism and his contempt for the "Power behind the Universe, an imbecile jester." Dating his letter December 13, 1920, Hardy immediately wrote to Noyes, expressing surprise at the tenor of Noyes' statements, and asking him for the evidences of the assertions he had made. Noyes' reply is most courteous and diplomatic as becomes the junior man of letters in answer to his senior. First he writes that he is very sorry that the abbreviated report of his address did not contain the tribute he had paid Hardy whose place at the head of all living authors by reason of his artistic mastery was, in Noyes' opinion, unchallenged. Finally he points out the passages that Hardy requested. These are Hardy's words: "It seems strange that I should have to remind a man of letters of what I should have supposed he would have known as

well as I—of the very elementary rule of criticism that a writer's works should be judged as a whole, and not from picked passages that contradict them as a whole—and this especially when they are scattered over a period of years. Also that I should have to remind him of the vast difference between expression of fancy and the expression of belief."

Noyes' second letter assured Hardy that if there had been any misinterpretation, he would be only too willing to rectify it. Noyes then gave his own views. One statement contains the essence of Noyes' philosophy, "I have never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the things caused."

Hardy's reply was brief, but it seems to me ample justification for the conclusion about Hardy's philosophy that Noyes had drawn in the lecture. Hardy wrote: "Many thanks for your letter. The Scheme of Things, is, indeed, incomprehensible; and there I suppose we must leave it—perhaps for the best. Knowledge might be terrible."

This correspondence provides much material, the starting-point for many topics; but the significance that most concerns me just at present shines in the statement of Alfred Noyes: "I have never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the things caused." Here is found the first cause for his theories on literature and life, the essential reason for his faithful practice of these theories. To discuss the innumerable and various manifestations of this fundamental idea as it appears in the work of Alfred Noyes is, of course, out of the question. To discuss even its immediate and direct import, embracing, as it does, Noyes' conception of Infinity and the Eternal, would be a gigantic task.

There is one slight phase of this all-inclusive subject, however, one that is particularly attractive to me and one that because it is so limited may, perhaps, be touched on lightly without incurring the stigma of "superficiality" or "inadequacy." Noyes loves to use the sea as a symbol for the eternal, and it is this love and its pervading influence throughout his work that I should like to illustrate. To my mind Noyes attains his most impressive, most poetical effects through his understanding of the beauty and of the power of the sea. He shows that he recognizes its invincible tradition in English letters when he writes in his critical essays, *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry:* "The greatest of all poets holds that position because he was able to show us more things than any other man in their eternal aspect; and by doing this to double the truth, double the reality, of the human pageant that he passes before us. More than any other poet his music has caught the very cadence of that unfathomable sea whose waves are years."

And again, when Noyes says about another of his favorite predecessors: "The sea was to Tennyson as to other poets, an image of Eternity,"

there is no doubt that Noyes comprehends the poetical possibilities of the sea. His realization of them in his own verse is a joy.

Often Noyes uses the sea metaphorically and, then, naturally, his symbolizing is evident, if not always obvious. But even when the sea is only background for thought or action, when it is the merest picture, there seems to be a suggestion about it, a hushed implication that gradually grows on the reader and impresses him with a strange sense of hinted things beyond. Then again, every musical word that Noyes writes, every rhythmic line of his poetry has about it the melody of the sea, and once the ear is attuned, this lilting ebb and flow cannot escape detection. I shall try to choose some outstanding examples of Noyes' symbolic use of the sea, although, faced with such a wealth of material, it is difficult to discriminate.

In *Drake,* his long narrative poem, Noyes has opportunity to set most of the action on the sea. He gives the stage directions, and majestically the sea obeys. To reflect bleak loneliness, what could be more desolate, more foreboding than the lines:

> "And there was naught around them but the grey
> Ruin and roar of the huge Atlantic seas. . . ."?

In the midst of the havoc of the fierce battle, the stage responds again:

> "All 'round them shouted the everlasting sea,
> Burst in white thunders on the streaming poops
> And blinded fifty thousand eyes with spray."

At last the fight was desperately won,

> "So with close-hauled sails,
> Over the rolling triumph of the deep,
> Lifting their hearts to heaven, they turned back home."

Drake is so replete with examples of Noyes' effective and dramatic use of the sea that it is a temptation to linger. Indeed there is no leaving it until, at any rate, the lines that Francis Thompson chose are repeated:

> "Through a mighty zone of golden haze
> Blotting the purple of the gathering night,
> A galleon like a floating mountain moved
> To meet them, cold with sunset and with dreams.
> Her masts and spars immense in jewelled mist
> Shimmered: her rigging like an emerald web
> Of golden spiders tangled half the stars!
> Embodied sunset, dragging the soft sky
> O'er dazzled ocean, through the night she drew
> Out of the unknown lands."

But the sea is ever various. Sometimes it is magic. This sea is "silky silver" and over its sunset water, the tiny town shines like a willow-plate. In *The Flower of Old Japan,* the willow-plate pattern of the fairy sea is bewitching:

"Low and long for evermore
  Where the Wonder-Wander sea
Whispers to the wistful shore
  Purple songs of mystery,
Down the shadowy quay we came—
  'Though it hides behind the hill
You will find it just the same
  And the seamen singing still."

On such a sea might also be found that *Enchanted Island,*

"This island floated in the air,
  Its image floated in the sea;
Which was the shadow? Both were fair:
  Like sister souls they seemed to be,
And mingling softly in their dreams,
That holy kiss of sea and sky
Transfused the shadows and the gleams
  Of Time and of Eternity."

The salt tang of the everlasting sea, an utterly different interpretation, and yet one with all the others "as the waves are at one with the sea," is the flavor of the rollicking ballads. There is the *Song of The Wooden-Legged Fiddler,* who sings

"The smell of the sea
Is like victuals to me
And I think in the grave I'll be crying 'Ahoy' "!

There is the robust thumping of the metre in *Forty Singing Seamen,* for all the world like waves on Pollack Rip in a brisk so'easter. In the *Tales of The Mermaid Tavern,* there are sea chanties whose very names carry the whiff of the flying spray: *Marchaunt Adventurers, A Knight of the Ocean Sea,* and *Black Bill's Honey-Moon.* The eternal verities are here, too; in the closing lines of *The Tales,* the intrepid Raleigh, betrayed but undaunted, sends his last message to the King. The King never answers. The poet does, and as he visions the glorious fate of Raleigh and his companions, he insists again that the world is round with God-planned perfection:

"Yet did they sail the seas
  And, dazed with exceeding wonder,
    Straight through the sunset-glory
      Plunge into the dawn:

Leaving their home behind them,
By a road of splendor and thunder,
They came to their home in amazement
Simply by sailing on."

The changelessness of the sea prefigures that attribute of eternity. The eerie tale of *The Admiral's Ghost,* told by a seaman in "a voice as low as the sea" intensifies the atmosphere of the ancient waters.

"You could almost hear the stars
Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
And the same old waves went by,
Singing the same old song
As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
With the things that he seemed to know."

And yet, paradoxically, the poet writes in *Orpheus and Eurydice* that the harmony of Orpheus

" . . . gathered the splendours of earth and heaven
. . . and all the chimes of the *changing* sea."

The explanation of this strange contradiction is beautifully clear in *The Paradox*:

"Consider the troubled waters of the sea
Which never rest;
As the wandering waves are ye;
Yet assuaged and appeased and forgiven,
As the seas are gathered together under the infinite glory of heaven,
I gather you all to My breast.
But the sins and the creeds and the sorrows that trouble the sea
Relapse and subside,
Chiming like chords in a world-wide symphony
As they cease to chide;
For they break and they are broken of sound and hue,
And they meet and they murmur and they mingle anew,
Interweaving, intervolving, like waves: they have no stay:
They are all made as one with the deep, when they sink and are vanished away;
Yea, all is toned at a turn of the tide
To a calm and golden harmony;
But I—shall I wonder or greatly care,
For their depth or their height?
Shall it be more than a song in My sight?
How many colours and changes of light?

It is your eyes that see
And take heed of these things: they were fashioned for you, not for Me."

The sea is responsible for so much in Alfred Noyes' verse that this selective task I have set for myself is really only half begun when it should be nearly completed. There is not space to tell the stories that the sea inspired the poet to set down; but passing mention must be accorded to *The Fisher Girl,* and *The Cottage of The Kindly Light.* Both are love stories of the sea, and in them both the sea is cruel only to be vastly, divinely consoling. *The Swimmer's Race* is swift with action and underlying truth:

"Now to their feet they leap and, with a shout,
Plunge through the glittering breakers without fear,
Breast the green-arching billows, and still out,
As if each dreamed the arms of Hero near;
Now like three sunbeams on an emerald crest,
Now like three foam-flakes melting out of sight,
They are blent with all the glory of all the sea;
One with the golden West;
Merged in a myriad waves of mystic light
As life is lost in immortality."

In a lyrical symphony we should expect to hear the music of the sea; and in *The Progress of Love,* lest there be any mistake, the whole is set to music by the beating of that eternal metronome, thus:

"And God sighed in the sunset; and the sea
Chanted the soft recessional of Time
Against the golden shores of mystery; . . .
. . . And God sighed in the sunset; and the sea
Forgot her sorrow, and all the breathless West
Grew quiet as the blue tranquility. . . .
. . . And God sighed in the sunset, and the sea
Grew quieter than the hills: the mystery
Of ocean, earth and sky was like a word
Uttered, but all unheard. . . ."

In Alfred Noyes' trilogy, it is not only *The Last Voyage* that brings more of the sea imagery to our present collection; *The Book of Earth,* and *Watchers of the Sky* are also full of sea allusion. Perhaps the loveliest of all is in *Watchers of the Sky,* volume first, of *The Torch-Bearers;* here Noyes sings another variation of his beloved refrain, "The sea is a divine symbol." The song is prefaced thus:

"There's a love-song, too,
The sailors on the coast of Sweden sing,
I have often pondered it. Your courtly poets

Upbraid the inconstant moon. But these men know
The moon and sea are lovers, and they move
In a most constant measure. . . ."

It is called *The Shepherdess of The Sea,*

"Reproach not yet our sails' delay;
You cannot see the shoaling bay,
The banks of sand, the fretful bars,
That ebb left naked to the stars.
The sea's white shepherdess, the moon,
Shall lead us into harbour soon.

* * * * * *

Then waves like flocks of silver sheep
Come rustling inland from the deep,
And into rambling valleys press
Behind their heavenly shepherdess.
You cannot see them? Lift your eyes
And see their mistress in the skies.
She rises with her silver bow.
I feel the tide begin to flow;
And every thought and hope and dream
Follow her call, and homeward stream.
Borne on the universal tide,
The wanderer hastens to his bride.
The sea's white shepherdess, the moon,
Shall lead him into harbour, soon."

And now, perhaps, it is not difficult to perceive how a glib and unsympathetic critic rushed into print with the remark, "There is too much said in Noyes' poetry about the 'seas of dream' and 'the shores of song.'" This critic had lost sight of, or had never caught, the significance of the sea symbol; and as soon as the inner-meaning is neglected, then, indeed, the glory of the ocean picture diminishes, is soon merely pretty, and finally tiresome. As long as the magnificent, breath-taking, other-world music is echoed in the sounding sea, however, and as long as our ears catch the echo, there can never be too much of the poetry that interprets these eternal echoes to our mortal ears. The heights of Noyes' interpretive skill are reached in the poems that intone variations on the theme, death and immortality. These last verses are themselves the best answer to the critic.

For the Eighteenth Birthday of George Meredith, Noyes sings a song of welcome to the old bard's coming immortality:

. . . "But what proud song

Should follow on the thought, nor do him wrong?
Except the sea were harp, each mirthful string
The lovely lightning of the nights of Spring,
And Dawn the lonely listener, glad and grave
With colours of the sea-shell and the wave
In brightening eye and cheek, there is none to sing!"

And *From The Shore,* he looks "beyond the seas of death" to find her again, "nearer now than e'er of old."

"When on earth thy hands were mine,
Mine to hold for evermore,
Oft we watched the sunset shine
Lonely from this wave-beat shore;
Pent in prison-cells of clay,
Time had power on thee and me:
Thou and heaven are one today,
One with earth and sky and sea; . . ."

Thus, truly, death had no sting. Even when Noyes recalls, wistfully, the friend of his youth who is dead, his song is hopeful. *To a Friend of Boyhood Lost at Sea,* he dedicates these thoughts of him, beginning,

"O warm blue sky and dazzling sea,
Where have you hid my friend from me?
The white-chalk coast, the leagues of surf
Laugh to the May-light, now as then,
And violets in the short sweet turf
Make fragmentary heavens again,
And sea-born wings of rustling snow
Pass and re-pass as long ago."

And he ends,

"Not leagues, as when you sailed the deep,
But only some frail bars of sleep
Sever us now!
And all the changes of the sea,
Like some great music, can but roll
Our lives still nearer to the goal."

Death means but one thing to the poet, *Resurrection*:

"Once more I hear the everlasting sea
Breathing beneath the mountain's fragrant breast,
Come unto Me, Come unto Me,
And I will give you rest." . . .

To this poet who sees resurrection and new life in death, even an old sceptic appears at last softened with the spirit of reanimating youth. *The Old Sceptic,* by the way, has caused more controversy than any

other one poem that Alfred Noyes has published. There is a sense of home-coming to the last stanza, whatever the critics may say of the subject-matter of the whole; and the very last verse completes the effect with genuine artistry, it is a sigh of final satisfaction:

"I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the simple prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace through the breathless mountain vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the listening sea."

We leave the poet, now, standing above Edinburgh, on a hill commanding a distant glimpse of the sea he has loved to such noble purpose:

"Hark, from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an eon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea."

We leave, secure in the knowledge that Alfred Noyes' own words about the poet may still ring on, miraculously true:

"For though he voyages further than the flight
Of earthly day and night,
Traversing to the sky's remotest ends
A world that he transcends,
Safe, he shall hear the hidden breakers roar
Against the mystic shore;" . . .

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

The Boy Who Paid a Debt

It was unfortunate for the boy that Terence Manning, the district attorney, was young and newly appointed, and quite desirous of gaining recognition of his powers in this, his first case since he had entered the office. Manning made the most of the case. The newspapers had informed the world that "Youth Kills Aged Watchman." The evidences were few, but they all pointed to the boy's guilt. He had, undoubtedly, entered the office of the Larkin Lumber Company with the purpose of robbery. Being apprehended by the night watchman he had killed the older man by a severe blow on the head. Officer Farley had seized him as he was running away from the building. And with all the weakness of the amateur thief, the boy had broken down and admitted the murder.

Those were the facts in black and white, and Terence Manning wove them into a chain destined to convict the lad.

The boy's lawyer went to him, and entreated him to establish some defence.

The boy shook his head while he repeated over and over again, "I did it. I needed the money. I didn't intend to kill him, but I did There's no use of your trying to help me."

"But won't you tell me your name, your parents, friends, relatives, —there must be someone who could help you," the old lawyer urged.

"There's only my father, and he must never know, never. Oh, he can't save me now, so why should he ever know?"

"But won't he see your picture in the paper, and recognize you?"

"No—he's not well, he won't find out now. We only moved here recently from—somewhere else."

The old lawyer shook his head in despair. He made the most of his case, but he was almost utterly devoid of a defence. He pleaded the youth of the boy, and called the murder "self-defence" to no avail.

So Terence Manning said, "Let us make an example of this man. Crime is rampant in this city, and it must be stopped. This man, call him boy if you will, has committed a murder. Let him pay the penalty demanded by our law."

Then, by the death of a boy, a white-faced, frightened, remorseful boy, Terence Manning began his career in law, while still a young man.

Ten years later Judge Manning was no longer a young man. The years had aged him considerably to the amazement of his friends. He was confronted by nothing more than the ordinary difficulties of his position, which scarcely seemed sufficient to produce this effect upon him, and he was famed for his kindness and leniency in his dealings with criminals.

It was about this time that his eldest son, a boy of nineteen, was seriously injured in an accident. He lay in his room in the hospital unconscious. "Brain injured," the doctors said, and they refused to perform the operation.

One of the specialists called in for consultation advised Judge Manning: "I'm sorry, sir, but I wouldn't take the case. There's only one living surgeon in the world whom I should trust with this operation. Mind you, I don't really believe the boy can be saved, but if there is any hope for him, Doctor Saunders is the man to effect a cure."

"Well, why don't they call him in? I've told them to do everything in their power to save him," Terence Manning said.

"Because he won't accept every case. He is eccentric, and usually the only person he will aid is some unknown individual. You might go to him, and get him to take the case, though I am by no means certain."

The next day saw Terence Manning seeking admittance to Dr. Peter Saunders. The latter's home was an unpretentious little dwelling on the outskirts of the city. The judge sent in his card, and a few moments later was admitted to the presence of the great specialist.

From the center of his plain little office the doctor watched the judge enter. The former's face was quite devoid of any particular expression. He waited until his visitor was well into the room, then he said, "Judge Manning, I believe?" And then without waiting for a reply, he continued, "You are here about your boy? Dr. Craig told me of his illness."

"Yes, Doctor, it's about my boy. The specialists I have called in have despaired of his life. But as a last hope, I have been sent to you," and Terence Manning betrayed a father's emotions as he spoke.

"So, you want me to save your son for you." Dr. Saunders spoke slowly as though pondering a mighty problem, and all the while his eyes were fastened penetratingly on the other man's face.

"That's what I wish, Doctor. You won't refuse me, will you?"

"You want me to save your son for you? God is good."

Judge Manning recalled the words spoken to him the previous day, "He is eccentric," and agreed mentally that Peter Saunders was most decidedly eccentric.

"I should consider God very good, indeed, Doctor, if He would persuade you to come to my boy's assistance."

He observed that the other was staring into the distance, with a strange bright light in his eyes, and a look, almost of pleasure. "Will you try to help him, Doctor?"

"Help him?—Oh!" The other seemed to jerk himself back from another world. "I forgot, your son is ill, isn't he? Er-how old did you say he is?"

"Jimmie is nineteen."

"Nineteen, eh? Do you know I lost my only son when he was twenty?"

"I am sorry. Then you must be able to sympathize with my feelings, Doctor. Won't you help my boy?"

The other again seemed lost in a reverie. He spoke dreamily, "You know, I wasn't with my boy when he died. A man murdered him, but the law told the man he could murder him, so he wasn't punished. My boy sold his life for mine,"—proudly, sadly. "My little pal, Bert." His voice was tender, his eyes smiling now.

Terence Manning was fast becoming nervous and annoyed. Of course, it was too bad that the man had lost his son, but he wasn't here to discuss that. His own son was dying, and precious moments were being wasted.

"I understand how you feel, Doctor. My car is outside, won't you go to the hospital now?" He stopped at the look in Saunders' eyes. He had risen to his feet.

"Ten years ago today, Terence Manning, I lay ill, near death, in a little tenement in another city. For weeks I had lain delirious, tended only by an old woman with whom I boarded. At first my son cared for me, too, but suddenly he disappeared, and I—never—saw—him—again. Understand me? I—never—saw—him—again. I recovered to find—what? That my boy had been branded a thief, and had been put to death!"

Terence Manning had risen also. His eyes were wide with horror, his face was white, and suddenly he was an old, old man. "Your—your son—I," he stammered, but the other interrupted.

"Yes, you. You killed my son, Terence Manning. See," he pulled forth a handful of yellowed newspaper clippings from a drawer. "See, that's my boy's picture, the boy you murdered. Let me tell you what kind of a boy you killed. I was a young doctor, with a practice just large enough to support my son and myself. His mother had died several years before. I was left with one boy, while you have a wife and four children. Bert and I were pals. Then I was taken ill, and we had no

money. He wanted me to have an operation he knew I needed, but I pretended that it wasn't necessary. Terence Manning, that boy was stealing that night to save my life. Two weeks after he had died, I found an old paper, and learned what you had done. I nearly went crazy for a while. Then—and ever since, I have prayed that God would give me an opportunity to hurt you as you have hurt me. And now you ask me to save your boy!" He stopped half crying, half laughing.

The other man had slowly backed away, his face aghast. For a moment both were silent, then the judge spoke.

"So that boy was your son! I—I won't ask you to save my boy now. I know it would be useless. You are doubly revenged, Dr. Saunders! Look at me! I am an old man at forty-five years, and my friends wonder at this. Your son in death has harmed me more than you ever can in life. For ten years not a day has passed that I have not seen his face as I last saw it, and heard his voice as I last heard it say, "My father!" I have often felt his life on my hands, and cursed my harshness and early pride. I have prayed that I might meet his parents, and make some restitution for my act. Gladly, oh, only too gladly, would I have given my own son to you, if I might have repaid you so."

He ended, crying, paused a moment, then hurried from the room.

Two days later the medical world was astounded. The famous Dr. Peter Saunders had performed one of the most delicate operations possible on young James Manning, and the youth had lived, but was lost forever to his family.

The surgeon was reported as having said after the operation, "He may live, but I fear that his memory will be gone forever. It is quite probable that he will recognize no one upon regaining consciousness."

So it was that two days after the operation, the youth opened his eyes to real consciousness for the first time since his accident. He looked up into the eyes of the great Dr. Saunders who was bending over him, smiled, and said "Father!"

Mary E. McDonald, '30.

Vita Amoris

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

Let one be the first startled glow of the candle,
The break of the morning on grayness and drab,
The flight of the bird into regions of cloud.

Though its life be the calm, steadied burning of candle,
The unchanging brightness and blue of the noon-day,
The nesting of bird in a tree close to earth.

Let its death be the flickering death of the candle,
The burst of the sunset all red and all golden,
The bird's flight at even towards the west and towards heaven.

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

Mary J. Fowler, '29.

Dedication

The gossiping nights tell the tale,
And the young, timid dawns,
Speaking with words that are stars
And unraveling buds;
They tell how the darkness was made
That His light would be sought,
They tell how all Promise was given
That faith would be tried;
They speak; and the listening heart
Sends its muted response.

At last I am glad. If the earth
And its fruits are the Lord's,
And beauty and love but His tools,
And knowledge His sword,
'Tis best I should know.

If I live
With values that err,
If means should be ends in my sight,
And science a goal,
If mountains and rivers and birds
Should lift but my eyes,
And leave my heart empty of prayer,
My schooling is vain.

A score of years I have looked
For tarrying truth.
I have learned deathless laws
And alien tongues;
Followed in history's wake
Down through the years;
I have been proud—
Proud of the treasures made mine;
Proud of my eyes,
Heavy with beauty's draughts;
Proud of my hands,
Touching the things I love;

Proud of my mind,
Pulsing, creating, alive;
Proud just to live!
But since I have heard His voice,
I have waked.

'Tis a dream,
That knowing is end enough
And all is here;
That schooling is aid for life
And nothing more.
No lesson is king to this:
Our tutored years
Must harvest eternal fruits,
Or fail. All truth,
All tested facts and knowledge
Are but means
To pay the King's account
In His own coin.

The Spring has whispered the tale,
And the cold Winter's lips,
Speaking with words that are rains
And capricious snows;
They tell how He fashioned the earth
To ring with His name;
They tell how He filled it with souls
To people His home.
They speak: And my heart hears the tale
And offers its all.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Spring Symphony

As I went up the country lane,
The bubbling brook took up a strain
  Of merry bickering,
As if it wished to make it plain
  That here it ruled as king.

A blue-jay baritone soon trilled
In harmony with larks, who filled
  The breeze with secret clues
Of Spring. A timid thrush then thrilled
  To life the naked yews.

On his vivacious violin
An early cricket drew a thin,
  Shrill note with elfin bow.
A frog who played bass viol joined in
  From out the bog below.

A black-bird parson had his say,
The wrens in concert sang a lay.
  A linnet called "Amen."
Oh, it was such a lyric day,
  I knew 'twas Spring again.

Ruth M. Grush, '33.

Hats

When the subject of hats is treated in print the occasion is usually a report of some new trend in the fashion of feminine millinery, for the truth is that ladies' hats receive, and perhaps deserve, most notice. Of late, however, I have been observing the other variety of hats—the masculine. If my reason for this attention had been merely to measure sartorial elegance, or distinction of the average man, I should have to confess to a great disappointment in the cosmetic taste of most of the opposite sex. Long ago, however, I reached the conclusion that most men consider hats as nothing more than utilitarian head covering. At the present time I have been noticing them at a particular place and for a particular reason.

My observation is now directed to the tipping of hats, and my observatory is the street car during my daily trips back and forth from business. One may think I could choose almost any other place as a more likely field for display of hat-tipping, because, except on rare occasions, social instincts are nowhere else so well hidden as in street cars. I do not refer to hats that are raised in chivalrous greeting to the ladies, however, my subjects are those that are lifted, or more often, touched, for a more fundamental reason than politeness. I travel over a route that passes the doors of two Catholic churches and the hats I watch for are those that are raised to God.

What a story that gesture tells! It is just like a recitation of the Creed or of the Act of Faith. In fact, it is even more effective than a verbal pledge would be, for the latter would, of course, be rather out of place and would defeat its own end by the disturbance it would create, while the silent salute, although it is unnoticed by some, must surely edify others by its very unobtrusiveness and sincerity. No one can fail either to understand its meaning or to be ignorant of its purpose. To even the most unbelieving it signifies that the man believes in God and practises his religion, and to co-religionists it is a reminder of the Real Presence of God in the nearby church, and a sign of love and devotion to our Creator. More than that, it draws a picture of a little boy who once upon a time learned from the instruction of his mother or teacher, or from the example of his father, that he should always tip his hat in reverence when he passed a house of God. Through the years he has remembered, and although he may grow careless and occasionally only jerk the brim a bit, God surely understands that it would be much easier to omit the little act of love altogether out of human respect.

While the car rolls on under the guidance of the motorman, who is more often than not the first to doff his cap, it is interesting to take another look at the loyal confessors of the faith. Generally there is nothing to distinguish them from all the ordinary, workaday folks who commute to and from the city. I wonder if the grey-haired, fatherly man, whose hat is rather old, has daughters who need new millinery creations very often; I imagine that the youth, whose lifted derby discloses a brushed and shining head of hair, has a well-filled social calendar; I think the man whose decidedly shabby felt only partly covers his baldness must be suffering from the Depression. But for all my speculation, the hats will only tell one secret about their wearers. "Catholic hats" I dub them, and in my mind's eye they take on the glory of white-plumed helmets worn in the Ages of Faith by knights and crusaders of God. So as I bow my own head in respect before the church, I whisper a fervent "God bless the hat-tippers." Then my thoughts turn to the injustice of convention and tradition which bars ladies from tipping their hats, too.

Mary T. Sheehan, '29.

A Young Man's Fancy

Two figures crouched down close to the soft April earth. A few feet from them was a small cup-like hole into which small, smooth objects rolled at frequent intervals. Then one that was larger and brighter hued than the rest formed its way into the hole causing one of the figures to exclaim with a whistle, "Gee, Tommie, that was a peach of a shot—it's your 'aggie' now all right."

"Yep, that makes four for me now."

And then the expression of the joyful victor disappeared from Tommie's face, and was replaced by a look of intense displeasure.

"What's the matter, Tommie?" inquired his opponent, Freddie Whitcomb, "is the 'aggie' nicked?"

"Naw, look what's comin'."

Freddie looked and from around the side of the house he saw Tommie's sister advancing toward them. She was accompanied by a creature all gold and blue in a Dresden doll sort of way.

"Hello, Freddie!"

"Hello, Jean!"

"Hello, Pest!" she greeted her brother, with whom she had had a serious argument that morning.

No answer.

Turning to Freddie, Jean said, "Freddie, this is Clare Bishop. She just moved into the house next door."

Freddie beamed, rubbed his dirty hand over his knickers, then stretched it forth to meet Clare's in a clasp which, he hoped, was to mark the beginning of a friendship.

Meanwhile Tommie busily plied the art of shooting four "aggies" into the hole.

"Tommie," queried Jean testily, "Don't you want to meet Clare, too?"

He came to an upright position and glowered at the Dresden doll.

"Hello," he acknowledged, and then proceeded about his business again.

Jean shook her head in sisterly despair and responsibility, sighed, and exchanged an all-knowing look with Clare who had a brother, too.

"Tommie, what are you and Freddie doing?" she asked, with that sisterly curiosity that can be so irritating to a man at times.

"Shootin' lions in Africa."

"Tommie Richards, I think you're being perfectly horrid," she blazed, "and besides how many times has Mother told you to pronounce your 'ing,'" continued Jean impatiently, and with all the worldly knowledge of her twelve years.

"Aw, why can't you leave a man alone?" asked her brother with the air of a martyr.

"Never mind these two, Clare, we'll play by ourselves with our own marbles." And from her pocket Jean produced a large bag from which she produced two handfuls of marbles and "aggies."

Freddie's eyes bulged, and he drew Tommie aside, "Say, Tommie, did you see those swell 'aggies'? Let's play with them," indicating the two girls with a nod, "we can win marbles away from girls easily enough."

Tommie was about to give a reluctant yet withal anxious assent when Freddie exclaimed, "Gee, I think Clare is awful pretty."

With a disgusted snort, thirteen-year-old Tommie Richards strode away leaving Freddie to play with Jean and Clare, who knew how to knuckle a marble despite her "dollness."

The next afternoon was the one in all the week that Tommie detested and Jean anticipated. It was the afternoon of dancing class.

Tommie had dutifully washed, shined, and polished, not without some inward grumbling. He was struggling with a knotted lace in one of his patent leather shoes when his mother's voice reached him from below.

"Hurry, Tommie, because I want you to call for Clare Bishop and bring her in here while I'm getting the car out of the garage."

Action up stairs was suspended. Tommie's jaw dropped as well as his shoe.

"Who?" he asked weakly, hoping that his ears had deceived him.

"Clare Bishop, the little girl next door whom you must have met already. She is coming to dancing school with us," volunteered his mother.

Tommie descended the stairs slowly, heavily. With pleading eyes he looked at his mother, "Aw, gee, Mums, do I have to go? that kid is such a sissy. All she can do is look like this!" and Tommie tried to assume Clare's pretty expression.

"Tommie!"

Tommie called for Clare.

On their arrival at dancing class they were greeted by Freddie, who claimed Clare for a partner. Jean tossed her black curls and with the privilege of a sister, "Tommie, you dance with Clare after the next instruction. I want to dance with Freddie."

But Tommie did not get an opportunity to ask Clare for a dance because Freddie had her safely monopolized.

All during the week Freddie sang Clare's praises to Tommie until the latter began to wonder what she could see in a big "goof" like Freddie and how she could let him walk to school with her every morning.

Dancing class afternoon came around again and Tommie was determined to get at least two dances with Clare, to discover if he could the reason for Freddie's incoherent ravings. If she were all that his friend "cracked her up" to be, Tommie vowed that he would ask her to the annual costume party at the dancing school to be held the following week. After instruction he claimed the first dance with Clare, and they glided off to the rhythm of "It Seems to Be Spring."

Clare looked up at Tommie with admiring eyes and sighed, "Oh, Tommie, you dance beautifully!"

Tommie beamed and answered modestly, "Guess I'm not so bad at that."

The dance ended all too quickly and as Tommie saw Clare dance off with his rival at the next number, he exclaimed, "Gee whiz, she is pretty!"

The next afternoon found him ringing Clare's doorbell. The Dresden doll herself answered his summons.

"Oh-er-hello, Clare!"

"Hello, Tommie, won't you come in?"

"Well-er-I-er that is, I got some-thin' for ya."

"Oh, goody, come on in!"

Tommie entered and drew forth from his pocket a large, blue "aggie," larger and bluer even than Clare's eyes.

"Oh, Tommie, for me? It's the loveliest 'aggie' I've ever seen!"

Tommie beamed and stood twirling his aviator cap in his hands while one foot traced patterns in the rug.

"Gee, I'm glad you like it, Clare. I won it from Freddie today," with a glowing touch of pride.

"Oh, Tommie, aren't you grand!"

More patterns traced in the rug. Tommie thought that no fair damsel in King Arthur's court could have given her knight and champion finer praise.

"I-er-will you, aw gee, Clare, will ya say 'Yes' to what I'm goin' to ask ya?"

"But what are you going to ask me, Tommie?" Clare twinkled, a true daughter of Eve.

"Will ya come to the costume party with me?" he asked breathlessly as if the very fact of his holding his breath would by some magic method make her say "Yes."

"Oh, Tommie, I'd love it!"

"And will ya save all the dances for me?"

"Oh yes, Tommie!"

"And ya won't give any to Freddie?"

"Oh, no, Tommie, because I think you're wonderful!"

"Gee whiz!"

HELEN MORGAN, '33.

Whence—Least of the Lilies?

Purple-drenched violet,
  Fair as a dawn,
Fresh as the new fallen
  Dew on the lawn;
Cool-smelling fragrance
  Pervading the air,
As an odor of sweetness,
  From incense of prayer,
Infinitesimally
  Delicate flower
Steadfastly standing
  In shade and through shower,
What Force sustains you,
  O fragile,—O pure,—
Whence—least of the lilies—
  Your strength to endure?

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.

Guatemala

When we mentioned to our friends that we were accepting Carmen's and Charles' invitation to spend the summer in Guatemala, they raised their eye-brows, murmured a few sweet nothings, and wished us a bit doubtfully, a "bon voyage." Their lack of enthusiasm was caused, we thought, by the atmospheric traditions of the country. Despite amicable forebodings, however, we left New York in June. We were eleven days on the water and experienced the famous fifty-seven varieties of a capricious sea. The passenger list was small but congenial and the officers did everything to make us forget our first nostalgia.

Santiago was the first stop. Beautiful villas in gay colors brightened the rather austere entrance to the harbor. There was a slight earth tremor while we were there, but, Deo Gratias, we were not aware of it until after it had happened. We went swimming in shark-infested waters, within a net enclosure; we danced at an open-air casino, and visited El Morro Castle and San Juan Hill. The Castle, barren save for a few cacti, seemed threateningly sinister. San Juan, well preserved in spite of the earthquake, was fragrant with the sweet scents of tropical flowers. At Santiago we took on Jamaicans who were becoming a financial burden to Cuba. Animals, furnishings, families, all were huddled together indiscriminately on the lower deck. The people, lackadaisical and happy, serenaded us with chantys and spirituals way into the night.

At Kingston, our next stop, we saw the Hope Gardens and were given, very surreptitiously, an orchid to wear and some seeds to plant. We were treated to a Planter's Punch and were the unexpected but welcome spectators at a Jamaican wedding. The bride wore an elaborate gown, bought by her father in a New York shop. It was of lustrous white satin, richly embroidered, but a bit bizarre against African complexion.

A few days later we arrived at Guatemala. The custom officers were very severe and very pompous. On the boat we had met a Spaniard who later proved to be one of the biggest smugglers in the country and who managed annually to evade court proceedings. She asked us to take in a bolt of rayon material which she had been unable to pack in her own trunks. As we had no room, she was foiled in her attempt to save a heavy duty.

Our first glimpse of Bananera thrilled us. Imagine, if you can, a small colony nestled among the hills, where bungalows, built on stilts,

are surrounded by palm and manacca trees, green, green grass, hybiscus hedges, and gardens of gardenias, roses, fresias, and orchids.

In front of Carmen's home there was a pond whose size depended upon a fickle Motagua River. In flood time the pond was deep, and housed an alligator and iguana whose sportive movements were terrifying.

Tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course, and a swimming pool were our favorite rendezvous in early morning and late afternoon. During siesta time, at first, we used to carry on our correspondence, but after a few weeks we, too, napped in true mañana fashion. A dance and a movie were given every week at the Club, a splendid recreation center, with a well-equipped library. Several families had radios and when plays, operas, or concerts were broadcast they held open house.

We left Bananera for a short while for a tour of the country and found that in the cities Spanish was spoken entirely. The trip to Guatemala City is a day's journey. The train climbed to dizzying heights passing the Zacapa Desert, Indian villages, banana plantations, and coffee fincas. The long dusty ride was broken in the late afternoon by a severe electric storm. This, we discovered, is a daily occurrence. The blinding flashes and deafening thunder frightened us, but by the end of the summer we were no longer afraid.

In the city we received the Bishop's blessing and heard him talk at length on St. Christopher, the patron of travelers. From here we went to Mazatenanga, where we were entertained in an old Spanish home. Nothing had been changed. A spacious, colorful patio and the marble bathroom intrigued us most. In the latter was a huge tub of contrasting stone and a temperamental shower from which there was either a drought or a flood.

Quetzaltenango, the real capital, we found very cold, perhaps because it is five thousand feet above the sea level. This city was reached by an electric train that passed, with amazing indifference, erupting volcanoes, jagged chasms, thunderous cascades and jungle.

The Santa Maria nearly suffocated us with its sulphurous fumes. In the city we danced to a marimba band that needs to be heard to be appreciated. Gather together all the superlatives from your Webster (nice ones, of course) and you will have done justice to the Marimba. Here, too, in the capital we visited the markets and bought blazing and dainty pottery from the Indians. Most of the natives were farmers, potters, or weavers. These Indians were friendly and generous to visitors, and very religious. Their devotion was frantically and seriously expressed before the statues of their favorite saint, whom they dressed in gaudy clothing, on feast days, in gorgeous velvet and carried through the streets

with much pomp. Because they are a simple folk and give full rein to their imagination, the padres permit customs that seem to us to savor of paganism.

The same gracious hospitality that prevailed in Bananera existed throughout the country. We were cordially welcomed everywhere. Native cooking, customs, and folk-lore,—we loved them all. Our favorite dishes were ros copnaña, chili con carne, tamales, avocados, viscales, papayas, and breadfruit.

After our tour of the country we returned to Bananera and its never-ending round of gaiety. A few weeks later we left for home amid cries of "Vaya con Dios" and "Come back soon"—two wishes we hope will come true after this "tiempo di crisis."

Ida G. Finn, '23.

Homing

I hold you firmly now, impatient Youth.
A struggling eagle, you would seek the height
Where lurking danger shows its ugly tooth;
And weak with struggle, I implore the night
To guide with jewelled watch your lonely flight;
I shriek and lose my grasp. O God, be kind!
My youth is following a Dream's bright light.
You gave us Youth and Dreams, and Youth is Blind;
Keep, God, those Dreams, some future hour to find!

Mary Rose Connors, '30.

Julie

She knelt in prayer.
The air was hushed; the eager
sunbeams ceased
To play upon her hair,
And reverently withdrew, to leave
A halo shining there.

A vision came.
In dazzled, fearful wonder she
adored.
Upon the darkened plain
Of Calvary, the Cross hung
radiant.
She saw her humble name
Carved deep in gold somewhere upon
that Sign.
Her lowly, black-robed train
Of followers give praise—among the
Saints
They see her name.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Souvenir

Ralph Thorndike fingered the gold piece thoughtfully. It was dated 1908 and had a little piece chipped off the side. From the corner of her eye his wife watched him. Finally he spoke.

"I know that it's yours, dear, and that you can spend it if you like, but now is no time to have that work done. Goodness knows we might be glad of this, the way my work is. Seems that nobody ever heard of weddings or anniversaries, at least the jewelry business isn't a necessary factor any more." He laughed ruefully, "besides—"

"Besides nothing—," Joan broke in firmly, "Jerry Rogers needs the work and we need the room papered. That gold piece was given to me in 1908, the year I was born. I've saved it long enough and now I want to spend it."

"All right, dear," Ralph's voice was as gentle as ever, but his eyes were worried. "Here's hoping it does someone some good."

* * * * *

Jerry Rogers slammed the door of his crowded flat with a bang that meant good news. His wife looked up wearily from her cooking and tried to smile, a feeble attempt that died before it reached her lips. Somehow most of her smiles had met the same fate lately.

Her husband swung her around with a grin.

"Say, Mary, what do you think? I got ten dollars for papering a room for Mrs. Thorndike." He put the gold piece into her hand. "And do you know what? Old Mrs. Crawford happened to see the room just as I finished it and I'm going to do all her rooms over!"

Mary looked at him incredulously. No work for six weeks and then this. This time the smile survived and trembled on her tired lips. Suddenly she looked younger than her thirty years, her face regained something of its youthful prettiness.

"Oh, Jerry," she cried, burying her head on his shoulder, "Oh, I'm so glad." She was sobbing softly. "Now the children can have new shoes."

The gold piece had begun its work.

* * * * *

Mr. Moore was feeling expansive as he lit his after-dinner cigar.

"Yes, sir," he said to nobody in particular, "business is picking up. Caldwell gave me the order for one hundred pairs of shoes for that orphan asylum he is in charge of."

His wife was visibly surprised.

"But I thought you were having a hard time to secure it?"

The man inhaled deeply before replying.

"Well, I was, but a funny thing happened. You know that Mrs. Rogers who lives over Casey's Drug Store? She came in this morning and bought four pairs of the children's shoes we have on sale for two dollars and a half a pair. Caldwell was there at the time trying to make up his mind whether to place the order or not. I guess her buying the shoes clinched the matter, because everybody knows what a cautious, thrifty customer she is."

He blew the smoke in slow blue rings, the gesture of a man who is thoroughly contented. His wife went over and sat on the arm of his chair, almost coquettishly.

"Oh, Tony, I'm so pleased. Do you think—?"

She stopped short studying her husband expectantly. He interpreted her hesitation correctly and smiled softly to himself.

"I suppose it's that gray hat you've been wanting so much. Well, I guess so, you've certainly worn that black one long enough. I'm tired of looking at it myself."

He took something from his pocket and tossed it playfully in the air. "Think this will be enough?"

Mrs. Moore caught it and kissed him happily. It was a ten dollar gold piece.

* * * * *

Monsieur André fluttered about his shop looking for his wife. It was nothing new for Monsieur to be highly excited, in fact so accustomed were the salesgirls to his emotional outbursts that not a single sophisticated eyebrow was raised. Madame at that moment was engaged in selling "Sumzing smarrt" in a Turkish "fez" to a woman with decidedly Roman features. But then Madame was an unprejudiced internationalist. Her limpid accent sharpened as she saw her husband's reflection in the mirror gesturing wildly.

"What is eet? Remembaire zere are customers here!"

"It is sold, le chapeau gris!" he cried ecstatically.

"Sold!" she echoed, "but how so? I have had to mark eet down from thirty-five dollars to ten dollars because of zat peculiar shade of gray. Zat hat is what one calls ze 'jinx,'" and she rolled her eyes expressively.

"Mais attends donc," M. André frequently lapsed into his native tongue when excited. "Zat chapeau he brings me good luck. Ze sister-in-law of my customer, she liked him so much she let me make all ze chapeaux for her daughter's wedding. C'est bien, n'est-ce pas?"

Mme André was her usual silky calculating self. "Hats for six attendants, half dozen for ze trousseau, at least." Her hands touched the lace at her throat dramatically. "Perhaps now I can buy ze leetle brooch I want, no?"

"Mais, oui," Monsieur was effusively indulgent. "Take zis what she give me," and he slipped a ten-dollar gold piece into her pocket.

* * * * *

Mr. Sheffield Patterson, jeweler, called Ralph Thorndike into his office. The clerk came in slowly, a bit reluctantly, though his brain was working fast. No doubt old Patterson had found out that he had sold a ten-dollar brooch and had transferred the sale to Tommy Dade. Not that there was anything very wrong in that. Dade had been warned that unless his sales totaled a specified number every day, the firm of Sheffield Patterson and Co., would require his services no longer—and Dade simply had to keep his job. That ten-dollar sale just saved his skin. The only thing was that it was a bit irregular, and the boss was a sticker for regularity. Ralph knew that. But what he did not know was that gruff old Patterson was just the least bit sentimental.

He did not look up as Ralph entered, and after an uncomfortable pause Ralph said:

"You wished to see me, sir?"

The old man's eyes met his.

"Yes, Thorndike, I've been hearing some things about you."

Ralph's heart sank. Then he had heard! Patterson's next words confirmed his fear.

"A little matter of transferred sale, I believe, Thorndike. Well, you know that's against the rules and it's not the first time you've done it."

Ralph started to speak but was interrupted.

"I don't mind telling you, however, that it was a pretty fine thing. We haven't any more men like you, unfortunately." He paused, shuffled some papers, then continued deliberately.

"I've noticed you've been doing pretty well on your own sales lately, in spite of conditions."

Ralph gulped a sincere "Thank you, sir!" which his employer did not even hear.

"Oh, by the way, you'll probably find a little souvenir in your pay check this month. I'd like you to keep it."—He started to say, "for sentimental reasons," but checked himself abruptly.—"Just to know that old Patterson likes a man to be human. I've arranged to have the same

amount added every month," his tone became more businesslike, "for good salesmanship, among other things."

He was suddenly his grouchy old self.

"That's all, good morning."

* * * * *

"And that was that," said Ralph to his wife some hours later, "I thought you'd like to open the envelope. Maybe there's a five dollar bill in it."

She took it eagerly and tore it. Something fell out and rolled on the table. They looked at the object and then at each other. It was a ten dollar gold piece, slightly chipped and bearing the date, "1908."

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Sonnets to Alma Mater

"It is a small college, sir, and yet there are those who love it."
—*Webster of Dartmouth.*

Now is the time and now the happy day
When we would pause, admiring that young life,
That brief eventful decade! Ah, we may
Indeed be proud, blow trumpets—and the fife.
The first brave years are bravely won; but lo,
There is no rest, else all that they have cost
In anxious love and hopes, in weal and woe
Will come to naught, irrevocably lost.
Years won; more years to conquer yet, thank God!
There must be forward striving, 'til at last
Each beauty here in deed, word, sky, and sod
Is learned by heart; then, gazing on the past,
Reward can justly sound, "Thou hast done well
With fragments of the One Emmanuel."

"Thou hast done well with fragments of the Whole."
This highest praise, no less, must be your due
To glory in the gleams, to feed your soul
The crumbs of that eternal feast. For you
Must ever seek all beauty, wisdom, truth:
Heed sages, echoing His distant Word,
That age-old Word of Love's eternal youth,—
But know from whence it comes, this thing you've heard—.
Behold all nature's shining panoply,
Divine its meaning. Know what man has taught
And how he gained his skill, his fluency.
Thus searching, will you find what you have sought?
"Aye, thou shalt find that Truth and Beauty dwell
With thy Reward—they *are* Emmanuel!"

Kathleen Morley Rogers, '29.

The Wedding Feast

Maria Rosini's wedding was the most gorgeous affair that the city of Laurel had ever seen, and, for that matter, ever was to see. The motif was white. Everything, as far as possible, was snowy white, —the bridal gown itself, the yards of shimmering satin and misty tulle, the bridal bouquet of white lilies-of-the-valley and white orchids, the altar of Saint Rita massed with hundreds of lilies, the white carpet extending down the church aisle and even out into the street lest the white satin slippers and long train of the bride be soiled, and white satin ribbons partitioning the pews of the guests. And as Maria stepped into the car to be driven from her home to the church, a white ermine wrap was thrown around her shoulders.

Maria sat at the nuptial dinner in the midst of all this splendor, very quiet, very tired, but very happy. The four weeks preceding the wedding had been exciting. Parties, shopping trips to the dressmakers, the jewelers, the photographers, the hairdressers, and above all the everlasting fittings for the many clothes which comprised the most complete trousseau that any girl could possibly have. And nobody could do better justice to the wearing of those clothes than Maria Rosini, who was very beautiful. Heroines are always beautiful, are they not? She was tall, very slender, and her hair was as dusky as the night. Her eyes were the brown limpid pools that poets speak of, and her skin of a creamy pallor. She was lovely, and she did not know it, which made her all the lovelier. Now, as she surveyed the brilliant diamond on her finger, her heart was full of love for Enrico, and she reflected that she was perhaps the happiest and the most fortunate girl in the world.

Presiding at the extensive table that seated his one hundred guests, Papa Rosini beamed his approval on everybody and everything. He had built an extension to his home in order to seat a hundred people for the greatest celebration of his life. Later, four hundred more were to come for a reception. All the guests had been requested to send no wedding presents except flowers. Five hundred people and flowers! But why should they send anything but flowers, Papa Rosini had argued. He could buy Maria anything and more than she desired. At the age of twelve he had landed in the steerage from Italy, tired, hungry, and entirely friendless. He had done everything—been everything. He had, in turn, been bootblack, barber, fruit vendor, undertaker, storekeeper, real estate agent, and finally banker. He had very nearly

starved to death, and had been ill-treated more than once, but today he was the president of the second largest bank in the state and was presiding at a table of distinguished guests and laden with beautiful flowers, silver, and crystal, to celebrate the marriage of his oldest and best-beloved daughter. His eyes, filled with pride, dwelt on the handsome bridegroom seated near him. Not many fathers could do so well for their daughters. Of course it had been a match, and had been arranged by the parents of both parties. Everything had been arranged most properly and the "ambassadors" between the two families had done their work well. Maria need never know that it had been so. That had been one of the agreements. Enrico had courted and proposed to her just as if it had been his own idea all along. He was not in love with Maria, but he admired her very much and he would make her a good husband. Enrico was a young and very gifted doctor just out of medical school. Papa Rosini had bought a hospital that he might carry on the research work that promised to end so auspiciously. The two men smiled at each other. There was a strong bond of affection between them. Five years later they were to die within two months of each other.

Next to Enrico, the maid-of-honor, Aida Rosini, the second daughter of the house of Rosini, smiled her calm and gentle smile. She was the feminine counterpart of Maria. She was short, plump, and so very neat that she was the despair of all her friends. Nobody ever remembered seeing Aida Rosini with a hair out of place, a run in her stocking, or an uneven hem. She was not beautiful at all, but she was gentle and good. Three years later she was to take the veil of the Venerini Order and pass her days in peace and happiness.

Across from Aida sat the third Rosini sister, Carmella. How shall I describe Carmella? Have you seen Italian women who are fair? It is very seldom, but when you do you never forget them. Some Florentine ancestor must have come to life in Carmella Rosini. Her hair was the color of ripe honey, her eyes a warm brown. She was very slim and tiny, and she laughed a great deal. Six years later she was to become the wife of a brilliant young French surgeon and all her life she was to have that air of childlike simplicity that was so apparent tonight.

Farther down the table sat still another sister of the bride, Leonora Rosini. Scarlet poinsettias, a dark stormy night, electrical flashes in the sky, heavily scented tropical flowers, Clara Bow born a Vanderbilt. Da Vinci could have painted her, but nobody could adequately describe her. She was about five feet two or three in height, slender, very dark, and with magnificent eyes. She hated passionately and she loved just

as passionately. There were no halfway measures with Leonora. It was not too wise to cross her. Four hundred years ago she might have stabbed you to death, today civilization made her merely quiver with rage, and made you quail under the flash of those extraordinary eyes. She was not beautiful but she was magnetic. She was to throw away her love and life on a handsome good-for-nothing young adventurer who broke her heart.

Another bridesmaid at the dinner was Laura Polano, cousin of the bride. Laura reminded one of a bird. She was small and lively and pecked at people and at life with one notable exception. She was rather an attractive girl, but very plump. As she was scarcely five feet tall this was quite a problem, and all her life she fought against the great demon, avoirdupois. She was always complaining about something but was not really ill-tempered. Like all Italian girls of her class she was completely dominated by her family, but a few years later, with one grand gesture, she was to elope with a struggling young musician and was to be disowned by her family who, however, lived to see Laura's husband become one of the greatest violinists of all times.

Helena Barragno sat glaring at her fiancé, who was thoroughly enjoying himself as usual with a pretty companion. Helena was the type of girl that one describes as handsome. She was also wilful and imperious and had been thoroughly spoiled by a doting father. She was the best-dressed girl in Laurel and she knew it. She was as impetuous as Leonora, without having Leonora's charm, but she had a good mind for business. She was in love with Francesco Basada, who was four years her junior and a charming, impecunious young wastrel, who loved Helena after a fashion, but who loved Helena's money more. At the death of her father Helena was to become the head of Barragno Inc., Importers, and one of the most famous business women in the east, having finally parted with the impoverished Francesco. But she loved him all her life.

Josephine Marino was busy talking to anybody that would talk with her. Josephine was a tall, slender girl with a wonderful sense of humor. She might have been extremely attractive, but her family were of the old school and firmly forbade Josephine adornments of any sort. No iron had ever touched her hair, and rouge, powder and lipstick were unknown quantities. Her clothes, although expensive, were old-fashioned, and she had large quantities of hair with which she had great difficulty. It kept constantly coming down, and she was forever tucking it up under her unfashionable hats. She was to marry her father's life-long friend and contemporary. Do not think it was not a love match, because it was, and on her honeymoon Josephine bobbed her hair.

The sixth bridesmaid was, as usual, extremely quiet. How shall I speak of Mary? Just to think of her warms my heart. She had not an enemy that I ever knew of, and I never heard anyone speak a word against her. She had the most beautiful smile in the world, and she was so good that even Salvatore Marchesi said of her: "God bless her; she is a saint." She was modern in many ways, yet the young Christian girls in early Rome must have been like her. There could not have been a stain on her white soul. Five years later I saw her beautiful smile through a mist of tears when she married, at her mother's command, a learned but dry-as-dust professor, who carried her off to Rome to live among the shades of the past.

Death, happiness, and sorrow were present at Maria Rosini's wedding feast. They gathered up their garments and sat among the guests. Only one was bidden, but the other two stalked in boldly.

About eight years after her husband's death, I met Maria one day. She was the superintendent of the hospital that her father had bought for her husband. She was still beautiful, the only change in her being physical. Her dusky hair was more than sprinkled with gray; there were new lines about her mouth, but her spirit had not changed. I can see her now, tall and erect in her white hospital uniform. Her mouth smiled but her eyes never. I spoke to her of how little we had dreamed eight years before of the fate that was to be hers. I asked her if she did not feel that life had been particularly unkind to her. She looked at me gravely. "It would be useless," she said, "to pretend that I did not, at first, feel very bitter. When Enrico died my father said to me, 'Never mind, Maria, you will always have me.' Of course you know that he himself left me two months later." Her eyes clouded momentarily and she went on to speak of her subsequent breakdown and the financial necessity that led her to take up her present position.

"At first," she said, "I felt that I had been unjustly punished and that nobody was forced to bear so heavy a cross. Then I came here to the hospital. The first few months were a terrible revelation to me. I had no idea there could be so much suffering in the world. Compared with what I saw here, my troubles seemed as nothing. I had ceased to go to church, you know, and one day I spoke of that fact to a priest who comes to the hospital often. I told him that I could not bear to go, that there was no love in my heart for a God who could do such terrible things to people. 'Do not go,' he said to me, 'until you feel that you want to. The day will come when you will want to. Then go, and peace will come to your soul and you will be comforted.' Needless to say the day did come, and in a way that I least expected. One day my little daughter said to me, 'Mother, all the children go to Sunday

School after the eight o'clock mass and I want to go, too.' What could I say? There was only one thing for me to do. Driving her to church, naturally I could not sit outside and wait for her. I went in. I have continued to go and I have been comforted. I saw that my daughter and my hospital work were priceless compensations. I shall never be completely happy again, but I have learned to be thankful for many things. Much has happened to me and to those who were so happy with me on the night of my wedding. But out of the tribulations and the joys of all of us I have learned one thing. It is this: sorrow comes to all of us, but happiness comes also. There is, as I have come to believe, a great law of compensation that works for every one of us. We should grasp happiness while we have it, because it will pass, but our sorrow will also pass, and this is our great consolation. 'Time brings roses.'"

MARGUERITE ANN COFFEY, '28.

Inflation

'23 to '36
She counts her classes so;
Their banners furled or waving, mix
As brilliantly they go.

She's proud of all, for all are fine,
But pardon, if we boast:
The peak was reached in '29
We are the nation's toast!

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

The English Public School

I was introduced to that great institution, the English Public School, about my tenth year, I think, by that typical English schoolboy, Tom Brown, who presented me to his Alma Mater, Rugby, with a flourish and left me to form my own opinion of her. On the whole it was an excellent one, and one which grew even more favorable with further and reflective study.

The Public School is peculiarly English, working far better in practice than a theorist would expect. The educational system in force has been evolved deliberately, if experimentally for as many as five hundred years, and like all other public organizations it has incurred the usual amount of praise and censure. Perhaps the more serious criticisms advanced are that in the existing order "specialisation" is an impossibility, and that public schools are homes of class consciousness. The Reverend C. A. Alington, D.D., headmaster of Eton, in the *Daily Telegraph* for November 14, 1932, refutes these assertions convincingly. In answer to the first he says: "It is to be hoped that this sort of balderdash does not carry much conviction. The simple truth is that at every public school the educational changes in the last fifty years have been immense; that at all of them 'specialisation' exists after a reasonable age; that courses in History, Modern Languages, Mathematics, or Science have been introduced as an alternative to the old classical curriculum, and are far more widely followed; and at no school which I know is there anything but a welcome for any artistic or literary tastes which a boy may possess." And discussing the possibility of "snobbishness," he continues, "This is a risk inevitably attaching to any system by which parents have the opportunity of choosing to what schools their sons shall go. I can only say that I do not notice that the ordinary public school boy feels himself a superior being when he has to deal with boys drawn from another social stratum. He claims no monopoly of the 'public school spirit,' and both recognizes and welcomes it when he finds it flourishing in institutions which have not usually been accorded the name of public school. I am afraid that the sons of snobs remain snobbish, but I do not believe that it is a vice which we teach."

Perhaps the greatest problem in educational circles not only in England but in America and other countries is the age-old Newman-Locke controversy on the value of a liberal education as opposed to professional training, of culture against utility. Newman, qualified by prac-

tical experience as a student and teacher in an English university, spoke authoritatively on the multiple benefits of a liberal education: "A university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration. It is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It prepares him to fill any position with credit and to master any subject with facility."

Some eighty years later, Dr. Alington says: "If I am asked how far a public school education fits a boy for a business life, I am naturally handicapped by my ignorance of the special qualities which that life demands. The moral virtues of honesty and hard work are certainly among those which we try to instill, and a boy is unfortunate if he goes through a public school without learning how to command, in however small a sphere, as well as how to obey. Intellectually I do not myself believe that we should aim at giving him any special training. As an unrepentant classicist, I still believe that a boy who has the necessary taste and industry will train whatever brain he has better by old methods than by any newer device."

A study of English public school life is as delightful as it is informative, so entirely foreign is it to our American school system. One may add truthfully enough that the English schools themselves are different from one another, yet their common bond is something vaguely termed "English school spirit," a heritage of which every schoolboy is fiercely proud.

Perhaps the oldest school among many century-old foundations is Eton, chartered October 11, 1440, with Papal sanction. In 1443 the college was formally opened by King Henry III and ever since has enjoyed royal favor. The Etonians live under a complicated discipline distinct from the monitorial rule of other institutions. Its chief difference is that, as far as discipline exercised by the older boys is concerned, each house is run separately, and a boy who is in authority in his own house has not necessarily any power outside it. Corporal punishment is administered only by the Headmaster, the Lower Master, the Captains of Houses and of Games, and members of the Eton Society.

Harrow, chartered in 1571, was founded by John Lily, who included an ordinance to the future government body which came nearer to the modern public school system than any previous foundation statute had ever done. Foreigners, or "strangers," he prescribed, were to be taken in, and as many were to be taught as the governors considered fit. Har-

row is further distinguished by its collection of school songs, the most popular of which is "Forty years on." Harrovians have a fondness for adding the termination "er" to words in common use, as "speecher," meaning speech, "lekker," for "light," etc. The pride of Harrow is the speed in which roll-call is completed; a master employing the "Cricket Bill" method takes about a minute and a half to check off five hundred boys.

Downside College, a Roman Catholic school, had an interesting foundation. At the end of the sixteenth century, the education of children in England according to Catholic principles was impossible, and it was considered illegal to have a Catholic tutor in the home. Consequently the children had to be sent to foreign schools, and a monastery school at Douai, France, was built for the purpose. Later the school moved to England where it is now concerned with the education of some three hundred and thirty boys.

No article on English schools would be complete without a paragraph on "Christ's Hospital," where Lamb, Hunt, and Coleridge spent their early years. Instituted for the education of poor children, its scholastic success gradually grew as its accommodations widened, so that in 1868 the School Inquiry Commissions were able to report that "Christ's Hospital is a thing without a parallel in the country, and 'sui generis.' It is a grand relic of the mediaeval spirit; a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to glow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies, almost unchanged for a period of three centuries."

Among the famous "Blues" have been numerous bishops, lords, professors, and lord mayors. In Christ's Hospital there could be no better demonstration of a successful union of old traditions with the best of modern ideas,—that best characteristic of English education.

In speaking of Rugby, I confess a bewilderment as to where to begin, for it is traditionally famous for many things. Perhaps I should begin with a word on Dr. Thomas Arnold, father of Matthew Arnold, and the greatest headmaster of all time. He revolutionized the system that had existed there for two and one-half centuries, introducing the daringly novel "monitorial system," which was eventually adopted by every other public school in England. The history of modern Rugby begins with him, and Rugby, as he made it, was the Rugby of "Tom Brown's School Days," the greatest and most widely read of all school stories. The "Tom" of the book was Judge Hughes, whose name is scratched on the minute hand of the old clock, just as "Tom" reported.

Rugby has a long list of distinguished scholars, among them Matthew Arnold, the famous son of a famous father whose spirit still lives on at Rugby, Rupert Brooke, and the Archbishop of York.

It would be impossible to include an account of all the prominent English Schools, but at least I should like to mention a few of the outstanding men who have attended each.

Shrewsbury claims Sir Philip Sidney, Charles Darwin, Samuel Butler; St. Paul's, Lily, Milton, Chesterton; Dulwich, Shackleton, A. E. W. Mason, P. G. Wodehouse; Blundell's claims Blackmore, who immortalized his own school days in "Lorna Doone," also Archbishop Temple, A. V. Hill; Clifton claims Sir Henry Newbalt, Field Marshal Earl Haig; Malvern claims H. de Vere Stacpoole, Michael Arlen; and Mill Hill claims Earl of Stamford, Lord Justice Scrutton, and many others.

Every English public school has its own set of customs and privileges which seem ludicrous to anyone ignorant of their grave import to schoolboys. Indiscriminate excerpts from the rules of various schools reveal the following interest information:

1. Monitors may carry umbrellas, ride bicycles, and go outside school bounds.
2. Three-yearers may whistle in the house passages.
3. Two-yearers must wear all their coat buttons but one undone, and may turn their collars up.
4. There are two ways of calling for fags. The first, a long, protracted yell of "Boo-o-o-o-y" is a summons to the fag on duty, whereas the other, "boy, boy," means that all the fags have to run and the last to arrive has to do the job.

The average Etonion is prouder of being allowed to roll up his umbrella, walk arm-in-arm with friends, or ornament his hat with sealing wax than to win any number of scholastic honors.

To Englishmen, the English Public School seems one of the most remarkable institutions in existence, for they point out that its past has been one of mighty achievements; that it has molded the best in English character for centuries and that it will continue to do so. In the words of one of the foremost English educators, "the Public Schools of England will find themselves not inadequate to the demands of a new age, and they will produce, and are producing, men as fit to serve God and the King in business and in commerce as in old days to serve the Church and State."

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Resurrection

I know a Gardener has passed this way;
  The quivering earth throbs where His feet have trod,
Each footprint frames a tiny flower-bed
  That springs full-blooming from elixired sod.

I know a Gardener has passed this way;
  His trailing garments leave a wake of light;
Below, the listening seeds hear reveille,
  And shoulder little grass-spears for the fight.

I know a Gardener has passed this way;
  The whole earth blooms in answer to His care.
Thou art the Gardener Magdala once saw.
  "Rabboni!"—and I echo her sweet prayer.

Mary Rose Connors, '30.

I Shall Grow Weary Waiting

I shall grow weary waiting years and years,
Steeped still in darkness, groping after light,
For wisdom yearning,—yearning to requite
My questioning heart,—annihilate my fears!

I have seen beauty, beauty that endears,
The silence of Thy planets, Lord, at night,
Thy waters sealed with mystery and might,
Thy tender mists, and sorrow's bitter tears!

I have had glimpses of Thee, Lord, a song,—
A face alight with joy,—strong sculptured stone,—
Thy power pregnant in all surging storms,
Till I would venture past these worlds, these forms,
And stand absorbed, O God, in Thee, alone.
O Love, O Lord of all, how long—how long!

Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

Obscur-Voyant

"Helen, telephone for you, dear."

"Thanks, aunt, I think it's Betty."

"Heigho!"

"Heigho, Helen, gosh! I'm sorry to disappoint you about tonight, but I told Bob where we were going and he made me promise not to go, so—"

"So, you're afraid of Bob, are you?" answered the disappointed Helen.

"No, not afraid of him, but I do admire his sensible judgment of things, and he said—"

"Oh, spare me the details of what he said. As long as you're not going, I'll go myself."

"Helen! you wouldn't dare go there alone," gasped Betty.

"Who, I? I'm not afraid. Anyway, I know my own mind, I think. I'll go where I have a mind to, but promise you won't tell Dick?"

"Well, I don't know, Bob said—"

"Betty, if you quote Bob again, I'll hang up. Every time you speak, it is to quote him. Anyway, I'm going whether Bob or Dick says 'yea' or 'nay.'"

"I'm sorry, Helen, really I am, but Bob is Dick's best pal, you know! So that is what makes me sure that if Bob said—"

"Bye!" interrupted Helen.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later Helen came running hastily downstairs calling, "See you later, Auntie, I won't be out late."

"Why, Helen! Aren't you going to see Dick this evening? I thought—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Aunt, but we decided to wait until tomorrow night. Dick is going to see a friend of his who is not feeling well. I'm going out with—well, anyway, I'll be back in an hour."

* * * * *

Within fifteen minutes a well-dressed girl rang the bell of a small, dingy-looking house on the other side of the city. An untidy looking woman answered the bell.

"Come in, dearie, did you want to see me? I'm Madame Suzanne."

"Y-yes—" gulped the girl, wishing somehow that she had not come.

"Right this way, dearie. Now," pointing to a springless couch, "sit right there, I'll be with you in a minute."

Hesitatingly, Helen lowered herself down to the couch. "Well, now that I'm here, I might as well stay. It's just for the fun of it, anyway." Thus she consoled herself until the return of "Madame Suzanne." Under the pretence of stirring the fire and lowering the shade, she watched the girl before her and mused: "Well dressed—good family—ah! a medal—must be a Catholic; pretty, well cared-for hands—guess she plays a piano; neat, to the point of being fastidious—lovely material in that coat although it's last year's style—she's probably unemployed and can't afford a new one. There now, she's opening her bag—Aha! Yardley's compact—evidently likes 'quality not quantity'; well shod—sheer stockings—wonder what's bothering her?" At this point Helen, who had been looking through her pocketbook, dropped a snapshot almost under Madame's foot; it was Dick.

"I knew it," soliloquized Madame, "he's dark. Opposites always attract."

"Warm enough now, dearie? That fireplace throws very little heat, but I guess it'll hold for awhile." She sat opposite Helen and took a funny-looking pack of cards from her pocket.

"Shuffle well, dearie, make a wish and cut three times."

Nervously Helen complied. After the third cut, Madame spread the cards.

"Well, dearie,—er—within a three, you are going to get a letter from a very dear friend. Do you correspond with anyone in particular? Say, a light person?"

"Y-yes, that must be Genevieve. She lives in Washington, where I went to school. She's a blonde."

Madame breathed a sigh. Spreading a few cards, she continued. "You're going to take a trip, rather unexpectedly, perhaps before the week is over. Some one is going to give you a gift which will surprise you very much. You are very fond of music, aren't you?"

"Very!" answered Helen, marvelling at the wisdom of Madame.

"I see you playing a beautiful piano, wasn't that a gift?"

"Yes, Dad gave me a Steinway for a graduation present!" she volunteered, still marvelling.

"Now, dearie, I see that you do not believe in the slogan, 'Buy American Products.' You go to a beauty parlor and buy a foreign product, do you not?"

Mindful of her "yen" for "Yardley's Toiletries," Helen replied feebly in the affirmative. At that moment the front door clicked and

Helen started involuntarily. Madame attributed it to the wind.

"Now choose six cards, and make your special wish."

Madame picked up the chosen six cards, "Ah! here is trouble for you, dearie. Have you any connections with a dark person?"

"I did have."

Very confidentially Madame counselled, "My dear girl, that dark person is going to try to force you to do something against your will. Now—remember, you've been warned!"

Helen's face blanched. "Dick? Impossible!"

"You are to receive a package from this dark person, but beware!"

By this time, Helen cared to hear no more. Gathering her coat, gloves, and pocketbook, she made a hasty exit, after having left a shining fifty cents in Madame's grimy hand.

* * * * *

The following evening Dick appeared in Helen's living-room with a small box. "Picked up a little something for you, dear, thought you might like it."

Helen's lips moved, but the words came slowly—"A package?—I'm sure it was kind of you to remember me, Dick, b-but I would rather not accept any gifts until after—"

Laughingly Dick replied, "Now, Helen, it is only a little—"

"Take it away!" she cried hysterically, "I won't have you trying to—"

"Gee, Helen, I didn't know you were so touchy. What is the matter, don't you feel well? I guess the sooner we get married the better. You're working too hard. Come on now, set the date!"

Jumping up from the divan, and trembling with fright, she answered, "Please go! I'm dreadfully disappointed in you, Dick. You are just as selfish and domineering as anyone I know of. I don't want to keep you any longer. Good night!"

"But, Helen, I—" floundered the surprised Dick.

Silence was the only answer. Helen, standing with her back to him, was nervously twisting her handkerchief in her hands.

Not a word more could she utter, and Dick, wondering at her sudden flair for dramatic scenes, left abruptly.

After a sleepless night, Helen appeared at the breakfast table the next morning. It seemed as though Heaven had let loose the floodgates of the sky and the rain came down in torrents. It was not a morning conducive to cheer. Helen's heart sank down to the depths as she tried to eat her breakfast. Liza, the colored woman, who had been with her since her mother's death, stood opposite her, and noticing that she had

a cold and was very pale, tried to persuade her to drink some hot coffee.

"I'se telling you, Miss Helen, that yo' must drink that hot coffee—"

"Please, Liza, leave me alone. I do not want it."

"If yo' won't drink dat coffee or eat your breakfase, you'll catch a bad cold today. It's mighty wet out. Yo' kin carry mah good-luck token with yo' to keep sickness away. But Ah'd rather yo'd eat a hot breakfast," she concluded, with a realization of her failure.

"Nonsense, Liza, I'm all right! I'll see you at lunch time. Don't worry about the cold."

Liza followed her to the door and insisted upon her carrying the charm.

Seeing that it was useless to refuse, Helen took it and proceeded on her way to work.

* * * * *

At five o'clock that afternoon, after a miserable day, aggravated by her cold and the loss of her faith in mankind, she left the office and rode down the elevator to the street floor. A hand was slipped through her arm. Quickly she was steered to a waiting machine, without even so much as a "by your leave." Her abductor was Dick. Before she could remonstrate, she was in and the door banged shut.

"Now," he began, "you don't leave here until you explain last night. Just what is wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Come on now, Helen, what have I done?"

"Nothing."

"All right, I can sit back and wait, too. But remember, until you tell me why you changed from being cheerful to being hysterical over one night, here you'll stay, and that's that!"

Helen, recollecting that this was the second time that she was forced against her will by "the dark person," determined not to give in.

The solemn, stubborn, silent couple rode through the city and out toward the suburbs. Finally Dick spoke, with the suspicion of a smile on his face.

"I hate to ask it, Helen, but what did you do last night?"

"Nothing. Er—that is—"

"So, you're fabricating now, are you?"

"Dick, please! I'm so tired."

"O Helen, what is the sense of trying to pretend? To say the least, I'm surprised at a good, sensible girl like you going to see Madame Suzanne."

"What?" she gasped, sitting upright. "How did you know? Ah! Betty must have—"

"No, Betty told me nothing at all."

"Then how did you know?"

"Well, I was going out to see Jim, and it so happened that I was on the car with you Tuesday night. You were so preoccupied when you boarded it that I left you to yourself. When I saw you getting off at 'E' street, something prompted me to follow you. Imagine my surprise to see you stop at Madame Suzanne's! Madame does not lock her front door, so after your entrance therein, I feared that harm would come to you and walked into the front hall, just in time to hear Madame tell of a certain dark person. I had to leave suddenly because of a desire to laugh. I watched until you left and after seeing you safely on the car home, I continued on my way to Jim's."

There was no answer from Helen.

"Say, Helen, did it ever dawn on you that Liza is a 'dark person'? Bet you any money that she tried to make you wear your rubbers, or eat your cereal, or carry her rabbit's foot this morning. How about that for forcing you to do her will?"

"Oh, Dick," sobbed Helen, relieved but nevertheless ashamed, "you're right!"

KATHARINE L. MULVEY, '33.

I Wait For April

April, young thing,
Has lingered too long away,
But she will be here one day,
April and spring.

Leaving last time,
"I will come back," she said,
"Come when you thought me dead,
Blossom the thyme.

"I will wear green,
And white, not of snows, but of flowers,
Wear white through my short, spring hours,
My hair will be sheen."

"April, and where?"
"Down by the lilac's best,—
Rustle of flowered dress—
I will be there."

So trysted the spring,
The lilac's the promised place,
There first shall I see her face,
April and spring.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

"MAGNIFICAT"

In his last great novel, written before his awakening to the New Life, René Bazin, one of the finest realists French literature has ever known, has given to the youth of France, and of the world, a final testament. It is his last appeal to fathers and mothers to be faithful to their great trust, to aid their sons to find and follow the one path in life which will lead them by the straightest way to God, while to youth he offers an example of utter faithfulness in obeying the evident wishes of God. In days when, in literature as well as in life, final issues have become clouded by materialism, and all means of attaining the dimly-seen goal have been beset by the charming siren, Pleasure, it seems almost strange at first to find oneself in an atmosphere as clear as that of primitive Christianity.

Magnificat has been compared to one of the mighty dramas of French classic literature. It is true that Racine would recognize therein his own ideal; a simple action sustained by intense passions, the sentiments of which are always beautiful, and always beautifully expressed. The hero, Gildas Maguern, though tenderly attached to his cousin Anna, who loves him with all the sincerity of her heart, has felt the call within his soul to renounce everything and dedicate himself, as a priest, to the service of the poor. He has allowed the years to slip by, feeling that his father, a hard-working Breton farmer, needs his aid at home. While at the front during the Great War, Gildas realizes that if life is spared to him, neither his affection for Anna, nor the poverty of his father, can keep him longer from obeying the divine invitation. There follows an analysis of the struggle in Anna's soul that is exquisite in its delicacy and understanding of a girl's reactions under such a "trial by fire." The mournful barrenness of the Brittany country-side is a fitting background for a story of passions that eat into the heart in silence and desolation; for anguish, bitterness, love, and resignation are but suggested by the art of the author, who is true to the first principle in human relationships and who knows that strong emotions can never be expressed by mere words.

One must read the entire book to gain a true idea of the beauties of its lights and shades; to appreciate Gildas' devotion to the abandoned souls of the "Red Circle," outside Paris; to understand a love like Anna's, that enabled her, who had hoped to be his wife, to help him to

attain complete severance from her by paying his seminary fees with her own small savings. *Magnificat* is a serious book, a vitally interesting Christian novel, with a message for every soul that is seeking its way, gropingly endeavoring to correspond to God's Will.

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.

"LOST LECTURES"

There is much to be said in favor of the method, plan, and more or less formality in the lecture, the essay, or the lecture-essay. There is much more to be said, however, in favor of the lack of these, if one may introduce as primary evidence for the defense the two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Maurice Baring's fourteen *Lost Lectures*. Mr. Baring has a way with him, a frank, familiar, rather audacious way, which when balanced against his deliberate and diligent disregard for the conventionalisms of essay-writing, heavily outweighs it—a fact which would indicate that unaffected simplicity, with all the discursiveness that inevitably attends it, is still more appealing than studied corrections and its frequent obscurity. Moreover, formality would not fit the mood of this essayist; his are easy-chair subjects. His style is quite in keeping with his mood.

The cosmopolitanism of this linguist (he speaks Russian, French, German, Italian, Swedish and English) diplomat, critic, novelist and poet is written on every page. His liberal and sympathetic outlook upon life as he has lived and observed it for the past fifty years invests with a winning charm the wealth of reminiscence which is called *Lost Lectures*. His dry humor, expressed in a few telling footnotes or in the parenthetical asides which are artistically scattered throughout the essays, provokes an honestly appreciative chuckle, than which, I suggest, there is no more complimentary nor more flattering gesture. This sympathy, this humor, is attractive, but it is Mr. Baring's keen and pertinent criticism which is the compelling force in the book. That he is blessed with a discerning eye, a delicate ear, and an exquisite taste and sensitivity seems beyond question. He sees clearly and deeply, as witness the finely drawn characters sketched from his mind's eye and memory to people these pages; his masters at Eton, the kaleidoscopic Mrs. Cornish and her *mot juste,* the brilliant history lecturer at his crammer's establishment, who "ruled out with a low chuckle gentle wads of paradoxical dynamite and electric suggestion on the subject of the French Revolution." These and all the other stimulants of his youth are tributes to his depth of perception and his steady sense of values. His ear is not less true. Although Mr. Baring admits familiarity with only the fringes of music, his essay

on that subject reveals a much broader acquaintance with it, and a knowledge and appreciation which belie his introductory statements. The range of his discussions is wide; you will find that such unrelated terms as *Valencia* and Wagner fit very comfortably on the same page. You will hear that the mood for jazz is passing. You will see, and agree. that "musical education like all education now, is thinly spread and bad." You will read breathlessly about the Russian choirs whose religious song is "the most spiritual of all singing." And here, no doubt, you will pause for a moment and lament the passing of that song and that spirit, for the Russia of our day is not the Russia of 1906.

Farther on there is a vigorous plea for the return of the drama to its original simplicity and sincerity. This is advanced in the essay called "Punch and Judy," which tremendous drama, that author maintains, is not dead and cannot die because it is true to the ancient classic tradition that the play and not a mass of scenic trappings, is the thing. For the great players who have gone and are going to the grave unappreciated except by the few, he has a word in an illuminating reminiscence of Sarah Bernhardt, who was a personal friend, and of Eleanor Duse, for whose artistic genius and "truceless hard work" he has a profound admiration and respect.

The literary-minded will welcome the enlightening comments on Pushkin, the greatest name in Russian literature; the middle-aged will live again the naughty, if romantic, nineties, the young will revel in "Eton" and "Oxford and Cambridge." But these are special interests, there are dozens of universal attractions in *Lost Lectures*. In the many admirable digressions particularly, a budding Antolycus can widen his erudition, for he will find such diverse and diverting trifles as these: that the Pennsylvania Railroad Station is essentially Greek; that Falstaff has been considered a metaphenomaniac; that there is a nice distinction between Scotch and Scottish; that there is a reasonable defense for the split infinitive; that the difference between high-brow and low-brow is one of species; that the present English ambassador to Vienna is a very agile man; and above all that one should never translate "again" by *encore—de nouveau* is the word.

ANNE M. MCNAMARA, '30.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

The spring of the year 1923 was one of deep significance to the students of Emmanuel College; for at that time the first graduating class, proud pioneers and loyal standard bearers, was preparing to leave Emmanuel. The spring of 1933 is no less commemorable; another class of far greater numbers, yet of no greater spirit, pauses alike on the threshold of the world, and that pause is made sweet with the memory of those who left ten years before. The first class began the decade with glory, the tenth class will end it just as gloriously.

I have always felt that there is something very brave and awful in being a "first class." Responsibility is a terrifying weight, and establishing precedence a grave affair. One finds it difficult at times to uphold standards as loyally as they deserve, a hundred plausibilities interfere; one tires a little of the uncompromising rigidity that right judgments demand. Yet a much more difficult task fell on the shoulders of our Pioneers; they were fated not to follow unerringly the beaten track but to travel the unknown alone, and for the first time; not to bear aloft the traditions of other years, but to make those traditions themselves; not indeed to bask in the sunlight of other triumphs but to fight the obscurity and emerge into the light. This they have done.

To say that we are all proud of the class of 1923 is no mere "beau geste," but a sincere tribute to notable achievements. In the various fields each has chosen, success has been attendant; by the individual effort, both unconscious and deliberate, of each one, the name of Emmanuel became known and loved. Pioneer first among others of similar status, she soon became a trail-blazer in her own right, for the cause was inspired, the workers few, the task tremendous.

For a beautiful manifestation of loyalty not only to the College but to each other, the Class of 1923 have ever been presented as shining examples. They represent the best of Emmanuel's training; their accomplishments are the first young blossoms of a college in the full promise of its springtime, fragrant blooms whose ardent desire for growth is cooled by the refreshing showers of sane Christian ideals. The world drinks in this fragrance which truly makes

"its heart sweet
Like some dim room where flowers have been."

We are grateful to you, O Pioneers. With love in our hearts, a prayer on our lips, we shall strive to "carry on."

MARY A. BARROW, 33.

E. C. ECHOES

Literary Society

The popular one-act play was the subject of discussion at the Literary Society meeting of February eighth. The history of this particular type of drama was reviewed by Elizabeth Healey, '33, who gave in addition an appreciation of Galsworthy's play, "The Little Man." Constance Hurley, '33, spoke on Father Lord's play, "The Flames Leap Up." The Freshmen members were officially received at this meeting.

On March twenty-second, the Literary Society heard interesting comments on the reviews of current magazines on the drama, essay, and short story. Barbara Ferguson, '36, spoke on "Modern Drama," an article in the *Bookman;* Martha Doherty, '35, gave a critical report of Frederick Van de Water's essay in the *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled, "Fathers Are Different"; and Gertrude Hickey, '34, made a study of the short story, "Scene of Glory" in the *North American Review.* At this meeting also, special tribute was paid to the memory of the late John Galsworthy by Mary Flatley, '33, who gave an appreciation of his plays; Mary Feeny, '33, of *Galsworthy,* the man, and Helen Murphy, '34, of Galsworthy, the novelist. The new Freshmen members answered the roll-call with quotations from Emerson.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

A one-act play "Le Jour de Madame du Bois" was dramatized by the Junior members of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot on February twenty-seventh. The theme was the ever-amusing one of excessive mother-love and its effects not only on the child but on the mother's friends, who must endure boring repetitions of their child's talent. It was interesting to observe how often the callers committed the same offense. The cast included Catherine Lane, '34, who played the mother; Elizabeth Turcotte, '34, the child; Mary Thomas, '34, Catherine Fitzgerald, '34, Mary Malloy, '34, Gertrude Webber, '34, the guests; Gertrude Hickey, '34, the maid.

Foreign Mission Society

A unique Stamp Party was held by the Foreign Mission Society on February sixth. Each member, equipped with large scissors, cut stamps from envelopes, then assorted them and sent them off to be sold for the benefit of the Missions.

"The circus is in town!" With far more eagerness than our little brothers and sisters would have felt we waited for the big event; far more expectantly we studied the clever posters of "life under the big tent," and furtively fingered the gold-strapped elephant and the snarling tiger which were on display in the lower corridor, "just for fun." March twenty-seventh was the day chosen by the Foreign Mission Society for its circus. Lavish were the promises of breathtaking wonders and they were completely justified. Sideshows, magic ventriloquists, bands, elephants, lions, snakes, and countless other novelties were present. The entertainment was given by Clare Connors as the diving girl; Loretta Robinson, the strong man; Marian Barry, the barker; Mary Flatley, the magician; Collette Fulham, and Winifred Killoran, the trained elephant; Elizabeth McCarthy, the fortune teller. A dummy band conducted by Barbara Hall included Collette Fulham, Ada Erlandson, Mary Marrs, Eleanor Grady, Elinor Crosby, and Mary Flatley. Peanuts and pink lemonade were on sale, and the "big top" was gaily decorated with balloons, streamers, and colored lights. The Seniors are to be highly complimented for their originality.

Historical Society

On March thirteenth the Historical Society listened to a very informing and at the same time interesting lecture delivered by Mr. Edmond Donlan, Attorney at Law. The subject "Technocracy" was handled in a very adroit manner. An instructive part of the lecture came in the form of a Question Box. All kinds of questions upon the present financial situation were proposed and swiftly answered, if answer were possible. The following is a brief summary of Mr. Donlan's talk: "What with bomb failures and bank difficulties, 'Technocracy' has vanished along with 'Holy-Howard,' the leader of the technocratic crusaders. All that remain are their three hundred charts of American industry graphed by the Columbia University economists. After spending ten years studying the course of American industries, the Technocrats were convinced that unless we accept a government of engineers, chaos cannot be averted. This panacea they offer us, with its fabulous promises of a leisurely life and an assured income, looks incommensurate to the proposed task of solving tremendous social and political problems, which the technocrats have revealed to us.

"The weakness of this philosophy is that it reckons man as a mere robot without desires and vagaries, not as a human being with other needs than those that are animal. Any existence such as that of the technocrats would never be supported by the intelligent majority. If technocracy ever came to experiment, it would meet its first opponent in the Catholic Church. While Technocracy in itself is a failure, our attention has been drawn to the unstable condition of our economic structure, viz.: the disproportion between production and consumption. The exploitation of our national industries will increase, throwing millions out of work, unless some steps are taken to control it. The problem must be faced, but the problem does not lie with Mr. Scott."

The Historical Society had the happiness of listening to an inspiring lecture by The Reverend Terence Connolly, S.J., on Contemporary Irish Drama on February twentieth. Father Connolly traced the theatre movement in Ireland and interpreted such representative plays as Synge's *Riders to the Sea* and *The Shadow of the Glen,* Padraic Colum's *Fiddler's House,* and Jean O'Casey's *June and the Paycock.* Father Connolly pointed out that despite their biased selection of dramatic material, the Abbey Theatre Group has rendered Ireland a real service in gaining world recognition for her dramatists.

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Classical Club

At the first meeting of the second semester, the members of the Classical Club had the great pleasure of a visit to the College Museum. The fine specimens of are were closely inspected and explained in a very interesting and enjoyable manner. The group was unanimous in affirming it the finest and most profitable hour of the entire year.

The Junior members appeared in fine Roman style with their new togas and gay woolen bands, on Wednesday, March twenty-ninth. The occasion was a Roman marriage in pantomime. To the strains of "Hymen Ades" Marion Buckley, as bridegroom, escorted Mary O'Reilly, the bride, to her new home and safely carried her over the threshold. Catherine Lane and Margaret Sullivan attended the bride as "pronuba" and matron, while the other Junior members formed the chorus of "juvenes" and "puellae." Mary C. McCarthy, '34, gave the prologue.

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The feast of St. Thomas of Aquinas, on March seventh, was observed by a special program at Assembly. An interesting feature was the reading of original poems: "His Answer," by Helen Glynn, '34, and "Angelicus," by Dorothea Dunigan, '34.

Oxford Professor Lectures

On March fifteenth the student body welcomed to Emmanuel the distinguished Oxford historian, Professor Reginald Coupland, Beit Professor of History, who has been in Boston for several weeks as the guest of Professor Eliot of Harvard University, and who has been delivering a course of lectures at Lowell Institute. Professor Coupland has been honored by the Crown twice in having been sent to India and to South Africa on royal commissions. In the course of his lecture he explained with admirable analytical power the changes that have taken place in the English ideal of government during the period since the American Revolution, taking Canada as his chief illustration. The secret of British statesmanship since that time, he said, has been one of practical good sense that has met the needs of the time. He explained the motives underlying the "British League of Colonies," a new phenomenon in political history, which creates the colonies antonomous units, bound together only by their common allegiance to the Crown. In speaking of India he revealed the interesting news that probably before the summer of this year India will be given representative government. The bill has already passed in the House of Commons with a large majority. He explained at length the process England has followed in civilizing and educating the natives of India. In conclusion Professor Coupland summed up the British policy of government as one of peace, democracy, and the willingness to co-operate for international peace.

Lenten Drama

"A Daughter of Rome," a play in five acts by the Reverend John J. McMahon, was the Lenten drama presented by the Emmanuel College Dramatic Society on the seventh, eighth and ninth of April. The cast includes Mary Farnham, '33, Helen A. Morgan, '33, Mary Keenan, '33, Loretta E. Robinson, '33, Collette Fulham, '33, Cecelia Gilgun, '33, Coralie Nelson, '34, Loretta Daley, '34, Mary McInerney, '34, Mary Byrne, '34, Anastatia Kirby, '35, Emily Collins, '34, and Agnes McHugh, '34. Also appearing in the cast are Margaret Callahan, '34, Agnes Crane, '36, Helen Murphy, '35, Marian Chiampa, '36, Mary Stanton, '36, Marguerite Carr, '36, Dorothea McDonald, '35, Eleanor O'Brien, '35, Martha Doherty, '35, and Mary Vaas, '35, Rose Mary O'Neil, '34, Mary Healey, '35. The committee for the play consists of Loretta E. Robinson, Chairman; Rita Guthrie, '36, Mary Shannon, '36, Patricia Cahill, '36, Coralie Nelson, '34, Anastatia Kirby, '35, Evangeline Mercier, '35, Eleanor Stankard, '34, Agnes McHugh, '34, Helen Murphy, '35, Mary Keenan, '33, and Cecelia Gilgun, '33.

St. Patrick's Program

St. Patrick's day, March seventeenth, was fittingly observed by a special assembly program. The spirit of Ireland was in the air and the selections chosen were charmingly suitable for the occasion. "Londonderry Air" was played by the trio Barbara Hall, '33, violoncello; Elizabeth McNamara, '35, violin; and Ada Erlandson, '33, piano. Agnes McHugh, '34, played a harp solo, "The Last Rose of Summer"; Marie Scanlin, '34, read an original poem, "Laddie," and two medleys were sung by the quartette, Barbara Hall, '33, Mary Shannon, '36, Collette Fulham, '33, and Martha Hurley, '35.

Athletic Society

The long-waited basket-ball game for the college championship, was played on March twenty-seventh. The Freshmen, qualified by their excellent games, met the Seniors to decide the winners. The Seniors won and were awarded tiny silver basket balls.

Musical Society

A Mid-Winter music festival was presented by the Musical Society on Sunday, February twenty-six, before a large audience in the auditorium. Vocal numbers on the program included a vocal duet, "The Singing Lesson," by Barbara Hall and Mary Shannon; a group of Old Time songs sung in costume by Martha Hurley included, "The Last Rose of Summer," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and "Then You'll Remember Me." Louise Hollander sang a group of French Songs, also in costume, including "O Quand Je Dans," "Elégie" and "Vous Dansez Marquise!" The instrumental solos consisted of piano solos by Winifred Burdick, Ada Erlandson and Margaret Brewin, harp solos by Agnes McHugh and Dorothy Hatch, and a violin solo by Elizabeth McNamara. Two orchestral numbers were rendered by the Orpheus Club and choruses by the Glee Club. The concert was both a social and financial success.

El Club Español

On Monday, February thirteenth, "El Club Español," enjoyed a report on the life and career of Velasquez given by Rose Maffeo, '34. Dorothea Dunigan, '34, assisted by Emily Collins, '34, showed slides on Velasquez' famous paintings, among which were his well-known "Crucifixion" and "Madonna." On the third of April the Spanish Club held a very interesting and animated Spanish Card Party for which there had been preparations, for the cards used were really Spanish Cards. Two beautiful prizes were awarded to the winners.

ALUMNAE NOTES

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1923
1923-1933

Ten years have passed since the Pioneer Class of Emmanuel College, degrees in hand, set out into the world with mind and heart attuned to the higher things of life, for very often had the kindly warning and advice as to what kind of homemakers we should be, been offered to us by Sister Helen Madeleine. We took comfort and strength for the road when told "with thy comeliness and thy beauty, set out, proceed prosperously, and reign."

On the day after Commencement a meeting of the class, Alumnae we were then, was held in the English room, which was later known as the Philosophy Room, and is now a part of the Library. The meeting was called to consider and to accept a constitution, and to elect officers. We believed with Dwight Morrow that the way to happiness was to take our work seriously, not ourselves, so we accepted a working constitution for five years, chose Margaret Higgins Healey our first Alumnae president, and decided to submerge our class identity for the interests of the Alumnae Association for that year.

We parted. For long? Oh, no, for we had made plans that as long as we lived, the class would hold two picnics annually on the twenty-third of July and on the twenty-third of August.

Life began in earnest in the fall for some of the girls. Esther Burns and Florence Riley left for the convent in September, and Liana Vannini in October. At the opening of the college-year five of the class, Margaret Higgins, Ida Finn, Genevieve Lynch, Beatrice Hantz, and Katherine McNamara, enrolled at Boston University for graduate work. We watched their progress with interest, we learned with pleasure that Masters' degrees had been won, and we saw the girls change their Blue and Gold for the Red and White hoods of Boston University. But let me say that it took some coaxing, some real propaganda work to induce some to change their colors. Indeed we succeeded with one only when we made her realize she was really honoring Emmanuel by wearing a Master's hood received at another college.

Class activities we reduced more or less to social meetings to keep ourselves in close touch with one another and in harmony with Alumnae interests. Always happy at an excuse for a party, we decided that no

girl should leave for the convent or get married without a party all her own and a class gift.

Our first bride was, as we expected, Gertrude O'Toole Whalen. For once '23 had not been first, for Anna Fagan of '24 had married just two weeks before. Gertrude had the honor, however, of presenting Emmanuel with the college baby. Yes, it was a boy, but he was welcome to us, although not half so much as though he had been a "she." It called for another party, and we presented William Whalen with a silver cup marked for the College and Class Baby. The first college daughter was born to Margaret Higgins Healey, and named Mary Margaret.

Dame Rumor began whispering that Anna Connolly was going to the convent, yes, to the Carmelite Order. Our minds were put at ease when Anna asked us to pray that she would be accepted and would be placed in the Boston Carmel. We were all present at the Carmelite convent to see Anna, dressed in bridal attire, leave the world for the cloister. Two years later we were present at her profession. Sometime around 1952 we can see her again.

In June, 1925, another '23 girl was elected Alumnae President, Francis Fallon Hewes, to succeed Margaret Higgins Healey.

The path of the class seemed to be strewn with pleasure and happiness, picnics, engagements, weddings, but we knew that our joys could not be unbroken. Soon we were shocked with the awful news that Helen Barclay Malloy had paid the supreme sacrifice of motherhood. Strange, but true, this was one honor '23 did not covet. Helen was the first representative of Emmanuel in Heaven, and before long she was joined by Kathryn Hurley McDonald, who, perfectly conscious of the situation, left her four-day old daughter, Anne Marie, with a resignation worthy of her home, her education, and her religion.

In September, 1926, Emmanuel College established her Graduate School, and among those who enrolled was one member from '23, Elizabeth Logan.

Life's avenues have been well traversed by the class of '23. Instead now of recounting individual efforts it is well to look back to see just what has been accomplished. Four of the class are in the convent. Ten have married, and now have nineteen happy children to care for and guide. Twelve received Masters' Degrees: two from Boston College, seven from Boston University, two from Brown University, and one from Emmanuel. Ten are now teaching, and one is a buyer in Chicago. We seemed to have aimed for depth and distance, for we are domiciled in six states of the union.

Ten years ago we did not feel that we could be happy unless we remembered those who started with us in 1919; now this account would

seem incomplete if we passed over the non-graduate members of '23. Each one of them has chosen a different path: Ann Loughry is now Sister Anne Patrice, Marie McDonald is Mrs. Kerrigan and has three children, Doris Melanson is teaching in Gloucester, and Agnes Goode is turning to profit some of her experiences gained as one of the most loyal and devoted members of Emmanuel's alumnae.

We Pioneers know well that we have been the pets of the Faculty, as no child knows the mother as the first-born does, so no class will know Emmanuel as we have known her. Although our numbers are few, we hope that no class will ever exceed ours in love, in loyalty, and in affection for Emmanuel.

ELIZABETH C. LOGAN.

"The Ridges,"
Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

The world is waiting and watching for some panacea to cure the ills of these times. What I have to offer is not found in the "want ads" nor in the advertisements of our daily papers. It is not meant for all, but just for those students and alumnae who are seeking this side of Florida an elixir similar to that which springs from Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth.

I have found a tenth reunion the finest reviver of aging spirits. It is as if time had taken a leap backwards, and with the classmates of '23 I am enjoying the pictures of the girls, the reminiscences of their pranks, of their sayings, and of our good times together. At the most unexpected moment I find myself smiling at the memory of some happy frolic, and I truly feel as though the last half-year has completely obliterated the intervening nine years.

Besides, our reunions have shown us gaps in our lives which we feel must be filled up. Consequently, we start out on the next ten years with new resolutions.

We trust that the classes of 24, '25, '26 have as many happy memories of us as we have of them. We suggest to the students of today, that a class united for four years, although we admit this is harder for them than it was for us because of their numbers, is the foundation of class unity as the years pass. If they continue to meet as often as possible, they will have paved the way for a greater tenth reunion than we are having,—if that is possible.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH C. LOGAN.

15 Woodbine Terrace,
Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

Since receiving your letter, I have been mentally reviewing the last ten years and find that it has been a busy decade for me. In September, 1924, I was married, and since then have been blessed with three children. My life, consequently, has been the very full one of wife and mother. This means, to a great degree, that my college education seems to have been "out of use," for there is little direct contact between the academic subjects of a college curriculum and the myriad tasks of a housewife with three little ones to care for.

Nevertheless, besides the general enrichment of background, it seems to me that there has been one very direct and vital relation between one phase of my college training and my life since then. I am thinking of the things not in the curriculum, the countless little aids to character development that were so powerful an influence during those four happy years. I recall how often our Dean set forth certain principles, showing how apparently trivial acts of self-denial, for example, would aid us to be ready for the realities of life. How often she exhorted us not to lean against the wall, or on a classmate, but to stand on our own feet. This teaching came back vividly to me only last May, when my little son lay at the point of death. I know that the remembrance of Sister's oft-repeated words: "The Blessed Virgin *stood* beside her Son on the Cross," was the one powerful help that helped me through that dark hour.

If a college education is to equip one for life, surely we have gained much in remembering such a principle as this one, and we may feel that we have been truly well-equipped by our teaching at Emmanuel.

Very sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE O'TOOLE WHALEN.

25 Montclair Avenue,
Roslindale, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

Were it not for the ever elusive "if," this letter would be seething with thrills. I have been so close to luck (within a stone's throw, really) that had I known it was there, I might have touched it. But it has dodged and eluded me with dexterous ease, thanks to that confounded "if."

First, there was the versatile member of the unemployed, who was selling tickets on the Derby. Impervious to his inveterate requests (I already had one!), I refused to buy the last ticket that he had, the very one, *tristius dictu,* that won a high stake.

During the visit of a prominent author to Boston, I was invited to a luncheon given in his honor. I was going, but a little neighbor developed hysterics because I could not go to her birthday party. The P. A. was in an expensive mood and autographed books with gay poems. Because I was unnumbered among those present, my posterity will have one book less to sell, when the family fortune needs to be retrieved.

While in London, had I gone to the Drury Lane on Monday night instead of Tuesday, I might be writing of "My Eight." The Prince of Wales, on Monday, sat in the chair behind the one I occupied on Tuesday (so said an attendant) and heaven alone knows what his careful scrutiny might have meant to me.

While at Ostende, a moonlight stroll along the Promenade had more allure than a game at the Casino, even if the Queen of Spain was there. My continual recourse to the good Saint Anthony might have helped me find the diamond-clasped bag she lost. Fame—fortune—titles—alas and alack!

> "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Who is the patron saint of optimists? Unknown I pay her homage for the generous lot with which she endowed me. Despite these might-have-beens, I still feel that luck is around the corner, and that I am going to catch up with it ere long.

Very sincerely yours,

Ida G. Finn.

8 Copley Street,

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

Looking back quickly over these ten years that have passed, it seems only a few months since I left Emmanuel, yet many things have happened. There was the year of study at Boston University and practice teaching in the Boston schools, ending in the acquisition of a few more letters to my name, all of which resulted in preparing me for my life's work, teaching in the Junior High School. There have been two memorable trips abroad that filled two summer vacations brimful of experiences, which I shall never weary of relating, and which enriched my teaching of French as I think nothing else could. There has been work in various organizations; club and alumnae offices which have brought me into contact with various groups and have helped to broaden my horizon socially. But above all, I think the most interesting thing that has resulted from all the experiences of the past ten years is the theme I love to dwell on often, the change in my viewpoint. Perhaps one needs to have a philosophic mind to start with; but given a little of that, plus the training of four years at Emmanuel, plus the varied experiences of ten years studying, teaching, traveling, and just living a regular, busy, ordinary life, and the "years that bring the philosophic mind" certainly do bring their recompense. How differently one looks at most things ten years after Commencement! How much more tolerant one becomes; and really how much more happy one can be! Little things have lost their power to worry, "the loneliness of youth" is vanishing; and thanks to the interest and the help of good friends, even the common everyday events of life take on a meaning and acquire a beauty that I should not have believed possible ten years ago. It is all in one's point of view!

So, while I have done nothing perhaps worth relating and even though most of the details of my life are much the same now as then, yet I have work that I love, and enough outside interests to prevent me, I trust, from getting too one-sided.

Very sincerely yours,

Beatrice G. Hantz.

95 Prince Street,

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

Your letter gave me much food for thought. I wonder if we realize all that it means, a tenth anniversary! Because I was one of the fortunate pupils who were going to school in the college building when Emmanuel was only a dream; because I have seen as time passed the steps that have been taken, the huge obstacles that have been overcome; because I was one of the privileged pupils who studied under Emmanuel's first Dean in the days when, as I said before, the college was but a dream and an ambition for every lover of Notre Dame, Emmanuel's tenth birthday is to me an occasion not only of rejoicing but of hearty congratulations! Congratulations to the Faculty, to the students of the past ten years, and yes, to all dear old Notre Dame graduates of the past fifty years or more, for they in truth have built the cornerstone and have given us the impetus to carry on.

Ten years—ten graduating classes, each graduate carrying the banner of Emmanuel, Catholic Womanhood, into her own particular station in life! What an achievement in these days of havoc and depression!

Emmanuel never fails us. In the days of trial its teachings and traditions strengthen us when all other things fail. It has been during this tenth year that I have received my first heavy cross, and when it seemed too heavy to bear, when there seemed no light ahead, where did I go?—to Emmanuel's dear chapel, seeking strength and guidance in the same manner as we all did when, as children, we went there with our petty troubles and our examination worries.

What has Emmanuel done for us? It has bred into the life of each Emmanuelite a code that she can never break. It is part of her, something she can never lose, for no matter where she travels, the tradition of Notre Dame, "noblesse oblige" is inherent in her.

Congratulations, Emmanuel, and "thank you" for all you have given to us!

Very sincerely yours,

Agnes M. Goode.

26 Hillside Avenue,
Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Dear Editor:

When the festivities of Commencement are over, life's responsibilities seem to settle on us, not as a cloud, however, unless we consider it as one with a silver lining.

The September after Commencement I accepted a position as student teacher in the Central Falls High School and was permanently appointed at the end of the scholastic year in the departments of Latin and English. Simultaneously I followed the courses requisite for a Master's degree at Brown University, and received the degree in 1925.

After five years of teaching, I resigned my position in 1929 at the Central Falls High School to marry Mr. James Hanley, the Superintendent of Schools in Central Falls.

The Rhode Island Chapter of the Emmanuel Alumnae has helped to keep the Emmanuel girls of Rhode Island in close bond, and I have taken part in all their social activities.

Home activities, however, now claim my attention, for we have been blessed with two lovely daughters, Margaret Mary, born in 1930, and Ann Marie, born in 1932. My life, therefore, has been happily filled during the last ten years.

I trust that the readers of the Ethos and the future members of the alumnae association may have every success and blessing.

Very sincerely yours,

Mary R. Gorman Hanley.

43 Lexington Avenue,
Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor:

When you wrote asking me to send you a few notes on the years since I left Emmanuel I really became somewhat bewildered. To begin with, it is rather a difficult thing to write about one's self. If I recall correctly it was Abraham Cowley, the essayist, who said, "It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him."

As I look back over the last ten years a few points sum up my work. For three years after graduating from Emmanuel I was engaged in teaching, and I enjoyed it very much. But a greater happiness awaited me in my vocation to the married life. As day after day

passes I find myself busy with the many cares of my little family, guiding the tottering foot-steps, and solving the numerous little problems of my little son, Thomas, and of my little daughter, Margaret Ann.

In the midst of my work I am reminded of our tenth reunion, during which we reunite in thoughts and ideas, as well as with our teachers and classmates. It is with the enthusiastic hope that our anniversary year may be one of happiness and success for each member of Twenty-three, that I send you these few lines.

Very sincerely yours,

M. Frances Fallon Hewes.

The Emmanuel College Alumnae Association held a musical on Sunday, February twelfth. It was the spring concert of the association and in spite of the inclement weather was very well attended. The music was provided by Oscar Elgart's orchestra and the soloist, Mr. Louis Neal.

The spring meeting and lecture of the Alumnae Association was held Sunday, March twenty-sixth. Miss Ruth Kelleher ,the president, presided at the business meeting which preceded the lecture. Mr. Joseph I. Whalen spoke on "This Thing Called Play."

The class of '23 which is celebrating its tenth anniversary this year were hostesses at the tea which followed the lecture.

CLASS OF 1927

Eileen Dowd has opened her own art studio on Hamilton Place, Boston.

The Class of 1927 conducted a very successful bridge at the Hotel Commander on Saturday, March 25, 1933.

CLASS OF 1929

Sister Catherine Joan (Catherine Skelley) is teaching at the Fitton High School, East Boston.

Sister Mary James (Mary Walsh) is teaching at Notre Dame Academy, Granby Street, Boston.

Kathleen Rogers is spending the winter in Chatham and is devoting her time to writing.

Irene McDonnell has been appointed to the City Hospital as a technician.

CLASS OF 1931

Elvena Cahoun has a position as statistician in the Pondville Hospital

Catherine Casey is teaching English and History in the Lowell High School.

Louise Doherty has a clerical position in the Boston State House.

Mary Grandfield is teaching Spanish in the Dorchester High School.

Dorothy Lee is teaching French in the Peabody High School.

Elizabeth Loughran is a technician in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Alice McDonald is a technician in the Pondville Hospital.

CLASS OF 1932

Catherine Cooney has a position as bacteriologist in the Homeopathetic Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island.

EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The Emmanuel League is making progress. There is growing interest in its aims and purposes and its membership is increasing. At the February meeting the League had as its guest speaker the Honorable Joseph L. Hurley, Mayor of Fall River. Mayor Hurley's subject was "Municipal Government." It included an explanation of the reason for high taxes and urged a greater interest in civic affairs and in the personnel who directed them. Musical entertainment was furnished by Miss Martha Hurley accompanied by Miss Margaret Brewin. Tea was poured by Mrs. William Prendergast of Jefferson, Mrs. John J. Mahoney of Watertown, and Mrs. John J. Quirk of Newton. At this meeting a silver tea service was presented to the Sisters, as the gift of the officers and of the board of management of the League. A silver tea urn was purchased for the combined use of the College, the Alumnae, and the League. Sister Helen Madeleine graciously acknowledged these gifts.

On March sixth the League conducted a Penny Sale. The response in the way of prizes for the sale was very generous. Because of the "bank holiday" the attendance was not so large as it might otherwise have been, but a goodly sum was realized. Those who attended had an enjoyable afternoon and the committee sponsoring the affair felt that they were well rewarded for their spirit of loyalty and trust. Mrs. J. A. Minahan, of Brookline, assumed the chairmanship of this committee and

was assisted by Miss Jane McKey, of Dorchester; Mrs. Michael H. Blute, Mrs. Elizabeth Connors, Miss Louise Rogers, Mrs. J. J. O'Neil, of Somerville, Mrs. John J. Shay of Newton, Mrs. Charles Stack of Hyde Park, and Mrs. David Gentles of Milton.

The regular March meeting of the League called for a celebration in honor of the feast of Saint Patrick. The Reverend Martin Harney, S.J., gave a profound and inspiring talk on the "Spirit and Character of Saint Patrick." This holy patriarch became as real a figure to Reverend Father Harney's audience as if he were a contemporary. His zeal in the spread of Christianity is the proud heritage of our people. Mrs. Alfred J. Dailey furnished vocal selections, her accompanist was Mrs. Thomas Snedden. Mrs. Frank J. Powers, Mrs. David Hurley, and Miss Ruth E. Cole poured tea.

Plans are in process for a mammoth Bridge and Food Sale to be held at the College on Saturday, May sixth, in the afternoon. The League extends an urgent invitation to the student body, to the Alumnae, and to friends of the College to take part in this affair. It hopes by this means to add interest in its work, and a substantial amount to its treasury.

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Class of 1934

The Emmanuel College
Alumnae Association



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The Ethos

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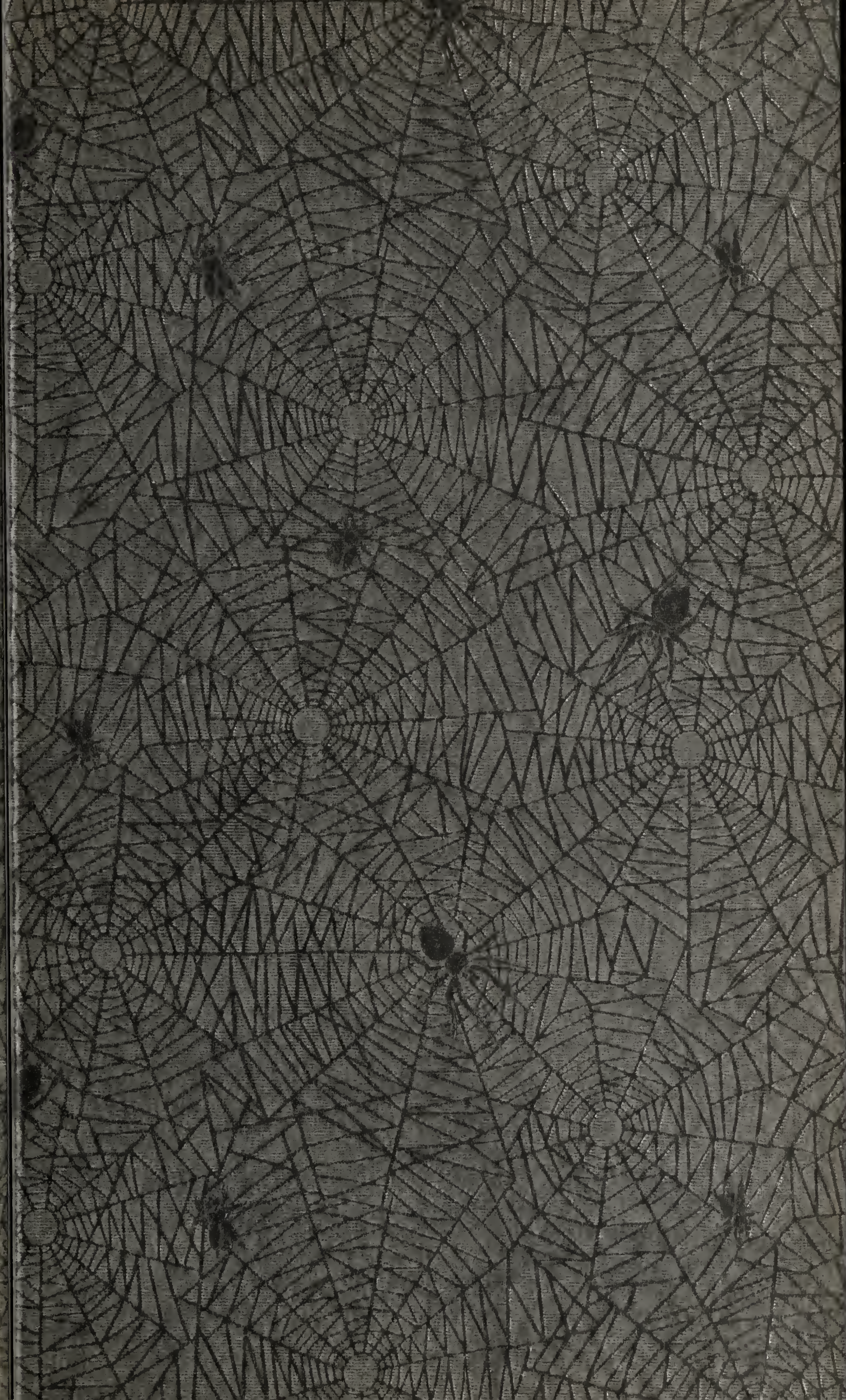
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Salvete

Another fruitful year has come and gone;
Beneath this arch shall slowly walk once more
Another line in academic gown,
Remembering the welcome of thy door.

All whom thy gracious invitation brought
Have felt the peace of sanctuaried love,
Have sensed the strength of changeless principle,
Have gloried in the blessings from above,
Have watched the flight of progress sky-ward go,—
The beauty of thy house shall ever know.

Yet thou didst not at once fling wide thy gates,
Revealing so thy ageless wisdom's lore;
But we who came have climbed up, step by step,
Until we reached, triumphantly, thy door.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Delivered by the Reverend David H. McDonald
Emmanuel College, June 4, 1933.

"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.—Apocalypse XXII, 13.

Today, my dear young ladies of the graduating class, Emmanuel College summons you to your last class within her blessed precincts. This morning your College bids you gather for your final lecture.

Four years ago, years filled with sweet memories that will ever linger, she assembled you here in this beautiful chapel, the lecture hall of her first and best Teacher. Today ere she sends you forth as her graduated daughters, she assembles you once again in this same classroom, where that same Teacher will give you, in one single class a resumé of your training, a recapitulation of your entire course, a lesson which will last you a life time.

The Teacher of this last class is none other than Jesus Christ Our Lord, the God of Wisdom, who from His altar-rostrum, will teach you by explanation and by demonstration that salutary and important lesson: how you must live your lives here in this world in order to be ultimately successful in winning life eternal hereafter.

Education, in the mind of the Catholic Church, is a means to an end, not an end in itself. In the words of our present Holy Father Pope Pius XI, "its aim is to cooperate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is, to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism. . . . For precisely this reason, the Christian educator takes in the whole aggregate of human life, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, individual, domestic, and social, not with a view of reducing it in any way, but in order to elevate, to regulate, and to perfect it in accordance with the example and the teaching of Christ."

The Catholic educator sees in his pupil, not a mere material being, destined to exist on this earth for a few years, and then to die and to be forgotten. No, far from it. The Catholic teacher holds in each pupil a wondrous creation of a bounteous God, a being spiritual and material, a creature with a body and a mind to be developed, a being with an immortal soul to save, a being who will live here on earth for a few years, but who will live on through the endless ages of eternity hereafter, one created not for his fellow humans, no not even for himself, but for God. With these facts in mind, the Catholic educator proceeds, and strives by the very best means possible so to develop every faculty of his pupil that he may get the most out of life here below, and may attain an

eternity of bliss hereafter. While the Catholic educator aims primarily at fitting his pupils for heaven, he by no means neglects the important work of developing those other faculties which will enable his pupil to be useful to himself and to become an honorable citizen of the community in which he lives. In the words of the same illustrious Pontiff, "the true Christian does not renounce the activities of this life, he does not stunt his natural faculties; but he develops and perfects them by coordinating them with the supernatural." From the very first day the child enters school, he is impressed with that important fact of life: that he is a creature of God; that he has been placed here on earth together with other beings like himself, to know, love, and serve that God; and that he will one day have to render to that God an account of his life on this earth.

In short, the pupil in the Catholic school, whether it be the grade school, the secondary school, or the college, is imbued with the fact that he has obligations to God, to himself, and to his neighbor.

In the class which the Divine Teacher holds for you, my dear graduates, this morning, He will endeavor by an effort infinite in its appeal to impart to you that fundamental lesson of life—that you must love God above all things and your neighbor as yourselves. A lesson which if learned well, will insure your success in time and in eternity.

This class is both an explanation and a demonstration. It is the Holy sacrifice of the Mass.

To prepare for this class, Jesus Christ spent three and thirty years of his life, and the lessons He here imparts are an abridgment of His whole life and teaching. In the course of this class He gives not only theory but example as well, and you, my dear graduates, will leave His class-room this blessed morning, having learned the greatest lesson of life—to love God,—to love your neighbor—to love yourselves.

What a perfect example of how we must love God Jesus Christ gives us in the Mass. His love of His Eternal Father is a rational love, a love based on knowledge, complete knowledge of His Father's excellence, not a weak, faint, ephemeral sentimentality, that glows for awhile, and then dims and dies. No, Jesus Christ knew His Father from all eternity. He comprehended the excellence, the goodness, the providence of the Eternal Father outraged by man's sin. He beheld from eternity the Wisdom of the Blessed Trinity taking counsel with itself and creating the souls of Adam and Eve. He was a witness to the first sin, when Adam and Eve sullied those souls, masterpieces of God's omnipotence. In that instant in an outburst of divine love for His father, He offered to become a human being and to lay down His life in reparation for this great transgression. That pure, unselfish, perfect act of love

Jesus Christ will repeat for you this morning at Mass, in order that you may learn how to love God, to love God perfectly, to love God unselfishly, even as He did.

When God created man, He did not create him a solitary being, He created him to live in human society, to work out his destiny in the company of other human beings. When Jesus Christ redeemed mankind, He redeemed the whole race and He sent His Apostles into the whole world to preach the glad tidings to every creature.

You, my dear graduates, will have to live your lives in this world with others, you will have to share the storms and the sunshine of life with your neighbors. To these you have duties and obligations sacred in character, and only in so far as you discharge these can you be accounted a success in life. You have duties to your families, to your Church, to the citizens of your community. You owe to your neighbor love and service: love, which will make his interests, your interests, his sorrows, your sorrows,—a practical love which would forbid you to do or to say anything that might prove detrimental to him either in body or soul. You owe him service that will manifest itself in works of mercy and charity. At times, the love and service you owe your neighbor will cost you your ease and convenience, but this morning, your Heavenly Teacher will show you how He loved His neighbor.

His whole life on earth was spent not for Himself but for others. In fact His very coming to earth was for the eternal salvation of His human brethren. All the privations and hardships of his childhood were for others. The journeys, the vigils, the sermons, and miracles of His manhood were for others. His love for His neighbor ended only when the last few drops of blood and water trickled out from His broken Heart. The sacrifice which will be offered this morning, in which His death will be mystically renewed,—that sacrifice He has left in His church even to the consummation of the world, for others. In a few moments, He will rest upon the altar, a quivering victim before His offended Father. Why? "For many unto the remission of sins." Whose sins? The sins of His human brethren. "Greater love than this no man hath, than that he lay down his life for his friend."

When God created the soul of Adam, He created it to His own image and likeness, and for that reason it was so precious in the sight of Christ Jesus. Your souls, too, were created to the image of God, and so they too are holy. Your bodies in which those souls are housed are likewise holy. Hence you have the obligation of keeping the image of God impressed on your souls as spotless and as brilliant as it was on the day God gave it to you. Your great task in life will ever be to keep that soul holy and beautiful, and your life will be a success or failure just

in so far as you are able to give that soul back to God as He gave it to you. The body which is the tabernacle wherein the soul is enshrined, must ever be treated as something sacred, and those things which defile and degrade it must find no place in your lives.

And is this not the lesson that Jesus Christ the Divine Teacher of men gives to us in this morning's class? While He humbled Himself and took the form of a servant and became obedient unto death, "even the death of the Cross," His infinite wisdom compelled Him to reverence as sacred that body He was to offer to His Father and with which He was to redeem the world. And even as when on earth, he entrusted His body and soul to Mary Immaculate and to Joseph, the just man, so in this morning's sacrifice, He decrees that the spotless host which shall become His sacred Body shall be made of the purest wheaten flour, and the wine which will become His precious Blood shall be crushed from the choicest grapes. That sacred Body reposes on an altar cloth of pure white linen; that precious Blood is contained in a chalice of purest gold. Only the hands of a virgin priesthood may take that Sacred Victim and pass It on to sinless souls. Thus does Jesus Christ teach you, dear graduates, the respect you owe to yourselves,—a rational, reasonable respect and love, based upon a knowledge of your dignity as children of God, as temples of His Holy Spirit.

And so, my dear graduates, the Divine Teacher of mankind, in this His class-room, from this His altar-rostrum, gives to you a great lesson, a lesson which is a résumé of all the lessons you have learned at Emmanuel, the lesson that you must love God, your neighbor, and yourselves. Thus does He epitomize in one great act, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, your whole Catholic training. The various branches of learning which you have studied during your four years of college life, were taught to you with this one end in view, in order that they might lead you to a greater love for the God who made you, that they might suggest to you new reasons for loving and respecting yourselves, that they might broaden and enlarge your charity so that it might embrace your neighbor.

Well may God Almighty, looking down from His heavens over the four years of your college course, repeat the words addressed to John in the *Apocalypse:* "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end."

Well may Jesus Christ Our Lord looking out upon you seated here in this His chapel class-room say: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end."

It is sad to behold and not a little terrifying to contemplate, the large number of young men and women who will leave college this year, colleges in which the Divine Teacher has held no class, colleges which

have trained their students for today, for this world only, colleges wherein the students have been taught that this world is a playground on which they might chase after pleasure, wealth, and honors, unfettered by any rules. Not so Emmanuel. You were trained here to regard life as a preparation for eternity, which will be happy or miserable in so far as you love or despise God, your neighbor, and yourselves.

And, my dear graduates, the world expects a great deal from you. The world, the sneering cynical world, which smiles at the antiquity of the educational system under which you were trained, that same world looks for great things from you. The Church, too, expects much from you, and has she not a right to do so? For the past four years you have had all the advantages of her educational system, a system tried and true. You have been confided to the care of her consecrated daughters, who have learned well the lessons they have passed on to you. Your good parents who have sacrificed much for you, are watching with anxiety to see how you will attack the problems of life with the weapons their love has forged for you. You, my dear graduates, you who know yourselves best of all, you too, expect great things from yourselves. You know your own strength, you know your own weaknesses, nevertheless, your ambition runs high. "To whom much is given, much shall be required."

And they will not be disappointed, neither God, nor your neighbor, nor you yourselves. You of the class of 1933 will go forth as so many of your older sisters of the Alumnae have gone forth, carrying into life the great lesson they learned in the class-room of Jesus Christ, leading lives pleasing to God, serviceable to their neighbor, and creditable to themselves. You will go forth to successful careers,—successful in the true, complete sense of the word with the great model of Catholic womanhood, Mary Immaculate before you. You will go forth enlightened by the same principles, strengthened by the same helps as did an Agnes, a Lucy, and an Agatha. You will achieve the same success as did Joan of Arc, Catherine of Sienna, and Teresa of Avila.

Go forth then, graduates of 1933, go forth into the world to lead lives dominated by the lesson propounded and exemplified by your divine Teacher this morning. Go forth with His words echoing in the innermost recesses of your souls: "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul with all thy mind and with all thy strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Your divine Teacher will end His class this morning by dismissing you with the blessing of His Eternal Father, with His own blessing, and with the blessing of His Eternal Spirit.

A Real Secret

"—And we regret to inform you that there seems to be nothing we can do at the present time."

Dr. James Reynolds read the letter to the end. Finishing with a sigh, he put it into his pocket, reached for his hat, and with a few words to Miss Stevens, his secretary, he left his office. He wore a stern, grim countenance as he started his roadster for his West-side clinic. There was something unusual on the doctor's mind.

* * * * *

"Doctor," piped little Tommy Smith, "are you sick today?"

"No, Tommy, what makes you ask?"

" 'Cause you look different."

Doctor Reynolds continued dressing Tommy's arm while the latter scrutinized his countenance anxiously.

As he lifted the youngster down from the high chair before him Tommy offered the suggestion to refrain from eating green apples as a strict remedy against pains and aches, which his mother had prescribed for him.

"You're right sonny, now you tell mother to send you back to me next week, and remember—take care of the arm until then."

"Aw, gee! won't I ever be able to play baseball? Gosh! it seems years since I held a bat, the other fellows won't wanter play with me if I don't start in soon, aw please, Doctor—"

"Now you must be a man, Tommy, and not start crying. Your arm isn't wholly better yet and if you don't take care of it as I told you, you won't even be able to go swimming this summer. Now run along and be a good boy," and the doctor patted Tommy's shoulder affectionately.

For four hours Doctor Reynolds worked there in his free clinic. Children of all ages, nationalities, and religions, took their turn in the long line, each waiting patiently for new dressings, treatments, and above all for the Doctor's cheery smile and sympathetic understanding of their childish pains and aches. Little Tommy was the Doctor's favorite. He often took the boy riding, or down to the farm on week-ends. Tommy's mother worked all day in the box-factory and was too tired at night to give the boy proper care. His father had been killed by an automobile two years ago, therefore the youngster looked on Doctor

Reynolds with worshiping eyes. No one was so good or so kind as the Doctor, in fact he stood supreme above everyone else in Tommy's eyes.

When the last youngster had been treated and the clinic at last empty, Doctor Reynolds called the nurse and said, "There will be no clinic on Monday. I am going away for a few days, but will be back on Tuesday as usual."

"Very well, Doctor," she replied as she locked the door, grateful for a few days' rest.

* * * * *

Two hours later the doctor was speeding over the road that led to the University of New Hampshire. One could never accuse him of being a gloomy man, but now the look on his face hardly would warrant his being called a cheerful one. Arriving at his destination he went directly to Pierce House and inquired for Ronald Bretwood. His disappointment was great when he was informed that Ronny had gone to a dance at the Boat Club. Rather than waste time he decided to have the business over with then.

The syncopated rhythm of "Dinah" broke the quiet, friendly, stillness of the night. As Doctor Reynolds approached the Club he saw a fine built, well-proportioned twenty-year-old boy sitting on the verandah talking to a dainty feminine figure clad in white. Involuntarily the doctor exclaimed, "Ronny!"

"Of all things—Doc!" exclaimed Ronny, and with a hastily uttered, "Excuse, be right back, Laura," he ran toward the roadster. Patting the doctor affectionately on the shoulder he continued, "What brings you down here, old man, anything serious?"

"I'm afraid so, Ronny, can you get away for a while? I'd like to talk to you."

"Sure thing, Doc, wait a minute 'till I find Pete to take care of Laura." With a leap over the door of the roadster he was gone.

The doctor gazed anxiously after Ronny. He saw him approach the girl, say a few words, then lead her into the Club, evidently in search of the neverfailing Pete.

"I wonder," he mused, "how I'm going to tell Ronny, I have given him so much, I know he will be greatly disappointed, but as far as I can see it is the only thing to do—still, I hate the thoughts of—

"Here goes," broke in Ronny, "Pete said that he'd be glad to keep his eye on the fair lady. In fact he was quite overjoyed at the idea. But what's bothering you, Doc? I never saw you looking so glum."

Nervously lighting a cigarette, the doctor began, "I really do not know what to say, my boy, I, you see—"

"Come now, tell me quickly and get it over with. If it concerns me, don't worry about it at all. When you were my age you were doing wonders, maybe I'd be a great deal better off if I could chuck it all and—"

"And,—what? Ronny."

"Oh, Doctor Jim, you know, honestly I'm ever so grateful to you for all that you have done. But sometimes I wish that—"

"Come on now,—what is it that you wish?"

"Well—that I could be a doctor like you—you know—" he fumbled for words; "some one who would be of some good to himself and humanity in general. I do not exactly relish the idea of being a social parasite. I'd like to—"

"Ronny!" exclaimed the doctor. "What a boy you are, you have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that,—to think that you feel that way! My but this is a surprise!"

Ronny was speechless with the exhibition of joy and enthusiasm that suddenly changed the doctor's expression.

Doctor Reynolds' face was aglow. "Have you made any plans yet?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, I thought that instead of going abroad as you proposed, I'd stay at home with you. I could go to the clinic with you and learn the practical side of the profession. Then I would work a year. Pete's father wanted him to leave school and work in his bank, but Pete refused so Mr. Johnson offered me the job. The salary is fairly good and if I worked hard it would pay my tuition through Medical School. You see, I'm young yet and one year out of school would not hurt me. Oh, I'm sorry, Doc, I did not mean to ramble on so."

"That's all right, my boy, I'm delighted with you. The idea of your wanting to work in the clinic with me almost brings tears to my eyes. You have no idea how pleased I am."

"Gosh, Doc, why didn't you tell me long ago that you would like me to be a doctor?"

"No lad, I left that for you to decide. But—now as to your leaving school next year—"

"Well, you see Doc, I told Pete's Dad for certain that I would take that job, so please let me. I do not want to feel any more indebted to you than necessary. You know you've done wonders for me since Mom and Dad died. Say, by the way, what brought you up here tonight?"

"Nothing, not a thing," fabricated Doctor Reynolds. "You see—I—just thought I'd like to have a look at you."

"Sure?" asked Ronny eyeing him skeptically.

"Sure!" emphatically replied his benefactor.

Two hours later when Doctor Reynolds was alone in his hotel room he began to reread his letter. "In view of the fact that this bank is officially ordered closed, we find it impossible to cash any checks whatsoever, this action we regret, nevertheless our bonds are tied—etc., etc."

"And I thought Ronny would miss his European trip and College next year," soliloquized the doctor. "What a boy he has turned out to be!" he added, enthusiastically, addressing the picture on his bureau, "You'll never know the truth, my boy, it's going to be a secret."

Not more than two miles away sat Ronny, also rereading for the tenth time a letter received from Doctor Burns, one of Doctor Reynolds' best friends.—"And so my dear boy, I feel that you should know how dreadfully low his financial standing is since the 'Quarter Savings Bank' shut its doors. As his best friend and yours, I ask you to be considerate of him, especially this year. I know his plans for you. Try to see my point of view and do not go abroad this year. Spend your time with him instead. Knowing him is an education in itself—etc."

Ronny folded the letter, gazing reverently at the portrait before him he said, "You'll never know I know, old pal. It's a secret."

Katherine Mulvey, '33.

Night

With unshod feet the horses of the night
Rise up above the dying flame of light
As in the West the sun sinks into streams
Of banded light—while I am left with dreams!
And from their eyes, the chargers of the night
Shoot our bright sparks and flying bits of light
Lild gold doubloons upon a field of blue
And I am brought to memories of you!
The sky is dark—the horses now are passed
Their work is done and they are home at last
The night is here with purple brooding pall
And I alone am monarch now of all!
Above the path the horses took in flight
The moon comes out—a ball of silvery light
I feel its presence now from high above
And I begin to dream again of love!

Dorothea Dunigan, '34.

The Chalice

I shall pour out red wine for you,
Into a chalice chastely tooled,
Formed with love long centuries knew,
And most divinely jewelled!

My Hands shall lift the chalice up,
When dawn is breaking, hushed and dim,
My Breath shall bless the golden cup,
My Lips shall press upon its brim!

And I shall put it in your hands
And speak, "Beloved, drink with Me,
That love with everlasting hands,
May bind your heart to set you free."

Oh, I shall watch you,—with what care—
You are free to choose.—Oh, think!
O my beloved, will you dare
Whisper to Me, "My Love, I drink!"

Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

Early American Journalism

With the spectacular culmination of the Revolutionary War, two marked characteristics in the field of American Journalism became immediately apparent: the establishment of a number of newspapers, and more frequent publication. Our far-famed Yankee curiosity concerning current events and the undeniable entrance of politics into the journalistic realm were unquestionably responsible for these changes. It was in the problem of forming a government that would ensure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for future generations that we perceive the truly great services rendered by the journalists of the early nineteenth Century: Freneau, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, and Jay.

The first two papers established were the "Gazette of the United States" by Feuno, representing Hamilton and the Federalists; and "The National Gazette" by Freneau, representing Jefferson and the Republicans. The editors were constantly emulating each other and in one of Freneau's publications we find this verse:

"Instead of whole columns our page to abuse
Your readers would rather be treated with news,
While wars are a-brewing,
And kingdoms undoing,
While monarchs are falling,
And princesses squalling,
While France is reforming,
And Irishmen storming
In a glare of such splendor, what nonsense to fret,
At so humble a thing as the 'Nation's Gazette.'"

Of the early political papers, unquestionably the most conservative was Benjamin Russell's "Colombian Sentinel" or "Massachusetts Federalist." It was in one of these publications that the first newspaper illustration entitled "The Gerrymander Cartoon," drawn by Gilbert Stuart, first appeared. After Washington had retired to Mount Vernon, the "Sentinel" became a faithful ally of John Adams, and when our first president himself passed on, much grief was evidenced by its editorials and other columns. In December of the year 1800, the following quaint item was published concerning his burial:

"On Wednesday last, the mortal part of Washington the great father of his country was consigned to the tomb, with

solemn honors and funeral pomp. A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mt. Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief."

In the same paper we find a typical advertisement of the times announcing that copies of the deceased President's private letters could be purchased:

"Washington's Letters
For Sale
By William P. and Lem'l Blake
At the Boston Book Store No. 1 Cornhill

Official Letters to the Honorable American Congress, written during the War between the United Colonies and Great Britain by His Excellency George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces and President of the United States of America."

Russell, in his "Colombian Sentinel" demonstrates his aptitude to entice public attention, not only by illustrations, but by various original announcements. One of the most amusing to a twentieth-century reader is the following,

"Salem Academy
William Bigelow—

Informs his friends and the public that he teaches young gentlemen Reading, Speaking, History, and Astronomy. His assistant will teach Writing, Arithmetic, Navigation with the lunar observations, Latin and Greek. Young ladies are taught as many of the above branches as they will and by a young lady instructed in Needle-Work, and such branches of knowledge which are peculiarly proper for their sex."

On turning to politics let us notice that humanity remains fundamentally the same in all ages. This we see in the fact that enthusiasm regarding electoral votes ran just as high in the Jeffersonian era as they did in the Roosevelt-Hooverian period recently closed. We see the alertness of America's early newspapers elucidated thus:

"Election of Adams-Votes"

Aurora:—"In this state Mr. Jefferson will have eight; Pinckney seven votes. For with all these pretensions Adams will be left in the lurch."

Again we perceive the pride of our country in her recent successful beginning as a republic, and her high recognition as such by France, shown in these triumphant words—printed October 6, 1800:

> "France
> Citizen Joseph Bonaparte entertained in a very splendid manner the American envoy at Malfontaine. All the Consuls, Ministers, Members of Corps Diplomatique, the Counsellors of State, and several persons formerly in the service of the United States of whom General Lafayette was one."

After the defeat of Federalism, a complete renovation in journalism took place. We find such new publications as the "Boston Daily Advertiser" conducted by Nathan Hale, nephew of the Revolutionary hero; "The Evening Post," edited by William Cullen Bryant; and "The Globe," the principal medium of government under President Van Buren. These papers soon vanished into oblivion such publications as the "Porcupine's Gazette," the "National Intelligenceer," the "Courier," and "The Morning Chronicle" our first literary newspaper. It is in this decade that we perceive the names of the great journalists appearing over the somewhat mediocre horizon of the newspaper. Among the names familiar to all are those of James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowler, and Charles H. Dana.

From the mass of journalists on the numerous penny papers we select James Gordon Bennett as the most experienced. It was on May 6, 1835, that he launched the "Morning Herald," the paper that soon became the formidable rival of Asa Glaren's "Transcript" and Benjamin Day's "Sun." Current Wall Street news and comment, editorials, local news, and foreign intelligence, presently became familiar subject matter to all. He even proposed to reform, and when scorned, he made the following statement:

> "Every great reformer in the world has been objected to as I have been, Joaster, Moses, Socrates, Seneca, Luther, were all considered madmen. Why should I not be?"

In proceeding further we come to Horace Greeley who made journalistic history in 1841 with the establishment of the "New York Tribune" and proved by his swift success that newspapers in becoming popular need not of necessity become sensational. Society, economics, and industry, found in him a sincere advocate and with an open mind he received the questions of political democracy. He realized his ideal when he printed Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," Emerson's "Essay on Man,

the Reformer," and Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge." From the beginning of his career he bcame associated with an unusually capable staff of writers among whom were Charles Dana, George Ripley, and Margaret Fuller, the first feminine newspaper-writer of distinction. He urged restriction on the liquor traffic and freedom of speech for radical abolitionists like William Lloyd Garrison. He was, in fact, an ardent exponent of anti-slavery, and during the Civil War he demonstrated his loyalty to Lincoln and the North by writing vigorously, "The Union cannot be dissolved." In helping to promote a decisive blow against the Confederacy, "The Tribune" printed in June, 1861, these heroic words:

"The Nation's War Cry

> Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The Rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the twentieth of July. By that date the place must be held by the national army."

Greeley was always desirous of peace and from the day of Lee's surrender he advocated amiable terms with the South. For these sentiments he received vigorous denunciation, but in May, 1867, he went to Richmond, there to sign the toil-bonds of Jefferson Davis who had been imprisoned in Fortress Monroe for two years. Nevertheless he remained unshaken in his beliefs and continually added golden links to the chain of "Tribune" traditions which he was soon to bequeath to his successors.

Other papers of course were rapidly becoming more significant. From one of these, "The Boston Daily Traveller," October 27, 1860, we take our last extract:

> "South Carolina is becoming New-Englandish. Snow fell there on the fourteenth. This must be owing to the incursion of Yankees into the 'Sunny South' and is as good a cause for the dissolution of the Union as any that has yet been urged."

In conclusion let us say that the debt of gratitude we owe to the journalists of the early and middle nineteenth century for their efforts during the War of Secession in aiding the North to preserve our country for us is indeed great. Their words gave confidence to our Yankee ancestors and formed a bridge of conciliation, uniting North and South. As we think today of our great nation, the prophetic words of Lincoln come back to us, words that were preserved intact by the newspapers of his day, "That this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Winifred Marie Burdick, '35.

Theodore, the Second

"I do hope you'll decide to spend the summer with us, Eve."

"Thanks, awfully, Joan. I'll let you know later."

In spite of her casual reception of the offer, Eve's decision was already formed.

"I'm planning all sorts of exciting things . . . that is, for *you* anyway," Joan continued laughingly. "Walking, fishing, hunting, swimming, . . . old clothes, fresh air. . . . '

Eve's face was skeptical. "Bourgeois stuff," she thought.

Nevertheless, three months later she was en route to the "House of Winfield." Joan's eyes sparkled into hers.

"You're going to have such fun meeting the household! I know everyone is looking forward to your arrival. Mother and Dad, and Jack, and Theodore II and . . ."

"Theodore II! Isn't that romantic! Is he your eldest brother?" Eve cut in eagerly. "And is that an old family name?"

Joan suppressed a laugh. "I'll say it is an old family name. Wait until you see Theodore II, you'll just fall in love with him. . . . No, I won't tell you any more about him now. You'll have to see him for yourself to appreciate him."

"Winfield! Winfield!" The porter's ringing voice brought all further conversation to a close as the two friends collected their luggage and descended from the train. Before Eve's amazed eyes, Joan rushed into a uniformed man, grasped his hand and vigorously shook it for several seconds.

"Hello, George! It's good to see you after a whole year again. How is everything with you?"

An appreciative flicker lit up the man's set face.

"Everything is just fine, Miss Joan. You're looking well after your long studies, if I may say so."

"Oh! Pardon me, Eve, this is George, our chauffeur."

Eve stiffly bowed. Really Joan was a little too democratic at times, she thought.

A short time later, Joan pointed out a long driveway.

"We're almost here," she cried.

The imposing white-façaded house took Eve's breath away. This a summer home! Why it was a palace! Yet with all its apparent

magnificence, Eve sensed an air of "hominess" and hospitality over all. The impression increased as they pulled up at the immense entrance and a young lad bolted out, followed by a man and woman with outstretched hands. Certainly none of them appeared as if they cared about the latest Paris fashion.

"Oh, Theodore isn't here!" There was genuine disappointment in Joan's voice. "Never mind he'll turn up sooner or later."

Just at this point Eve found each of her hands enclosed and she met two pairs of eyes; the one gray and quizzical and friendly; the other, brown and deep and warm.

"Welcome to Winfield, Eve," two voices chimed, and Eve immediately knew that she liked Joan's Mother and Dad very, very much, in spite of the fact that they did not fit her picture of true aristocracy.

Up in their suite, Eve was changing her traveling suit.

"Oh, don't put that on. It's too fussy, Eve! You're away in the back woods now, you know," said Joan, as he gave her friend a plain, yet perfectly tailored frock.

When they had dined, Joan proposed a searching party for the still missing Theodore.

"Where could he possibly be?" Eve was plainly puzzled.

"Oh, he is likely to be in the stables. He spends half of his life there," Joan mischievously supplied.

"Dear me," thought Eve, "the young man of the house must be the worst."

"O Teddy! Teddy!" Joan's eager face peered into the dusk of the stable.

A deafening scuffle, and finally Joan emerged safe and whole from the fierce bombardment of wet kisses.

"Teddy dear, don't be so noisy. Don't you see we have company? Eve, meet Theodore II," and Joan's trilling laughter mingled with wildly joyous barks.

"Eve, wipe off that stupefied grin or I'll have hysterics!"

Teddy's madcap acknowledgment properly introduced Eve to the charms of country life. She could hardly admit to herself that she enjoyed the first few days, what with getting thrown by none too polite horses and baiting fish lines and. . . . But now she was thoroughly happy. All the mercenary training of years was gone!

"Say! snap out of it, Eve." Jack's voice broke into her reverie. "You've got a bite."

The boy's amazed shout was the last thing she heard as she tumbled over the embankment impelled by the tugging rod.

"O Lord, she can't swim, Jack." Every drop of blood rushed from Joan's face.

A sudden impact all but knocked her from her feet. One great leap and Teddy was swimming toward the struggling girl below.

"Get her, boy! O Teddy! Teddy!" . . . Joan's frantic voice trailed off into anguished sobs.

"Give me your hand," Jack's strained speech broke in, and with his sister's help he climbed down the steep bank, nails clutching . . . feet slipping . . . until he finally dropped into the water. Even before he had swum a yard, Teddy met him, panting and struggling with his still burden.

"All right, old boy, I've got her," and together he and Joan tugged the girl over to a rocky ledge jutting over the water.

After what seemed an eternity, Eve opened her wet eyelids.

"Say, kid, are you all right?" Jack asked softly.

Eve smiled and faintly nodded. Then she started up.

"Teddy! Where is Theodore II?"

"Why, he's disappeared," Joan replied, anxiously looking around and calling to her pet.

Their fears were soon cut short by the familiar bark, however, and glancing up, they saw George's worried face peering over.

"Coming right down!" he shouted. "What is wrong?" he puffed when he reached the lowest ledge. "Teddy rushed into the garage with the wildest barking I ever heard, so I got into the car and he led me here."

The listening trio glanced at each other in amazement.

"Well," said Eve, "I've read about that dog-hero stuff in books but I never really believed it. I thought it was just another fairy tale."

Then the three told George about the rescue. That night, as Eve was reclining before the blazing fireplace, she said, "Believe it or not, Joan, I'm a completely changed person after today. No more pseudo-sophistication for me! . . . And while I'm in a confidential mood, I'll tell you a secret. When you first told me about Theodore II, I thought he was one of those eligible bachelors my people were always talking about."

"I knew it," laughed Joan.

Ruth M. Grush, '33.

Possession

Men count their blessings so,
One saying: "This I know,
The gold
That I do hold

King Midas would have paled
To see its store unveiled."
Or still
Another will

In boasting tone proclaim
Unquestioned right to fame
For might
In noble fight.

Of these I weary grow,
For in my heart I know
To me
In poverty
Is given keener sight
To pierce the outer night,
And find
Beyond mankind
The hidden secrets of divinity.

II.

What is this gift which scorns mere earthly wealth,
Or once lost, none can totally restore?
What vision that I in my poverty
Possess,—I who have nothing more?

Just this: That when the queenly night awakes
And shakes the stardust from her sleepy eyes,
I feel the ecstasy that poets feel,
With winged feet I, too, scale paradise.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Godey's "Lady"

Recently, while browsing about in one of those quaint and interesting basement shops which are so numerous in down-town Boston, I came across some original color plates from that now extinct but nevertheless well-known nineteenth-century magazine, "Godey's Lady's Book." Everybody is familiar with these "Lady Book" illustrations through their reproductions, which, of late, have enjoyed a renewed and popular vogue. Godey's dainty ladies are seen in bellowing crinoline and hoop-skirts on lamp shades, make-up boxes, waste baskets, jewelry cases, compacts, etc., posing in their dignified manner just as they did for dress fashion plates.

As I looked at these gaily-gowned ladies, the remarkable woman through whose efforts the "Lady's Book" achieved such unusual success during the forty years that she presided over its destinies, came to my mind. She was Sarah Josepha Buell Hale, the first woman editor in this country, who, with characteristic modesty, signed herself "the Lady Editor."

Sarah Josepha Buell was born on October 24, 1788, in Newport, New Hampshire, the third child of Captain Gordon Buell and Martha Whittlesey Buell. She received her elementary education from her mother, and from her brother who went to Dartmouth and tutored his sister during summer vacations, she learned Latin, mathematics, and philosophy.

Sarah became a teacher, a distinction at that time for women, who were then looked upon as mentally inferior and unfitted for teaching. In 1813 at the age of twenty-five, she married David Hale, a young and increasingly prosperous lawyer, and by her marriage she startled the community, for it was supposed that she would remain a spinster school mistress for the remainder of her life. Her marriage was an unusually congenial one. She and her husband inaugurated a system of study and reading together from eight until ten o'clock every evening, so that Mrs. Hale could write: "In all our mental pursuits, it served the aim of my husband to enlighten my reason, strengthen my judgment, and give me confidence in my powers of mind, which he estimated more highly than I."

This happiness, however, was of short duration, because in 1822 David Hale died suddenly of pneumonia, while his death remained the supreme sorrow of Mrs. Hale's long life.

"The next six years were tragedy. A country lawyer's fees could do little more than meet the needs of a growing family," consequently, Sarah turned to sewing to support her five children, but failed in her attempt. Then she tried writing. After the publication of "Northwood," her first novel, she received an offer from a Boston publishing firm, to help in establishing a periodical for ladies by becoming its editor. The proposal was accepted and she removed with her family to Boston. Thus at the age of forty Sara Josepha Hale secured her first literary position and the "Ladies' Magazine" established the first literary work exclusively devoted to women ever published in America.

At almost the same time in Philadelphia there was a man, the prototype of Dickens' Pickwick, who, with no assistance save an immense faith in himself, launched another women's magazine. He was Louis Godey, and his periodical published for the first time in 1830, was the "Lady's Book." He was as adept in the essentials of showmanship, in the ability to please an audience, and in pertinacity in advertising that ability, as Mr. Barnum, his contemporary.

In conformity with the times, the articles in the "Lady's Book" were reprints from English periodicals, but after six years Godey conceived the idea of printing matter from the pens of Americans only and paying for it. That idea had, however, been already executed by Sarah Hale who had been doing this very thing in the "Ladies' Magazine" for two years before Godey's "Lady Book" was started. An admirer of Mrs. Hale, he succeeded in persuading her to go to Philadelphia and edit his magazine. In 1837 she took charge of it and introduced the plan of publishing the writings of Americans.

Through the "Lady's Book," Mrs. Hale was able to carry out many of her schemes, for by means of her editorials and other articles she gained publicity and support for her most ardent undertakings. She championed Elizabeth Blackwell to become the first female doctor, and she was instrumental in the establishment of the Female Medical College in Philadelphia, and the Female Medical Educational Society in Boston. Sarah Hale defended and championed Dr. Morton, who first conducted concrete experiments with ether as an anesthesia and first suggested its use in major surgery; then she sounded the toll for women medical missionaries—and she succeeded, although it took eighteen years for the project to be carried out.

During the course of the Civil War, the "Lady's Book" assumed a state of neutrality and printed scarcely anything about the war. This was a mistake, for it thereby lost step with the times. In such a trying period, its readers looked in vain for the advice and encouragement they had been accustomed to receive from its pages. Soon it was no longer

the arbiter of the nation's parlors, no longer the last word of authority in every home.

When the war ended, Mrs. Hale was seventy-seven years old. For twelve more years the book continued to be published by Louis Godey and edited by Sarah Hale, but it never again quite caught up with the times. Slowly, inevitably "it slipped down the sunset side of the hill."

Underneath her apparently modest conventionalism, however, Mrs. Hale had been a reformer, a promoter, and always an enthusiast. Ruth E. Finley tells us that she "never permitted her enthusiasms to run away with her judgments. Here ambition entered and insisted on definite achievement. Her dreams then were calculatingly controlled, and she never made the mistake of unplanned endeavor. Descendant of pioneer stock in thought as well as body, she capitalized the inheritance of a tenacious will coupled with cautious judgment, of an indomitable courage that was matched only by the restlessness of her vision. She saw new horizons even as an anticipated goal was reached. And in consequence she originated more of today's permanent institutions than any other single woman. She began and fostered not one truly revolutionary movement but a dozen."

It is she to whom we should give a vote of thanks when the turkey and pumpkin pie are placed on the table on Thanksgiving Day, for Sarah Hale was responsible for making this day a national holiday. She was also the champion of elementary education for girls equal to that of boys, and of higher education for women. She was the first advocate of women as teachers in public schools, to stress the necessity of physical training for her sex, and to suggest public playgrounds. She was likewise one of the first to recognize health and sanitation as civic problems, and to crusade for remedial measures. As friend and adviser of Matthew Vassar, she helped to organize Vassar College, the first school of collegiate rank for girls. We may also list the following among her great achievements: the sending out of the first women medical missionaries; the raising of money to finish Bunker Hill Monument; the rescuing of the movement to preserve Mount Vernon as a national memorial; the founding of the first day-nursery; the founding of the first society for the advancement of women's wages, better working conditions for women, and the reduction of child labor; and the establishment of the first Sailors' Home. And in addition Mrs. Hale was the author of hundreds of poems, including the best known children's rhyme in the English language, "Mary Had a Little Lamb"—and, of course, the editor of Godey's.

"But it is not because of Godey's fashions," says Ruth Finley, "that Sarah Hale must be given a place in memory, and certainly not because

of her writings which were sentimental enough to be contemporaneously popular, nor even because of her patriotic part in nationalizing Thanksgiving Day. Her real contribution lies in the fact that, having the soul of a modern, she understood—and deliberately employed—Victorianism as a link, a tradition, between the lethargic indifference of the eighteenth century, that regarded woman as a highly prized chattel, and the nineteenth century's dream of woman's destiny—economic and moral freedom. With the subtlety of a true leader she never antagonized her Victorian public; she saw clearly that the affectations and absurdities of her times were reactions against a preceding age of great rudeness, and she dealt with them accordingly—her deeper self meanwhile focused on the morrow."

She worked from within, boring at the foundations of the Victorian structure and succeeding where others who attacked from without failed. In the "Lady Book," which, by the middle of the century, she had built to a subscription list of one hundred and fifty thousand, the largest circulation attained by any monthly up to the day she relinquished her editorship, she created an implement of tremendous power.

Sarah Josepha Hale, the Lady Editor, wrote her last editorial in December, 1877. She died sixteen months later. After reviewing her journalistic and public life she concludes: "And now, having reached my ninetieth year, I must bid farewell to my country women, with the hope that this work of half a century may be blessed to the furtherance of their happiness and usefulness in their Divinely appointed sphere of new avenues, for higher culture and for good works are opening before them, which fifty years ago were unknown. That they may improve these opportunities, and be faithful to their high vocation, is my heartfelt prayer."

Helen Ann Morgan, '33.

Emmanuel

O Light more pure than incandescent heat,
Stronger than strongest ever-streaming flame,
Deathless before the blackness of defeat,
What mind shall dream for you a fitting name?
Or yet confuse those prismatic rays,
Violet or indigo, blue, green or red,—
Orange or yellow with your light of days
Wherein these little lesser lights are fed?
What shall we name you, O undying force?
White—from which all the myriad colors spring,
Whole—which each broken fragment knows as source,
What word can clothe the praises that we bring?
O Alpha of resplendence in us dwell,
Ere we, your children, say, "Emmanuel!"

Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

"The Only Happiness"

It was really beyond understanding. Or so Sir John Brent thought. And when Sir John Brent thought a thing beyond understanding he took it for granted that it was beyond the understanding of the whole world. In reality Sir John's faculties had been clouded by a severe and seemingly permanent case of self-esteem. It had never occurred to him that others might think differently about things. *Had* it occurred to him he could never have supposed for a moment, however fleeting, that those opinions could be reasonable. Since he was his own idol, his own ideal, almost it might be said his own God, he supposed that he was the essence of perfection to all those whom he considered fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship and hospitality.

Whatever he did was performed with the glorification of Sir John Brent in mind as the only prize. It had ever been thus. As a child his parents had catered to his every whim and had instructed servants and tutors to do likewise. One day he would be Earl of Brentwood, and as the lord of one of the oldest and most aristocratic estates in Wales nothing could be too good for him. He was, therefore, trained carefully, and his was an excellent example of that universal truth of Mr. Wordsworth's, that "the child is father of the man."

He was now forty years of age and had come into Brentwood fifteen years earlier at the death of his father. Disappointment awaits the uninitiated at Brentwood if they expect to find a Lady Brent gracing the Earl's table or managing his servants. Sir John was himself sufficiently graceful, and it is doubtful if he could have shared his honors with mere woman.

His friends he found among the "best families" and to them Brentwood was always free of access. Occasionally he allowed his servants to mingle with his guests at a charity ball or a picnic. This was not, however, due to any humanitarian impulses growing out of a conviction of the equality of men. Rather it pleased his vanity to have his friends commend what they called his "democratic spirit" and a "good thing." His numerous charities and bequests were made not through any altruistic motives but merely because every dollar he gave, every ball, every bazaar, every outing, came back to him in flattery. He thrived on it.

And because he was so absorbed in his own affairs he had never noticed that his friends humored rather than respected him, much as

they would humor a small child. The men clapped him on the back and called him a jolly good fellow, because his cellar contained the very best liquors in Wales. And besides being the best it flowed freely. Society matrons flattered and praised him because they had marriageable daughters and Brentwood was no mean prize, however mean its lord might be. The marriageable daughters fawned upon him, partly because of ambition, partly because his parties were the gayest and at them one met the best people. And in it all Sir John perceived only his own magnanimity.

He was not, as you may have expected he would be, a happy man. Not happy in the sense of that soul-satisfying, quiet contentment that comes upon one after a task well done, or after an effort to ease the pain of a friend. When he passed from guest to guest, or danced with the charming daughters of his friends, or smoked a pipe, or drank a cocktail at his Club, he was happy enough. But it passed away. When his last guest had been enveloped by the night, when the gay decorations had been torn from the drab walls, when the last pipeful had been smoked and the last cocktail imbibed there was nothing left. He was alone in the big, lonely house. Alone with his thoughts, thoughts of himself and his goodfellowship. But after thinking the same thoughts for forty years the subject, especially if it be oneself, becomes exhausted. Sir John never suspected that he was tired of himself. Had he realized this there would never have been anything for him to try to understand. He knew that something was wrong but it had never occurred to him that the deficiency lay in himself. Still convinced of his own perfections he could not understand how he who had everything a man could desire had not complete and perpetual happiness, while Tony Thawne, who had nothing, was the most blissfully contented person he had ever known.

Anthony Thawne was Sir John's private social secretary. He was twenty-five years old but looked not a day over twenty. He looked a most ordinary chap at first glance, but on closer examination one was struck by the burning brilliance of his deep brown eyes that turned black when he was angry, which was seldom. They were eyes that could dance roguishly, wink slyly, or penetrate, with a searching tranquility that would make the victim squirm uneasily and avoid the glance, because of a guilty conscience and sometimes not. He had been with Sir John a year and at the end of that year Sir John understood him quite as much as he did at the end of the first week. And that was not at all. At times Sir John ascribed his optimism and happiness to his extreme youth. At times he thought it blissful ignorance—were he a profound thinker he would be less contented. Of course the lad was shallow, superficial, happy because he ignored the realities of life. At other times he thought the boy too self-centered. At all times his ebullience was disconcerting.

And at no time could it be analyzed and definitely catalogued. Thawne, whenever Sir John saw him, was alone with his books and his pipe. Once in a while, of an evening he would join a friend—of these he had only one or two, and against Sir John's host he seemed pitifully unpopular—and attend the theatre or a lecture. Yet he never felt that anything evaded him. When Sir John remained alone there would come a growing consciousness that something had passed him by. Then he would call in some friends and while the party lasted he would call himself a fool. But when the last light had been turned down the old emptiness would creep in and follow him wherever he went. The boy read a lot. That might be the explanation of so happy a disposition. He had heard that there is a companionship in books that no human being can replace. Sir John had many books. The walls of his den were covered with them. He had everything from Homer down to the latest novel of the day. They had never been read. It is fashionable to own books but Sir John had not thought about reading them. Perhaps if he had written them—.

Now that he had the boy's secret, or thought he had it, he took the books out to read. By the end of a week he had begun several and finished none. He was unhappier now, more dissatisfied than he had ever been before. One morning he sent for Anthony Thawne. Tony greeted his lord with a broad grin. Aware of all Sir John's shortcomings he nevertheless liked him. It angered him to see English society live like parasites on Sir John's bounty. Sir John meant well, thought Tony, and perhaps if he himself realized how utterly selfish he were, he would die of shock. Tony had often tried to discover some artless device by which he could convey the truth to Sir John. His friends were dancing in his ballroom, dining at his table, drinking in his cellar, and calling him a "poor sap" when he was not around. In a way, thought Tony, it serves him right, he's so in love with himself. But could you really blame him? Hadn't he been taught that whatever he wanted he should have, whatever he thought was right? He really wasn't a bad sort.

But sometimes Tony wished he were Sir John's brother, not his servant. Then he could tell Sir John exactly what was wrong with Sir John Brent. He chuckled as he imagined the scene. Sir John would be sitting in an easy chair. Tony would be standing before him, his hair slightly disordered, his eyes wild. Tony would call him a selfish prig who would be better off if he'd think of someone other than himself. That would infuriate Sir John. He would rise from his chair, in a trembling rage, and after shouting that the trouble was that he had been too good to unappreciative pups like himself would order him out. Then Sir John would fall back in his chair and for the first time in forty years he would think, profoundly and unselfishly. And he would be happy.

Tony thought of this all as he came to Sir John in his library. If only he could summon the courage to do it anyway. He'd lose his position perhaps, and he needed it. His mother and sister were his dependents.

"Good morning, Sir John. You sent for me?"

"Yes—yes. Come in and sit down." Sir John was nervous, an unusual symptom in one so self-confident. "You—ah—you weren't at the ball last night. Why don't you ever attend when I ask you to?"

"I appreciate your kindness, Sir. But unfortunately I—I—had other plans for the evening. And I dance poorly. 'Twould be a punishment, Sir, for the young lady who would be so unfortunate as to attract me."

"Hmph. You didn't go out. What do you do with your free time? Don't you ever take any fun, recreation?"

"Why, yes Sir. But you see, my idea of fun is different from yours." He felt a little tug of fear—had he been overbold?

"So-o-o! And what is your idea of fun? You must have a lot of it. I've never seen you unhappy."

"Well, Sir, I read, and I write."

"Write?"

"Yes, Sir—stories. I've had a few accepted. I've a mother and sister to look after, you know—I couldn't be happy if they were in need. My stories help."

"I see. What do you write about?"

The opportunity was here. Tony took it. It didn't matter if he lost his position. He felt he could help this man and if helping him meant that he would himself need help later on he knew that there is a God in Heaven.

"I'm writing a novel, now, Sir. It 's about a man who had everything in life except true happiness. He had money but it made him happy only when he could give it away to advertise himself. He had friends but if his table had been frugal and his cellar dry he would have been alone. He never did anything except for his own sake. He hadn't learned that it isn't what you get in life that matters, but what you give." Tony was breathless. He had started carefully enough but as his daring grew upon him the words tumbled faster from his lips. When he finished he was flushed, his brow was damp, and these two great eyes burned their way into Sir John's selfish heart. His eyes dropped.

"And what do you call your novel?" he asked in a small voice.

"It is 'The Only Happiness,' Sir John."

FORTUNATA CALIRI, '34.

José María De Pereda

Among the many anniversaries which are being celebrated during the year 1933 there is one dear to the hearts of all lovers of Spanish literature, for this year, Spain celebrates the first centenary of her foremost nineteenth-century novelist, José Maria De Pereda.

José Maria De Pereda was born in Polanco, a little town of Santander, in 1834, where he was educated with a view to becoming a civil engineer. He spent some time in Paris, and then at the request of Spain's great critic, Menendez y Pelayo, he accepted a chair in the Academy of Languages. With the publication of his book, *Escenas Montañesas,* he discovered his fame as a writer. It was, however, a true love for the art of literature, not a mercenary motive, which induced him to write. He lived a methodical, exemplary, and truly Christian life. In 1906 he died in Santander, the place where he had first seen the light of day.

Pereda did not wish to drink from the poisonous fountain of contemporary literature; rather he refreshed himself in the pure streams of the Golden Age. All through his life he showed an independence of character and refused to lean for support on the literary standards of others.

In reading his works we are immediately filled with admiration of his fearlessness in refusing to follow the trend of the times. Like most modern novelists he was a realist, but at the same time an idealist. If he did picture vice, it was only to make its correspondent virtue more prominent. He himself has said that in a certain sense all idealism must be realism, because that which the idealist seeks is the ideal truth, reality, which is the only truth found in the world.

We often hear it said that Pereda was a naturalist. He was not a naturalist in the French sense of the word for he did not follow the School of Naturalism. But he was a naturalist in the real sense of the word, for, long before the school existed, he gave us his strong, vibrant, and realistic pictures. His naturalism is pure and wholesome, and never savors of anything low or repulsive. He loves, appreciates, and understands both external and human nature. Thus he really makes the reader feel everything which he presents to him.

What power of style and language must not that author possess who is ranked next to Cervantes! And we are proud to say that Pereda has won such a distinction. His style is clear, harmonious, vivid, and poetic. His pictures of nature are priceless art galleries. He is really the painter

of nature "par excellence." Menendez y Pelayo's quotation on *El Sabor de La Tierruca* describes in an excellent manner his power in painting nature. "Blessed be this rustic book which comes weighed down by pastoral perfumes and which brings us neither problems, nor conflicts, nor tendencies, nor anything but what God has put in this world for the delight of the eyes of mortals: water, air, grass, a strong and healthy life! I did not read *El Sabor de La Tierruca;* I felt it!"

His greatest achievement has been his ability to adapt the language of unlettered rustics to the language of literature without adding to the one, or subtracting from the other. As a result his characters are truly human. After reading his works one finds that his acquaintance list has increased immensely, for Pereda succeeds perfectly in establishing a lasting friendship between his characters and his readers.

The works of Pereda are divided into three periods. In the first period he wrote novels of customs. His chief work in this group is *Escenas Montañescas,* a combination of mountain scenes which characterize those of whom he writes. *La Leva,* one of this group, is a sad picture of men who were forced to go to sea in the service of the king. No one but Pereda could so delicately portray their sentiments when saying good-bye to their loved ones, whom, perhaps, they might never see again. *"Suum cuique"* which is a comparison of city life and country life, is a delicious tale in which the humor of Pereda sparkles. In these sketches Pereda has painted a true picture of his countrymen with their virtues and their shortcomings. He has disclosed to us the most intimate feelings of their hearts and has made them better known to us than we could ever have hoped to know them.

In the field of the novel Pereda has reached the highest goal because of his psychological insight into the human heart. *Pedro Sanchez* is a satirical criticism of the social and political conditions of the nineteenth century. *De Tal Palo Tal Astilla* (A Chip of the Old Block) has for its plot a moral conflict, that of the marriage between two individuals of different creeds, a Catholic and a Jew. It is interesting to note that this book was written as an answer to *Gloria* by Galdos, Pereda's intimate friend. In this book the author does not preach, but he shows us through his characters that one cannot overcome the misfortunes of this world without the moral help of religion.

Then came *El Sabor de La Tierruca.* Many years before, people had accused Pereda of not being able to write a novel expressing the sentiments of love. In order to prove to them that he understood the human heart as well as external nature, he wrote his novel, *El Sabor de La Tierruca* (The Savor of My Native Land). What does that mean, someone will ask. It is a title that is so poetical and so typically Spanish

that it is difficult for one not Spanish to define. After reading the book, however, and after studying the characters, the reader realizes that the title signifies the great patriotic love which the people of Santander feel for their native land. It is a love which is increased and fostered by all the natural beauties and the historic landmarks dear to their hearts. What Matthew Arnold says of the "grand style" in poetry may well be said of the title of this book: "It is like the Faith. One must feel it in order to know it." In it we see the power of Pereda's characterization. Don Juan and Don Pedro, two good friends of very different temperaments, are excellent creations. Don Juan is a very impetuous, obstinate, and passionate type, susceptible to the flatteries of men. His obstinancy at all times becomes almost unbearable. Pedro is the opposite: methodical, thoughtful, independent, very intelligent, and gifted with good common sense. Indeed he reminds us of Pereda himself. Nisco and Catalina are true rustic creations. We can actually see and hear the sigh of the ambitious and conceited Nisco, who desires nothing more than to marry Maria, the daughter of Pedro. So sincere is he that we can truly sympathize with him in his "humos" or "day-dreams." Pablo is a youth who is a true son of the soil. Indeed the story is nothing more than a simple story of the love of Pablo and his cousin Ana. After reading this book one can agree with Galdos, who says, "*El Sabor de La Tierruca* is the purest flower of the genius of Pereda and it alone is sufficient to honor an author and a literature."

In the third period of Pereda's career he wrote *Sotileza,* a maritime epic. It is a philosophical study of the character of the fisherman of Santander. Sotileza is a young girl who is really an enigma. She seems to be the personification of the soul of the mountain. Only a genius could present to us in such an attractive form this army of sea folk with their brusque, coarse, yet wholesome character.

Did Pereda really die in 1906? No, he certainly did not. He lives today and will always live in the immortal pages of his books, where we always find a sympathetic and an inspiring confidant.

Margaret M. Riley, '33.

A Poem Speaks

"Isn't that good?"

"Mmum, all right. The only time you're quiet is when you're poring over the latest gem of your protégé."

"Well, Joan, you must admit Madge can write poetry. I can't do a thing in the writing line myself, but I do admire some one who can."

"Ah, yes," Joan conceded grudgingly. "She is clever in her own way. But did you see the dress she wore today in class? The brown wool she had last year made over!"

"What have Madge's clothes to do with poetry? Honestly, Joan, you are making yourself generally disliked by your Lady Astor pose."

A superior sort of amusement lit up Joan's fine features.

"Oh, everybody knows that it's my looks and my name that admit you people to many functions."

Helen swept her companion with a disgusted glance.

"Just because Madge's mother has to work, she does not meet with your ladyship's approval! Well you ought to be told a few things about your own family."

Then she bit her lip. What had she almost done! Without another word she quietly left the room. Joan studied the closed door with a puzzled expression. What could be told about her family except what everyone knew: Mother,—née Marylin Carlyle, the most sought-after debutante of her day; father,—T. Noel Newton, wealthy banker, dead, —whose name still commanded respect. With a short laugh Joan began to think about her new evening dress.

A week passed and Joan was not once visited by her old friend, Helen.

"Something is wrong," she deliberated.

Two minutes later she was knocking at Helen's door.

"Come in!"

A circle of girls met her view; Mary, looking somewhat askance; Alice, appearing actually hostile; Sue's welcoming smile seeming a little too sweet. Why, the only two sincerely friendly faces were those of Madge and Helen.

"Hello, old dear. Madge is reading some of the loveliest poetry in her own inimitable way. Something she found in a magazine written by 'Newt,' a pen-name, no doubt. Come and join us."

Soon Joan was one of the spell-bound group. After the recital, she was the first to break the silence.

"May I copy that, Madge?"

"Surely. This 'Newt' is a regular contributor to this periodical, which is very conservative, but I have never heard of him in any other connection."

One day Helen and a friend were strolling across the campus.

"Well, 'Newt's' lyrics seem to have effected a friendship between Cinderella and the elusive goddess. Joan's attitude bothers you, doesn't it, Helen?"

"Yes. She and Madge make such a good combination. They bring out the best points in each other. Yet, Madge's humble ancestry keeps Joan from showing the affection which is hidden away in her proud heart. But—oh, well, let's talk about the weather."

Just after supper on the same day, Helen's study echoed with frantic knocking.

"Why, what on earth!"

She flung open the door and her amazement grew as she pulled the sobbing visitor inside. Her heart sank as she read the paper outstretched to her.

"T. Noel Newton, Pardoned.

Prominent Banker Goes From Ohio Penitentiary Today."

The whole story was there; how the man had been found guilty of embezzlement fifteen years before and how he had gained fredom through his quiet behavior.

"Oh, Joan dear, don't take it so hard. Everyone knows your father took the 'rap' to shield some one else. His name is still honorable."

"You knew all the time! Everyone knew!" Joan shouted to her friend, who stood apologetic and dumb before her fierce gaze.

"Well," in a weary voice, "I must go and try to get my mind adjusted to this thing."

But she did not give so much thought to her father as she did to Madge Prentiss. Bitterly she laughed at herself.

The next morning Joan received her mother in the visitors' formal room. Joan listened stiffly and with accusing eyes to her mother's explanation. Her father had been condemned for life. Joan did not understand that at the time the sole motive of her mother's concealment was to spare her daughter. Her mother left with tremulous instructions concerning her father's welcome.

On the same afternoon, in the same quiet room, Joan waited, dry-eyed and white, a magazine clipping clutched in her nervous fingers.

At last she heard the bell echo through the building and two minutes later, her father was announced.

"Hello, Dad," she could not force another word.

From his great height the snow-haired man looked down at her. This was no cringing criminal! With great strides he crossed the room, took her hands, and held her unwilling eyes.

"My little girl," he breathed. "I wanted you all to myself the first time."

"I don't like him. I won't like him," the girl thought rebelliously.

Then his eyes lighted on the paper half in his, half in her hand.

"You like my poetry?" he twinkled.

Joan's bewildered eyes dropped to the title: *Consolation* by "Newt."

Understanding and repressed delight lit her face as she found herself enclosed in her father's strong arms.

"O Dad, I'm so glad you're home!" she whispered. Then she drew away.

"Come, I want you to meet the sweetest girl here. She introduced me to 'Newt's' poetry."

And they went out, hand in hand, like old comrades.

RUTH M. GRUSH, '33

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

JUST ANOTHER IDEA OF THE JIGSAW PUZZLE

Sometime last summer, a rather far-seeing gentleman opened an establishment in Cambridge for the manufacture and output of jigsaw puzzles. Although he started out with about twenty on his pay-roll, today this force has grown to approximately three hundred. At first people looked on these puzzles as just another child's toy. As they increased on the market, people became interested in them, primarily, perhaps, because of their prices, for I have heard that the exorbitant price of twenty-five dollars has been paid for a picture puzzle!

I wonder if some of the supposed high-minded critics of this new puzzle idea ever stopped to think of its great psychological value? For instance, we find the invalid, whose chief diversion for years has been reading, welcoming, with joy in her heart and eyes, the box of "crazy" little pieces of wood with their conventional lapboard. She is fascinated with the intricate pieces, which she fingers and fits in here and there, studying for a moment, and thinking that she sees in them a hand, a foot, or a face. All the time, her attention is focused entirely on the parts and their probable relation to the whole. They seem to have something of a magnetic quality as they draw one to play with them.

I have seen a man, after a busy and worry-filled day at his office go directly to the puzzle table after dinner and evening paper, and spend from about eight o'clock until eleven on a concentrated study of the puzzle. Then extremely tired from the tension, he goes to bed, where he immediately falls into a sound sleep. Many will say this is a rather unprofitable evening, but he says that it has been a great thing for him.

Thus we see that shut-ins and people who have not the money to spend on entertainment have reaped great benefits from this jigsaw puzzle fad. I daresay it has been the bulwark of many a man and woman this year as they neared the breaking-point. Since the jigsaw puzzle has been such a boon, let us congratulate its manufacturers and request its slightly blinded critics to look deeper into the full significance of this popular form of entertainment.

ANASTASIA KIRBY, '35.

GARDENS

Patience is a virtue, and, they say, virtue is its own reward; invariably it needs to be in gardening. Indeed, patience seems much too mild a term for the herculean perseverance required in that work. Did you ever try making a garden? I did, but with disastrous results. Now I glean my facts of gardening painlessly—by watching others work.

A garden is a possession of trouble. If you plant your seeds too early, they may freeze with a late frost; if you plant them too late, an early frost will nip them in their prime. Therefore there is one solution: raise perennials. Then real misfortune begins. The long row of lily-like iris is gorgeous, until you discover a million bugs eating the tender blossoms. The larkspur are so verdant and stately, until blight turns the foliage from green to rusty gray. The soil is not rich enough for the roses, it is too rich for the Adam's needle. The peonies are prizes, until the ants banquet on the opening buds. And speaking of bugs, I think the variety in my neighborhood are poison-proof, for the various species seem to multiply with spraying.

If you are more utilitarian, you should have a vegetable garden. This is beyond me. Cut worms have a ravenous appetitite for tender green tomato stalks, and the neighbor's rabbit may discover that he likes carrots. Cows have a penchant for corn, but chickens are easily pleased. They are willing to scratch in the lettuce bed, or among your choice gladioli bulbs.

But all of these trials and troubles are forgotten, when, rising early, you go into the garden and find a perfect lily just opened. There is infinite satisfaction and pleasure just to look at it. I always feel inclined to say then: "Only God can make a flower grow."

MARY CASTELLI, '35.

"THUMBS DOWN!"

In the days of early Rome, there was a custom of expressing approval or disapproval known as "thumbs down." Of course, it was the regulation plan that was followed in the rewarding or punishing of a gladiator, but we, living in an age supposedly far removed from the cruelty and blood-thirstiness of the pagan Romans, should be more tolerant and think twice before indulging in the delightful process known as putting our "thumbs down" on the actions of another. Think of the feelings of the struggling, perspiring, muscle-strained and tortured gladiator as he looked to his audience from his place in the pit of the Arena for a sign of approval, and saw instead thumbs of all descriptions turned down!

The same kinds of thumbs are very much in evidence at the present time. Just notice them on the street-car, in school, or in fact anywhere during the course of the day. There are long, slim, tapering, refined-looking thumbs; short, thick, stubby, bestial-looking ones; some belong to the hands of a dreamer, others to the capable hands of an honest laborer; some have nails resembling a medieval head-dress, while still others are unkempt and neglected-looking. Some seem to turn down even as we watch them, while some we notice with great joy are friendly-looking ones. There are as many kinds of thumbs and nails as there are kinds of people. To return to the days of early Rome, many of our friends are like the gladiators of old, fighting a seemingly losing battle against social, economic, and financial misfortune. We should not be the ones to turn our thumbs down even one iota, when they turn to us for a word of cheer, a bit of encouragement, or a sincere note of "carry on." Life does not hold so many joys that we can ever afford to shrug our shoulders or turn aside from those who, sometimes through necessity, appeal to us in time of need. Let us then be ready, whenever the occasion demands, to be the first to say "Bravo!" for little do we know when our time will come to enter the gladiatorial combat. After all, a smile, or a bit of encouragement, or even a sympathetic understanding of the plight of another costs so little. If people could only learn to put themselves in another's place, instead of pointing the finger of scorn, what a different world this would be!

Figuratively speaking, then, let us learn the habit of keeping our thumbs up, in the hope that when our struggle in the Arena of Life is over, we may look to our heavenly audience and find there row after row of thumbs pointing up, with the most understanding Judge of all saying, "Bravo! well done!"

ANNE T. NOONE, '33.

A LOST ART

Many and varied are the conversations which one may overhear while traveling in the subway, on the elevated, or on the train. Even the ferry comes in for its share of conversational glory. The other day I chanced to hear two young men talking behind me. During the conversation one said to the other: "Well, what does friendship amount to anyway? For one, I can safely say that there is no one among all my acquaintances that I trust sincerely and implicitly as a friend should be trusted." From that point onward the remainder was lost in the hustle and bustle of men, women, boys, and girls hurrying to the most friendly place on earth—Home.

Nevertheless, I found food for thought in that brief snatch of conversation long after I heard it. To say the least, I find myself agreeing lately with the growing idea that friendship is a lost art. We meet people, make acquaintances, but very seldom do we admit anyone to our inner sanctuary of friends. We perhaps have been disappointed in someone in whom we had placed the greatest and deepest trust, and we find ourselves less anxious to renew the experience. We realize fully that "To err is human; to forgive, divine," but, being human, we find that at times it is much easier to err than to forgive.

To me, there is nothing more beautiful than to see people growing old preserve the friendships made in the younger days. They are invariably the people who are broad-minded, understanding, and sympathetic; more willing to overlook slight transgressions than to bear grudges; more eager to see another's point of view than to judge everyone by their own standards. A person with high standards can always influence another, not by stooping down to a lower level but by raising another to his own level. At present there seems to be much more "wishy-washiness," a desire to please another whether it is right or wrong to do so; in general, a lowering of one's standards even in small, petty details. Perhaps that is why there are so few friends—real friends I mean—not those who are here today and gone tomorrow. Acquaintances are not to be passed by. Everyone may become an acquaintance, yet only a few of the chosen can prove themselves worthy of the title "friend." How often are we introduced to a person called "my friend," by another. How warm and attractive it sounds! Let us not help to make friendship a lost art, but rather let us make it the perfect means to a perfect end.

Anne T. Noone, '33.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Commencement, closing the door, as it does, on one life, and opening it on a strange new one, implies a more or less definite cleavage, that a certain period of time devoted to scholastic pursuits under a certain guidance is about to end, and that whether one inclines toward the acquisition of higher degrees or not, one can never regain that particular status in the collegiate world about to be relinquished, the status of an undergraduate. Now, whether it is more pleasing to have reaped the reward of four years of intensive study and to experience the peculiar satisfaction which achievement alone gives, than to enjoy still the leisure and unique opportunities for learning which a college alone provides, is a debatable question, and one whose answer depends on the individual. But my opinion is this, that the graduate who is leaving her Alma Mater does not lose, but gains, for she is conscious of having approached nearer than all others to the ideal her college symbolizes, and this only after a definite program has been completed, specific results have been shown, and no small amount of energy has been expended. Is, then, commencement to be a brief, brilliant end to all this, or does not the door which opens lead from the ante-chamber into the palace hall, from the altar rail into the sanctuary, from promise to fulfillment? Is each one to say with Francis Thompson:

> "At Fate's dread portal then
> Even so stood I, I ken,
> Even so stood I, between a joy and fear,
> And said to mine own heart, 'now if the end be here!' "

Do we fully understand the blessing that is ours? The idea that graduation, though it alienates one from direct contact with a school, likewise begins the decline of one's special importance or value to one's Alma Mater, is untenable, when we consider that this event establishes a spiritual affinity between the graduate and the college, that she who has received the testament of fitness becomes a vital part of its traditions; that she is a living, valuable exponent of its ideals; that she has not finished her work but that she is just beginning it. This is commencement.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

A LAST WORD

For those who are leaving Emmanuel we have a word of commendation for work well done. They have armed themselves admirably with the weapons of faith and learning that were Emmanuel's to give. Now they are ready to go forth and bring glory to her name. We have enjoyed our association with our friends of '33 and we shall miss them. That is why we feel a tinge of sadness as we bid a reluctant farewell and say a sincere "God be with you," to each and every one of them.

It is, however, to those who are still within Emmanuel's portals that we wish to speak. Especially do we direct our words to those who will don the longed-for cap and gown. You will become the sanctuary of Emmanuel's traditions, the beacon light and inspiration to those who are following. Honor incurs obligation. You may not accept one without the other. You must pay for the honor that Emmanuel has conferred upon you with your love and your loyalty. You must be ready at all times to uphold her teachings. Every act you perform should be in accord with the principles which she has inculcated. The spirit of Emmanuel is in your keeping. What is to be its fate? We are certain of the answer. You will foster that spirit; you will attempt to endow it with new life. This can be done chiefly by a very active loyalty. Words are powerful, but it is actions alone that really indicate one's sentiments.

Let us all resolve therefore to return next year imbued with the idea that we shall attempt to follow most loyally and worthily along the paths marked out by those who have preceded us.

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

E. C. ECHOES

Junior Class Day

April twenty-fourth was Junior Class Day. The Juniors marched in traditional manner into Assembly, singing special songs written for the ocasion and wearing the colors of the Junior Class, yellow and white. Eleanor Stankard, president of the class, led the march, followed by the class officers. Mary McInerney was chairman of the class day committee, and was assisted by Catherine Lane, Mary J. McCarthy, Margaret Burke, Dorothy Hughes, and Eleanor Stankard, ex officio.

The Class Day festivities ended with the presentation of an original play, *Bring Back Laughter,* written and coached by Marie Scanlin. The cast was as follows:

Suki Lu	Agnes McHugh
Na Kan Ki	Coralie Nelson
Fan Ta Si	Mary Malloy
Du Ku	Mary McInerney
Tish	Emily Collins
Sultana	Martha Hurley
Mu Si	Catherine McGuillan
Katisha	Helen Keating
Lu Lo	Lillian Dale
Yo Ki O	Marion Buckley
Li San	Margaret Sullivan
Tula	Margaret Quinn
Carol	Eleanor Stankard
Peg	Catherine Lane
Betty	Isabel Reilly
Louise	Grace Maloney
Janet	Agnes Crane
Gerry	Mary Byrne
Mr. Gibbs	Mary Murray
Mrs. Gibbs	Mary C. McCarthy
Liethe	Elizabeth Turcotte
Perth	Mary J. McCarthy
Boris	Anna Walsh
Pan	Mary Kenney

Other members of the Junior Class served as Attendants to the Queen and as Guards. Groups of girls took part in dances and in court songs.

Blessed Mother Julia Program

The student body paid special honor to Blessed Mother Julia, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Assembly on April seventh. An original poem, "Mother Julia," was read by Mary Barrow, '33, and the history of the development of higher education by the Sisters of Notre Dame was traced by Catherine Leonard, '33. Miss Leonard pointed out the pioneer work in establishing normal schools and colleges which has been done by the Sisters in Belgium, in England, and in the United States; for Trinity College was the first Catholic college for women in this country, and Emmanuel College the first Catholic college for women in New England. The program concluded with the singing of an original hymn in honor of Blessed Mother Julia, which was written by Elinor Crosby, '33.

On the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April twenty-sixth, the student body offered their good wishes to the Dean. Catherine Leonard, president of the Senior class, gave a presentation address in the name of the students.

French Play

On Monday, April twenty-fourth, the Cercle Louis Veuillot presented as its annual French play, "Les Romanesques," by Rostand. The theme centers about a wall which divides the homes of Bergamin and Pasquinot, who are in reality very good friends but who feign hatred in order to effect the marriage of their over-romantic children, Percinet and Sylvette. A staged kidnapping, in which Percinet appears a hero, gives the fathers a plausible reason for being reunited. When the hero and the heroine discover they have been duped, their love apparently vanishes. Percinet runs away, but returns in time to save Sylvette from the power of a pseudo-count. The wall, torn down for the marriage, is rebuilt hastily, for the fathers have discovered it preserves their friendly relations and their good temper.

The play was coached by Doris L. Donovan, '30, and was produced for the benefit of the Cercle Louis Veuillot Scholarship for a summer of graduate study in Paris.

Lecture

On Sunday, May twenty-first, the Reverend Leonard Feeney, S.J., professor of English in the Boston College Graduate School, and lecturer of note, gave a talk on "Catholic Life in England" at the College. Father Feeney has spent some years in England and consequently was able to record authentic facts about religious conditions there. He distinguished between the "Empire Englishman, who would have this small isle co-extensive with the whole world ("What would then be the distinction of being English?" Father remarked), and the English Englishman, who is a lovable, refined character, a good sportsman, and a good-living Christian.

In his treatment of the religious question, Father Feeney said that the great fallacy which prevents the English people from returning to Catholicism is the notion that one cannot be thoroughly English and a good Catholic at the same time. Although thousands are being converted every year, and no less than eight hundred Anglican Ministers have entered the Catholic Church since Newman's time, England as a whole will not become Catholic until this absurd idea is abolished, and until the people realize that one becomes a better Englishman for being a good Catholic.

May Procession

On Sunday, May twenty-eighth, the annual procession in honor of our Blessed Lady was held. The procession marched around the campus and returned to the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Frances Downey led the procession carrying the American flag, and she was followed by Winifred Killoran, as the guardian angel, accompanied by a freshman. Mary Smith represented Faith; Gertrude Hickey, Hope; and Emily Collins, Charity. Elizabeth McCarthy represented our Lady of Good Counsel, and was attended by Sophomores; and Mary Marrs, Queen of Pentecost, attended by Sophomores. The litter bearing Our Lady's statue was carried by Mary Curran, Frances Blute, Ann Crowley, Ann Dempsey, Mary Flatley, and Barbara Hall. Ada Erlandson as Queen of the Grapes was attended by Sophomores; Geraldine Soles as Wheat was attended by Juniors; and Marion Barry, carrying the Chalice, was followed by four flower girls and the four maids of honor: Mary Malloy, Catherine Murphy, Rose Maffeo, and Helen Glynn. Mary Curran, sodality vice-president, was Queen of the Blessed Sacrament. The Emmanuel College flag was carried by the alumnae president, followed by alumnae members, four flower girls and the four maids of honor, Dorothea Dunigan, Laura Dixon, Elizabeth Turcotte, and Fortu-

nata Caliri. Constance Hurley, Sodality president, was Queen of the May, and crowned our Lady's statue in the Chapel.

The large number of Alumnae present at the May Processions testifies to their lasting devotion to Our Blessed Lady.

Arbor Day was observed on May first by the traditional planting of a tree by the Senior class. The student body marched from the Auditorium to the campus where the exercises took place.

Arbor Day

Geraldine Soles, '33, delivered the Arbor Day oration. The students sang college songs, and the Seniors sang the Arbor Day song, written by Elinor Cronin, '33.

Class Elections

The following are the results of the class and society elections for 1933-1934:

Senior Class Officers

President—Mary McInerney.
Vice President—Mary Neylon.
Secretary—Susanne Davoren.
Treasurer—Loretta McGowan.

Junior Class Officers

President—Dorothea Hoar.
Vice President—Margaret Flanigan
Secretary—Mary Horgan.
Treasurer—Elizabeth McNamara

Sophomore Class Officers

President—Rita Ryan.
Vice President—Marie Coyle
Secretary—Mary Rafferty.
Treasurer—Cornelia Sheehan.

The 1934 Epilogue Staff

Editor-in-chief—Fortunata Caliri.
Business Manager—Katherine Fitzgerald.
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ALUMNAE NOTES

The evening of June fourth will be Emmanuel College Alumnae Night at the Pops at Symphony Hall. Ida Finn, '23, is the chairman.

The Alumnae Banquet will be held as usual at the college on June third after the business meeting, which will follow the Commencement play. Marguerite McDermott Aimone, '28, is the chairman.

The members of our Alumnae looked forward to the annual Bridge and Fashion Show with more than usual interest this year, because in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Class of '23, the children of the Alumnae and of members of the Emmanuel League were to model the latest in fashion for the younger set. Shortly after eight o'clock the parade of youthful models began, and each one of the charmingly self-possessed children was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Members of the Alumnae, of the League, and of the present student body modeled the latest creations of R. H. Stearns later in the evening. The May Day festal atmosphere was made gay by colorful baskets of candy on each table. Under the gracious chairmanship of Betty Downey, '24, the committee gave us all a delightful evening and we offer them our grateful congratulations.

In recognition of the fifth anniversary of their Commencement the members of the Class of 1928 have planned a dance on May twenty-ninth at the Sheraton Room of the Copley-Plaza. Wedding gifts are to be presented to Kathleen O'Donnell Markey, Esther McCafferty Collins and Eleanor Kiley Lavigan. Patricia O'Connor is the chairman.

On Saturday, June third, after the Commencement play, a short party is to be held at the College in honor of the ten babies of 1928.

On the following Saturday, June tenth, the Class is to hold a picnic in Franklin at the home of Marguerite McDermott Aimone.

EMMANUEL LEAGUE

Emmanuel League has reached its first birthday. It is just a child, but a child from whom great things are expected. The League deserves the same compliment which a lady of France once addressed to Louis XIV, who was but a child when crowned king. "Ah, sire," she said, "you are as beautiful as hope." In the fond eyes of those who revere Emmanuel College, Emmanuel League, too, is as beautiful as hope.

The College Musical Society, under the direction of Barbara Hall, '33, entertained the League members at their regular monthly meeting in April. The program was enthusiastically received. Tea was poured by Mrs. Charles Hall of Watertown, Mrs. Frank Finn of Jamaica Plain, and Mrs. G. Warren Beninghof of Roxbury.

On Saturday afternoon, May sixth, the League held a Bridge and Food Sale. Mrs. John J. Quirk of Newton was General Chairman and Mrs. Peter Collins of Chestnut Hill, Vice Chairman. The party was well attended and added a good sum to the League treasury.

To close the season of good work the League planned a Communion breakfast, which took place on Sunday, May twenty-first. Mass was celebrated in the college chapel at nine o'clock by the Reverend Patrick J. Waters, Ph.D., rector of St. Eulalia's Church, South Boston, and the members received Holy Communion in a body. Mrs. John B. Piscopo presided as toastmistress at the breakfast, which was served in the gymnasium. Father Waters, the guest speaker, delighted his audience with the profoundness of his remarks and encouraged the ladies in their work in the League, which was so pleasing in the sight of God. He said, "The Church understands woman's soul and enlists her services as no other organization in the world does." Musical entertainment was furnished by David White, baritone, accompanied by Margaret Brewin, '33. Songs were written to express the spirit of the League and were sung by the assembly. The breakfast committee included Mrs. John B. Piscopo, chairman; Mrs. Francis Roland, Vice Chairman; Mrs. Charles McCarthy, Miss Jane McKey, Mrs. John A. Minahan, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. William Koen, Mrs. Thomas Snedden, Mrs. Charles Stack, and Miss Mary Tracy.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Catherine Logan, mother of Elizabeth C. Logan, '23.

Mrs. Patrick J. Kelley, mother of Marion Kelley, '32.

Mrs. Daniel F. Murphy, mother of Catherine A. Murphy, '30.

Mr. James T. Carroll, father of Sally Carroll, '31.

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Cardinal Newman as a Musician

The Oxford Movement, so often heard mentioned in this centenary year, brings to mind its greatest exponent, John Henry Cardinal Newman, whom we know as an eminent theologian, although he has denied the gentle accusation, and as one of the most famous lecturers and preachers of the nineteenth century, although he is said to have read his sermons. We read his life as a high romance, and the thoughts of his mind, unveiled in his forty odd volumes, are more gripping than a novel. Besides, we find him extolled as a poet and as a novelist, but how many of us know that the musical world lost a genius when Newman laid aside his violin?

Although this fact is little known, reliable biographers agree that Cardinal Newman might have surpassed some of our most famous violinists had he concentrated on his instrument. He believed the violin had a soul, as firmly as he believed angels loitered invisible in his garden, and, although he neglected his violin, he never failed to cherish his love for the art of which he says later:

"Music's ethereal fire was given
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away."

It seems wholly consistent that Cardinal Newman should have become the spiritual son of another lover of music, St. Philip Neri. Both believed that in music and in song there is a mysterious power which stirs the heart with high and noble emotions. And is it not so? Music is no mere ingenuity or trick of art like some game or fashion of the day without meaning. For Newman, man "sweeps the strings and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning." "Is it possible," he asks, "that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich and yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are the echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the 'Magnificat' of the saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, of the Divine attributes, something are they beside themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter."

Nevertheless, while music held a foremost place in his thought and plans, yet he believed that it had its place in the scheme of life and that

while it might be merely "an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle," yet, so long as it helped a soul on to its journey's end, then welcome the "good and perfect gift."

When, in 1828, the news arrived of his long-coveted success at being appointed a Fellow at Oriel College, Oxford, he was practising on his violin. The Provost's butler, we are told, whose office it was to take the news to the fortunate candidate, made his way to Mr. Newman's lodgings, and found him playing the violin. This in itself disconcerted the messenger, who did not associate such accomplishments with the candidateship for the Oriel Common Room, but his perplexity was increased when, on his delivering what may be considered to have been his usual form of speech on such occasions, that "he had, he feared, disagreeable news to announce, viz., that Mr. Newman was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and that his immediate presence was required there," Newman merely answered: "Very well," and went on fiddling. This led the man to ask whether, perhaps, he had not gone to the wrong person. Newman assured him that he was in the right place. But, his biographer adds, "as may be imagined, no sooner had the man left than he flung down his instrument and dashed downstairs."

Dr. Newman was still "bowing" forty years later, when we find that his alleged "sphinx-like immobility" had given way to an ever varying expression upon his face, as strains of music alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding his violin against his chest, instead of under his chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution awkward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would attend the Oratory Sunday School practices between two and four o'clock of an afternoon. For many years Dr. Newman had given up the violin, but finding some members of the school "taking to the strings," he resumed it again by way of encouraging them to persevere in what he deemed to be so good a thing for his boys. Quietly, too, he inculcated a lesson in self-effacement, for, although he had begun his study long years before, he invariably played second fiddle. Neither did he have a high opinion of his own performances, as was shown in the early days when an organist was given a hymn with tune and accompaniment, all composed by Dr. Newman himself. Unaware of the authorship, he at once corrected some of the chords. The Father Superior noticed this, and asked him why he had made the changes. The organist proceeded to advert to some consecutive fifths in the harmony. "But," urged Dr. Newman, "Beethoven and others make use of them." "Ah," came the answer, "it's all very well for those great men to do as they like, but that doesn't make it right for ordinary folk

to do as they like." Dr. Newman, therefore, learned that musically he was only "ordinary folk," and he would have been the first to laugh down the notion that he was anything else.

His favorites were Beethoven and Mendelssohn's minor, about which he is quoted to have said: "It cuts me to the heart, that minor." In early days he had found time and opportunity to comprehend certain masters, as Correlli, Handel, Haydn, Romberg, and Mozart; while Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner were strangers intruding somewhat late upon a "dear old family party." He had more of a liking for good operatic music than for the more modern oratorio, and he disliked Rossini very much as a religious composer.

His original compositions are confined to the musical parts of Latin plays and to his composition of hymns. The revised Latin play, with music in conjunction, and all played by the boys themselves, were two striking traditions of the Oratory school introduced by Dr. Newman there, and rooted in his affection for boyhood associations. At Ealing School he took the parts of Davus in the "Andrea," Cyrus in the "Adelphi," and Pythias in the "Eunuchus." He also wrote both the words and the music of many hymns. In 1849 appeared his most original and pathetic "Pilgrim Queen," and in 1850 came two more exquisite hymns in honor of the Mother of God: the "Month of May" and "The Queen of the Seasons." But the glory of Newman's genius as a writer of verse is fixed in the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." It is not merely a poem, not merely a series of stanzas that beautifully lends itself to music and has a message only for the mournful, "but a prayer piteous and pointed to the very heart of Christ." His biographer says: "The man speaks in this poem more truly than in any philosophic tome."

Newman's personal sanctity is clearly evidenced in all these works, so that we say of him what he once said of St. Philip Neri: "The sweet enticement of music is quite in harmony with the spirit of St. Philip, and imparts to piety an ineffable gladness and gentleness and grace. Take away from our saint his delight in music and you leave his image in our hearts, mutilated, despoiled of much of its winning beauty."

Agnes McHugh, '34.

Challenge

I saw a painter's fortune lost,
Enduring fame in anger tossed
With glowing palette far away,
Where cursed and quivering it lay.
It had not failed, though seeming to,
And cried: "Not I,—but you, but you!"

I saw a curved bay once that brought
That sad scene back. At once I thought
Of merging iridescence seen
Against a palette's duller sheen,
Where color spilled itself to be
A blend of lawless harmony.

A splash of blue,
  With scarlet streaks,
And daubs of white,
  A cloud's snow peaks.

The gleaming gold
  Of a pollen-shower
In endless drift
  From the burst sunflower.

Long, careless smears
  Of forest green,
Cool woodlands lost
  In hills unseen.

A silver wing
  In shining dip;
In silhouette
  A dark-sailed ship.

I saw it all, and the simile
Between the artist-man and me;
I turned in hate against the earth,
Unheeding its untested worth
For failure's weak despair. His hand,
My heart, ingloriously had planned.
Repentantly, I challenged, too:
"But I,—not you, not you!"

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Española

With the tapping of her heels,
As she turns and bows and wheels,
Comes the click of castanets
In her dance.

With a swish of silken skirts
While she dances so, she flirts,
Playing with her gorgeous fan
In her dance.

With a flash of charming smile
Does she watch me all the while,
As she drops her deep red rose
In her dance.

With a smile Love takes his dart,
For she's danced into my heart,
Little Spanish Señorita,
In her dance.

DOROTHEA A. DUNIGAN, '34.

Eileen Alanna

Eileen listened at her closed door. It was not yet dawn, but she could still hear hushed voices, hurried steps below. She had been hoping until now that the early hours would bring a pause in the preparations that were being made; that the servants who had been hastening to complete last-minute arrangements would be engaged elsewhere. Now she could not escape. Weary with fatigue, but more distraught with sorrow, Eileen turned to a near-by window and scanned the heights of Clonmarc, not for the first time. There was no hope left. Her eyes were still clouded with tears since her farewell to Terence many hours before.

"Try to forget me, alanna," he had said. "It will be best; but, sure, I'll always remember my colleen. I'll go away, Eileen, perhaps to America; for my heart,—'twould never beat on this cruel soil again."

"Take me with you, Terence," she had pleaded. "Take me with you to America. I know that villainous Dunbar. I know I have no choice but to marry him." And then, despairingly, "Terence love, if my father would only kill me instead, and let me die knowing I loved truly." But she felt the impossibility of it all, and she could not forget her father's haunting glare.

"Sure, I cannot leave you crying, alanna. Promise me you will try to forget our happy days together; forget our love, Eileen, and I promise I'll always keep your memory with me. I'll always be a-thinking of your smiles and your tears and your pretty hair, acushla! Promise me!"

"I can't! No, no, Terence!"

Forget him? Forget him in these few moments she had left? Forget him when her heart was breaking?

Eileen tried to brush away her tears, to see through the mist that clouded her view. She could see the peak of Blackhead, the fairy's mountain, in back of which the limpid dawn rose slowly, as if reluctant to impart its warmth and cheer to the town of Ennis. The hollow heart of Blackhead was the home of fairy folk: leprechauns, elves, and a colony of pygmies erroneously known as the Good People. They were enchanted folk, and ever since Eileen was a little girl playing among the fields of Ennis, she had had a horror of any place near Blackhead. Never once in her saunterings did she stray far in that direction. Eileen could see the ominous peak of the mountain from her window, and now, fearfully,

she looked to see if the towers of Brophy Castle were yet visible. She could see the grey stone wall that stood sentinel about the somber castle. It had the forbidding look of a hermit whose phantom eyes would fain strike with terror the one who would encroach upon his silent hours. Eileen hated that castle, those dreary, menacing turrets that spoke the Dunbar holdings; and Dunbar himself she feared and loathed as much as these. In spite of her feelings, it was only a matter of a few moments until she would be married to this man, and then she would be forced to live in that detestable castle as the Lady Dunbar. Eileen shuddered at the thought.

Resentfully, she thought of her irate father. Without her agreement, he had planned this marriage and would force her into it. He threatened to give her no dowry if she did not marry Dunbar, but she cared nothing about a dowry. She and Terence could manage without it. But that was not all. Her father was using her for his own selfish ends. He had considered relations with the Brophy Castle and now would brook no opposition to his plans. Eileen feared her father, with his boundless temper and his inhuman threats. She was weeping her young heart away. Only Nano saw her and tried her utmost to comfort her sad mistress.

"We'll never see each other again, Nano," and Eileen sobbed away on her faithful servant's shoulder.

"Terence is going away, going to America," she continued between her sobs. "Nano, if I could only go with him. Oh, why must I marry this Dunbar? Why should he want me, Nano? Terence,—in America."

"But you're beautiful, child. Dunbar wants a fair colleen to be his castle's mistress."

"Beautiful? Then, could I make him hate me, Nano? Could I make myself ugly, repulsive? I can—" Eileen was raving.

"No, child. 'Tis your mother's face you'd be harming. Sure you are the exact likeness of your beautiful mother, Lord rest her soul." Nano brushed aside a wondering tear.

Eileen understood. She could do nothing. Nano's remark provoked a long silence, during which both were given to sacred memories. They continued in silent sympathy for some time until a heavy step was heard approaching. It was Eileen's father, and he would expect her to be ready, ready to go to the church. Nano tried to prevent him from seeing Eileen, but he was quick to notice the wan face and the tear-strained eyes. This sad picture did not move him.

"What's all this feasthalagh, Eileen? Let me see no more of your mournin'; no more of this mournin' over a bit of a spalpeen. Would you be mournin' over the fact that in a few minutes the Brophy Castle will be yours? Indeed, there's many a girl would like to say a Dunbar

asked for her hand. See here, the carriage will be ready in fifteen minutes."

Eileen did not answer. And her father did not wait for an answer.

She moved over to the bridal array which Nano had carefully prepared upon Eileen's refusal to do so. The mocking glimmer of it all! But Eileen tried to be brave. When her raven hair was arranged hastily though comely, with its natural ringlets playing about her pallid face, she allowed Nano to help her into her gown. The cream-like satin dripped into folds about her slender form. She stepped into her slippers, and Nano pinned the gossamer lace veil to her luxurious hair. The unhappy Eileen draped it about her shoulders, and took a few steps to allow its flowing grandeur to adjust a regal train. There she stood, in spite of all the sadness her loveliness concealed, a noble figure of eighteen years, the just pride of a greedy, voracious Dunbar.

Eileen was ready. With her bouquet of lilies resting against her breast, she turned to bid goodbye to Nano. She spoke no word, but her sorrowing and fearful eyes revealed her message. She was then accompanied up the steps of the carriage and found herself sitting beside her father. Although mostly concerned at this moment with his own selfish person, he graciously condescended to doff his tall silk hat in recognition to several people as they passed on their way, for he was inwardly rejoicing at this prosperous marriage. Eileen did not smile. She would never smile again.

As they reached the church, she heard the strains of the wedding march, and she felt her father's arm in hers. He was leading her to Dunbar; giving her away to a scoundrel. She uttered a weak cry, but her father's arm tightened, a warning. She was being led up the aisle. People were smiling. They had reached the sanctuary. Eileen could not see! A flood of lights twinkled in the mist of her tears. She felt another arm about her. It was Dunbar. She dared not look at the man she hated. Why couldn't she scream and tell these people it was all cruel and unfair? No one seemed to care how she felt. If Terence were only here, he would rescue her. She heard a murmur of voices. She was being asked a question. She thought she heard her name. They were waiting for her answer. They wanted her to consent. Eileen could be brave no longer. She cried out with all her young vehemence, "Terence!"

"Eileen Alanna, and weeping! Who has been disturbing my fair colleen?"

"Oh, I've—I've been a-dreaming, Terence."

He had grasped her as she fell forward from the bench under the willow tree.

Mary Neylon, '34.

On First and Last Impressions

First impressions, I had always been told, like first nights, are as determiningly final as death itself. Thus if you heard the opening movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and the insistence on the sea's restlessness seemed too prolonged, you were to denounce the composer as monotonous and unutterably dull, according to the first impressionists. Or if the glib man, whom somebody or other recommended, had a manicure and looked honest, he was a gentleman and could be trusted to invest one's life savings on the strength of his appearance. Perhaps this is exaggeration, but do not all such instant convictions ludicrously project people and objects out of their proper sphere?

I had a rather illuminating experience this summer apropos of this question. After thousands of miles of ocean, after hours of the tensest expectancy, when the only thought one entertains is that of landing on a foreign soil, my first impression of France was not a picturesque red-roofed countryside, not a quaint charming little city, but a hundred gaping windows slovenly hung with lace curtains! So treacherously did my imagination betray me that even the small embroidered seat covering on the express from Cherbourg assumed enormous proportions, until I felt I could not breathe for lace in the compartment. Nor did things improve. Escaping into a taxi as quickly as possible at the end of a six-hour ride, I began to think normally again. Paris! city of enchantment, called by many the most beautiful in the world, the city whose every stone is rich with the history of long centuries, the paradise of artists and of scholars, a unique, exciting, magical world in itself,—and I could see nothing of it for the huge, ugly cadum ointment baby that smirked at me from everywhere! I was fully convinced that nothing could ever be quite so tragic again, so with lightened heart and an awed breathlessness I set out to visit Notre Dame, that ecstatic inspired prayer of the Middle Ages immortalized in stone; Notre Dame, magnificent beyond the comprehension of an artist, beyond the description of a poet, "a sort of human creation," as Victor Hugo said, "mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character, variety, and eternity," and at first sight of this splendor a cold shiver of horror seized me, for my eye was immovably fixed on the image of some saint who was nonchalantly holding his chopped-off head in his hand!

I do not know what form of hysteria it is that compels one to focus

one's attention instantly on the irrelevant or the superficial, that forces the earnest admirer to see the smudge on the sculptor's nose before he sees the living bronze he is holding. I have come to the conclusion that the eye catches the abnormal and the spectacular and must depend on the mind for the proper interpretation of the object seen, and therein lies the whole difference between seeing with the eye and seeing with the mind. Reasoning thus, I controlled my overworked imagination and started to view my surroundings as a perfectly normal person would. Paris seemed to burst suddenly into exotic bloom,—the Luxembourg Gardens, sun-drenched, became riotously colorful, the symmetrical perfection of the Tuileries lost its rigidity as the silver fountains laughed again. If Paris by day was superbly beautiful, it was no less so at night. Standing in front of the Louvre, one sees a dazzling perspective; on one long avenue, harmoniously intervalled, rises the Petit Arc de Triomphe, La Place de la Concorde, and the Grand Arc de Triomphe, this encircled by intersecting boulevards in star-shape, all illuminated, while at the left the Tour Eiffel loses its lighted summit in the clouds. This is Paris at its artistic best.

The left bank boasts no such extravagant display, yet at night it is alive with people from all corners of the globe, swarming into the sidewalk cafés of Montparnasse until you have to wait long minutes for a table. Tired of the delay, you start to go, but are intercepted by the head-waiter, who miraculously finds a place. Other chairs are pressed close; snatches of strange tongues are heard, German, Russian, Japanese, Spanish; the people are stranger than their language. On your left sits a Hindoo in native costume, her dead-white robes contrasting weirdly with her black shiny skin. On your right is a young German boy in animated discussion, the word "Hitler" being guardedly uttered. A little in front a mixed group of artists amuse themselves by caricaturing their neighbors on the tablecloth or on the menu card. Hundreds of people of every age and condition pass by,—it is exciting, glorious, different. The harassed waiter hurries to take your order. Guessing your nationality immediately (is it your American accent?), he suggests "une glace" (our insatiable desire for ice cream being universally known), and you nod, not because you like the cornstarch concoction he will bring, but because it is so warm. Vendors try to sell you everything, from peanuts and white fur rugs to the Chicago Herald. The café is noisy, alive. "Oh," you think, "imagine this on Beacon Hill, this color, these glorious wasted hours!" Your heart sings, "Paris! There is no place like it in the world!"

Whenever I think of Paris, the image of Notre Dame flashes through my mind, for, to me, this mediaeval cathedral symbolizes the burning faith of a once Catholic France. On the feast of the Assumption

I heard High Mass there. The occasion was an extraordinary one, since the celebrant was a Russian bishop, a captive for five years in his native land. Every place in the huge church was taken; even the rarely used galleries were filled with eager, staring crowds. Ushers in their queerly cut morning clothes made frantic gestures: "une place, s'il vous plait"; chairs creaked, kneelers scraped along the floor, there was a rustling of beads and a murmured chant from a whiskered gentleman at my left, then a hush fell upon the congregation. The long procession had started.

I shall never forget that Mass. Down the aisle came the celebrant with mitre and staff, a small man with kind eyes and a serene saintliness of manner. Five or six bishops, their hands upraised in blessing were next, followed by other dignitaries and some sixty priests, with downcast eyes and moving lips. The peculiar odor of incense filled the air, dimming the candle light. It might have been a scene from mediaeval days with its pageantry and splendor. Suddenly the organ crescendo crashed, filling the highest arch, the remotest niche; a massed humanity wept and prayed. It was magnificent and unforgettable.

Paris, despite American films, tourist trade, taxis, and a growing penchant for skyscrapers, is still an old and interesting city. Wandering along the bank of the Seine, one stumbles over the book-lover's treasure chest, "les boquins." For hundreds of yards the stalls lean uncertainly, displaying valuable editions and etchings with characteristic indifference. Seated nearby on an old stool dreams a man with a white beard, who has the air of a gentleman despite his ragged clothes. You may linger for hours pouring over rare volumes, nobody will disturb you. This old gentleman smokes peacefully in the sun, gaining little, caring less; indeed, he is almost happy when the careless student tosses his first editions aside. Like them he has mellowed with age.

A few steps farther, one stops again with delight. Perched on a dangerous ledge high above the Seine, a group of men sit lazily, casting their lines into the murky green water. At first the stranger is inclined to pity anyone engaged in such an unprofitable occupation, but such compassion is wasted, as he soon discovers, for the men fish for pleasure only. The amusing part of it all is that a scant fifty yards away, on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the world is humming with activity. It is only in Paris that the modern and the ancient, the conservative and the liberal, the genius and the workman, can exist in perfect harmony and side by side.

"Il y a des impressions," quotes Hazlitt, "qui ni le tem(p)s ni les circonstances peuvent effacer." If this is so, I am glad, and my heart sings, as I lovingly place among them my last, not my first, impressions of Paris.

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Laughter

Oh! what is so sweet as the laughter
  Of waves rolling in from the sea!
Oh! what is so gay as the voices
  Of children shouting with glee!

I recall those days by the ocean,
  When I played in the silvery sands,
White fleets sailing gallantly westward,
  Like Columbus, to distant lands.

The years glide on and still I hear
  The laughing waves so free,
But where has vanished that other sound
  Of laughter by the sea?

Winifred Burdick, '35.

In the Shadow of the Gallows

There was a time when the gruesome accounts of the horrors of the religious persecutions in days gone by were merely terrible nightmares to be shuddered at, wondered at, and if not, forgotten and avoided. As our minds wander back to the blackest of those black days, those of "Good Queen Bess," the selfish, vain, cruel sovereign of the sixteenth century, we realize that they were days of almost insane slaughtering, torture, and imprisonment. It is impossible to look at, hear of, or even think of the Tower of London without associating with it the inhuman proceedings that its grim walls have sheltered. Men and women have been taken, thrown into the Tower's vermin-infested prison holes, and then forgotten. Susanna Rockwood, the daughter of Edward Rockwood of Euston Hall, in Suffolk, who was imprisoned five times for her religion, said she had to beat off rats, and that she could not bring herself to touch her so-called bed. Prisoners were in the merciless hands of turnkeys, who, from the time they tossed them through the little holes into their cells, until they dragged them out for examination, never went near them unless to throw them a few bits of stale food or a cup of dirty water. It was truly a hell-on-earth, this famous prison, the Tower of London.

It is impossible to speak too harshly about Topcliffe, the despicable head of all the prison cases. Even his own family shuddered and hated to mention his name. The case of Anne Bellamy is indeed a tragic one, and the treatment that this young girl received at his hands is, without doubt, the greatest of his many crimes. He robbed her, as he did all his subjects, of all her strength, until she gave her faith in exchange for bodily peace. Hers is the title of "Robert Southwell's Judas." The betrayal, however, was perpetrated while she was in a crazed state, after Topcliffe had threatened to take her sisters and parents and do to them what he had done to her. She wrote to Blessed Robert Southwell, stating her spiritual needs. He went immediately to her father's house, which she had arranged as the meeting place. The pursuivants went directly to the place where she had hidden him, and with much pride Mr. Richard Topcliffe carried off the famous prisoner, in spite of the efforts of Anne's family to prevent it.

Anyone who came into Topcliffe's clutches truly deserved the crown of a martyr, but, as is to be expected, some did not receive such a crown,

for not everyone could survive the torture of the rack, a curious mechanism on which a person was placed while being questioned. When the trial did not proceed according to the desires of the person in charge, the machine was stretched in such a manner that the prisoner's limbs were almost, and often actually, torn out of their sockets. But they did not wish their prisoners to die then. Ah, no! There was a purpose to be fulfilled first; they were tortured until almost dead and then placed under a rush of water which temporarily revived them, although they were practically blinded with pain. The questioning proceeded, punctuated at intervals by racking, or by another invention of Topcliffe's, known as "Scavenger's Daughter," to which Father Cottam was unmercilessly subjected on December 19, 1580. The prisoner's hands were tied to the ceiling high over his head, while his knees were folded up in back of him and clamped to the wall. The usual sentence given in the cases of these martyrs read: "That you be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution and there be hanged by the neck; then whilst still alive be laid upon the ground, have your members amputated, your entrails drawn out of your body, you being still alive, and burned, your head cut off, and your body divided into four parts, and your head and the quartered parts placed where the Lady the Queen had been pleased to appoint." Naturally such torture as this was responsible for many a person's turning traitor and betraying his fellow men; on the other hand, it gave to Southwell, Campion, Cottam, Gerard, Garnett, and countless others the golden crown of martyrdom.

Probably the most renowned and most sought-for priest at that time was Father Edward Campion. People would get up in the middle of the night and travel miles and miles to hear his sermons. Instead of hiding and thus arousing suspicion, he walked about the streets when in town, chatted with this one and that, and in so doing detracted attention from himself. He missed capture dozens of times by the narrowest margin possible, so daring was he and so willing to risk his life in order to bring peace and light to those who hungrily awaited the arrival of a priest. Many tales are told of his escapes from pursuivants, but the most amusing is that which occurred while he was staying at the home of a Worthington family. The magistrates had arrived so unexpectedly that there was no time to hide Campion. He rushed out of doors into the garden, having fully decided to give himself up, and thus save his shelterers. Before he realized what was happening, however, one of the maids quickly pushed him into a muddy pool near where he stood. She had the great presence of mind to rail and to cry out at him in a very tempestuous manner. Campion pulled his mud-covered limbs out of the slime just as the pursuers rode by laughing and teasing the "stupid

lovers" in their quarrel. Little did they think that it was the illustrious and much-sought Father Campion.

In the end he, too, was betrayed by a certain George Eliot, who had formerly been a Catholic, but who became a government-paid spy. After a sermon the Catholics very imprudently begged Father Campion to speak just a little more, and the queen's men returned infuriated. In their search they were aided by the terrified look of one of the servants, as they approached the little hollow spot over the entrance where Campion was lying on his back. Although they had captured him, his writings remained in circulation, and such books as "The Book of Few Reasons" and his other publications kept alive for many people their understanding of the faith to which they clung so tenaciously. The mention of books reminds one of Lady Arundel, whose assistance made missionary work in England possible during the days of persecution. Although her husband had long been imprisoned in a poor quarter of the Tower where she was not even allowed to see him, she spent her time harboring priests, opening her home to them, and financing their works. She allowed a printing press to be set up in her home where the books of most of the priests were printed, although the binding bore the mark of Douai.

The now famous "hiding holes" were responsible for the prolonged lives of many priests. Certain families were well known, like Lady Arundel, by the entire Catholic population of England, and, unfortunately for them in too many cases, by the queen's magistrates, for their harborage of the priests. Priests were told on their arrival from the continent where they might stop as they traveled over the countryside. When Mass was announced in a certain place, everyone went, from the master and the mistress to the hostler. Rushes and herbs were strewn on the floor of the room used as a chapel, which appeared to an outsider as an ordinary assembly room. The huge chest used as an altar could be dismantled at the slightest warning from the guards, who were placed at all entrances as well as in the highest vantage place in the house, in order to watch the roads. In an inconceivably short time after the alarm was given, maids would have the floors swept, and the candles, linens, vestments, chalices, and altar-stone would go into a small hiding-hole for sacred objects, while the priest would be hurried into a larger hole. Everyone would then pretend that a simple gathering with no special purpose was being held. The chalices used were always of tin or pewter, since they would attract less notice if seen by the searchers. At Plowden there was a hiding-hole in the closet of one of the bedrooms, where the floor boards were so arranged that they could easily be removed. Underneath a trapdoor, there was a small ladder that led into a dark hole,

beneath which was just enough room for a person to change from a sitting to a standing position. Here, as in many other places, there was a shelf, on which fresh food was always kept in case of emergency. An escape about the width and form of a chimney, reaching from one of the top bedrooms to the ground floor allowed a man to be lowered by means of a rope, and an outlet over the chapel through two trapdoors on to the roof allowed one to escape between the eaves of the house. As it was sometimes necessary for priests to remain secreted for a week or more, many homes had facilities for getting food to them. In Harvington Hall in Worcestershire, there was a removable stair, five feet square where one could thrust a reed or a straw through which to pass such liquid food as wine, broth, or caudle. Graham Hall in Lincolnshire boasted not only a hidden food tube but also a chimney for ventilation in its hiding-hole.

The holes were not always in the houses. One report of Robert Weston, a government spy, concerning Oliver Almond, a priest, reads as follows: "Item. Oliver Almond is a priest and did live at Mr. Wynchcombe in Berkshire near Newberry, the name is Henwicke. If he be not in the house, there is a grat wherein he is hyden; he is a little man. As you go forth of Mr. Wynchcombe's house towards Newberry in first close without the gate, upon the lefte hand in the hegrow, there is a great oake that is hollow and be knocking upon it you shall fynd it to saound."

So many of the old English manor houses were used for this purpose that when they were torn down or remodeled, many hiding-holes were found. For instance, at Lydgate Hall, in the Township of Lydgate in the Lancashire district, it became necessary to remove a large chimney when alterations were being made in the chapel in 1841. Within it was found a curiously contrived hiding-place which one entered by means of a sliding panel which rose from the hall below. Another still exists in the southwing, access to which may be gained through the rafters. It is a small chamber ten by four feet. About a half mile from the hall there is an old farmhouse which, when being torn down, brought to light a small chamber under the thatched roof, where priests had evidently often been hidden, and in which were found an old chair and a religious book. In 1855, in one of the south front projections of the remarkable Ingateston Hall, a hiding-place was discovered quite by accident. In the southeast corner of a small room connected with what apparently was the host's bedroom, some floor boards were found, which, in turn, covered a trapdoor two feet square. A ladder, two centuries old, was found below, and an ancient trunk or chest.

In spite of the tortures they received, however, the last act of the

majority of victims, as they wearily dragged themselves up the steps to the gallows in front of a jeering, bloodthirsty mob, was to say a prayer of forgiveness for Elizabeth, Topcliffe, and the rest. Their whole experience bore a strong resemblance to the hunted, crucified Christ, and with Him the last words of the dying priests were invariably: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

ANASTASIA J. KIRBY, '35.

Song of the Forest

Far back in the days of youth's sweet dreams,
Out of the mists of time,
I remember a wood by an opal stream,
Where I heard the church bells chime,
And a song drifted out of the starlit screen,
A song that once was mine.

Soft words fluttered down on that clear night,
While the forest shook and sighed,
The song swept over the world so bright,
It entered my heart and died.
The melody faded, and so in flight
I left the forest that sighed.

And now many years have come and gone,
And again in the sky above,
I see the stars and I see the moon,
White as the wings of a dove,
But I hear not the song which I heard too soon,
I hear not the song of love.

WINIFRED BURDICK, '35.

A Moonlight Delusion

They were sitting side by side in a dark corner of the hotel veranda. The rising moon looked through the silence and flooded its silver path across the sea. Crystal stars in a velvety sky twinkled with happiness. Suddenly he spoke to her.

"It's a glorious night, isn't it?"

She turned quickly, like a startled fawn, he thought, and, after a moment's hesitation, replied a trifle breathlessly, "Yes, it's simply gorgeous!"

At the sound of her clear, melodious voice he quivered with pleasure and found himself overwhelmed with an intense desire to hear it again. He was in the throes of composing some further inanity on the beauty of the evening, when a sound as of little bells tinkling in the wind filled the air. She was laughing! But the gay tinkling ceased abruptly and she leaned towards him contritely.

"I'm so sorry! It was very rude of me to laugh, but I just thought of the funniest thing!"

The tone of her voice was an incontestable contradiction to her words, for it seemed brimming over with unshed tears. He, failing to observe this inconsistency, however, sensed only a surging relief that he had not been the object of her mirth. He regained all the composure of his twenty-two years and made a valiant attempt to start the ball of conversation rolling smoothly.

"Are you stopping here long?" he began hopefully.

"No, we, that is, Mother and I, are motoring to my aunt's home on the Maine coast. This hotel is the last stop on our journey. We arrived during dinner and plan to leave quite early tomorrow morning. Are you spending the season here?"

"Yes, unfortunately. The family is in Europe." No need to tell her they were mountain climbing. The less said about himself the better for all concerned, he thought grimly.

Then they lapsed into a deep silence, broken only by the rhythmic pounding of the surf on the sandy shore. He was irritated beyond endurance by the dull monotony of it and was on the verge of saying so when she spoke.

"Don't you love to listen to the ocean?" Fortunately she did not wait for a reply. "It rolls in so boisterously, and then, as if frightened

by its own audacity, rushes back with such a timid murmur." Again her silvery laugh!

Her sincere affection for the sea surprised him not a little, and he inquired in a perplexed tone, "Doesn't its sameness annoy you?"

"But, that's just the point, it's not the same!" she reproved him gently. "It's always changing! Like a moody child! One moment it is silent and pensive, the next happy and frolicsome, and sometimes it is angry and turbulent."

As he listened to her, his unreasonable resentment towards the sea vanished quite miraculously, and he heard himself heartily agreeing with her sentiments.

By this time the moon was majestically enthroned in the vast dome above them, serenely pouring down a gentle radiance. It caressed her hair and made the curly tendrils gleam like lustrous gold. When he found his voice, it was strangely soft and awed.

"With such beautiful hair I'm sure your eyes must be a deep pansy violet. They are, aren't they?" he asked pleadingly.

He thought he heard her catch her breath in a stifled sob, but it must have been his imagination because she answered him quite evenly.

"Yes, they do happen to be that shade. You're a remarkably good guesser." Her voice trailed off into a rippling laugh. She had an exquisite laugh that bubbled up suddenly and unexpectedly in the most delightful way. It sent happy little chills chasing up and down his spine.

After he had fully recovered from its pleasing effects he was preparing to launch off into a lengthy encomium on violet eyes when she deftly turned the conversation into other channels.

"Won't you tell me how you spend your days here? I suppose swimming, tennis, and driving take up most of your time, don't they?"

He looked up suspiciously, but she was staring intently across the black vastness of the ocean.

"Yes, they're the usual things around here," he replied briefly. Then, warily, "I imagine you're a splendid sportswoman."

Her response was prevented by approaching footsteps. Without turning her head, she said: "Here comes my mother. I must be going in now." She rose and with a musical "Good night," took her mother's arm, and disappeared.

He glanced with a terrible bitterness from his helpless legs to a pair of crutches carefully concealed in the shadows. And she walked through the hotel foyer pathetically grateful that he did not know that her violet eyes were sightless. The sweet, mournful cry of a sandpiper floated through the night echoing the sad thoughts of a boy and a girl.

A. M. Handrahan, '35.

Lady of Life

Our Lady walked at sunrise
'Mid roses dewy sweet,
Where gentle morning breezes
Blew petals round her feet.
Our Lady walked at sunrise
Where rose-buds softly frail
Caressed Our Lady's sandals
Like a misty, pink-flushed veil.

Our Lady walked at nooning
'Mid lilies white as snow,
That nodded in the sunshine,
Bathed in a golden glow.
Our Lady walked at nooning
Where calyxed lilies sway,
And spread their frosted petals
Along her sun-swept way.

Our Lady walked at twilight
As shadows deeper grew,
And out across the heavens
Flashed stars against the blue.
Our Lady walked at twilight
O'er grass begemmed with dew,
Which clung in crystal pendants
About her mantle blue.

O Lady, be our guiding Light,
To help us in our Day of Life;
Aid us as we walk our way
Through twilight's gloom to Eternal Day!

DOROTHEA A. DUNIGAN, '34.

Impressions of Contemporary Writers

"Some books are to be tasted, some books are to be chewed, and some few are to be swallowed and digested." When Francis Bacon said this he must have realized that, as in social life we choose our friends, cultivating some and avoiding others, so also in our intellectual activity in the field of literature, we find weeds among the flowers. Books and their authors have always been my best friends, as well as my constant and ever delightful companions. They never weary of my company, and are not annoyed when other interests take me from them. I can ignore them for years, yet when I return to them they minister to my needs as before, giving all, expecting nothing in return, taking the ache out of a tired body and brushing the cobwebs from an often vacant mind. Sometimes I have been forced to part company with writers who create an excellent surface impression but who crumble pitifully under analysis, and this is quite as painful as parting with personal friends would be.

I feel convinced that Hilaire Belloc will be a lifelong friend. He is familiar to me as an essayist and in that capacity I find him altogether delightful, with a rare sense of humor that is never misplaced. He is remarkably versatile and can write on every subject, from a piece of string to "The Science of Man." In his informal essays, such as those compiled under the title *On* or *On Everything,* he seems always to be enjoying himself immensely. Certainly the reader has a good time, too, for Mr. Belloc has a rare gift of taking his reader into his confidence. If he satirizes, as he often does, one never feels that she is the butt of his joke, but rather as if she were helping him to make the joke. Finally, he is the only prominent contemporary whom I endorse unreservedly, both in point of style and of philosophy. And a writer whose philosophy may be approved without reservation is something of a miracle in this day and age.

Belloc naturally brings Chesterton to my mind, though it is with pain rather than with pleasure that I say it. I wish I could relish Chesterton as some people claim they do! I must confess he talks over my head much more often than he talks into it. I realize that he is worth cultivating, but he is one friend I do not choose! I admire him as a man having the courage of his convictions. When I understand him, he is charming enough, but those moments are rare! I began Chesterton

in the wrong way, and that, I think, is the reason I am having such difficulty in dissipating the first bad taste. I wanted to know something about "the Pshaw of Great Britain," and thought to kill two birds with one stone by introducing myself to both Chesterton and Shaw. I knew no more about Shaw after reading Chesterton's *George Bernard Shaw* than I did before I read it. He shall have, however, every chance to vindicate himself. As I look at his picture—and the only word I can think of to describe him is "explosive"—I am reminded of the mental picture I had drawn of him for my own enjoyment. I fancied Chesterton to be a second Leslie Howard, tall, slender, dignified, austere. An English friend of mine, who has seen him "in the flesh," refers to him as a "jolly old pincushion." Dignity! Austerity!

As an essayist, Christopher Morley has afforded me many happy hours. What appears on the surface to be sheer nonsense in *Swiss Family Manhattan* is between the lines a clever, and to my mind, a thoroughly justifiable satire on Americans of today. There can be no doubt that we are guilty of every absurdity, indelicacy, and superficiality with which he charges us, however many doubts we may have in turn regarding Morley's philosophy and morality. Every sentence in the book is surfeited with meaning, and I think he justifies his claim that he usually averages two puns to a page. A pun is a dangerous thing, but Morley has it down to an art. His latest book, *Human Being,* is the biography of the man in the street, any man of limited experience and no fame. More precisely it is the story of "a human being caught in the act of being human." Morley begins, not with the conventional beginning of the factual biographer, but with the death of the man and works backwards, tracing not only the shaping influences in his subject's life, but also the trials and tribulations of the imaginary biographer. Here again Morley indulges in satire, but in a minor degree. His definition of a human being is worth remembering: "A human being is a creature alternating eighteen hours of mischief with six of innocence." Unfortunately the book is tainted with a questionable morality, for he treats illicit love, a favorite subject with contemporaries, sympathetically. When Morley writes informally on every subject from old trousers to his heirs, he has no equal.

Stephen Leacock, even though he is no beauty, is a joy forever. Had Shakespeare seen Leacock, I think he might have hesitated before he wrote: "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face." I had formed no mental picture of Leacock, but when I saw a picture of him, I remember having said, "Yes, he looks like that,"—"that" signifying mirth and hilarity to a degree. It is difficult to imagine how Leacock, in the rôle of Professor of Economics at McGill University,

can contain himself long enough to begin a class in that most mirthless of subjects, not to speak of carrying it through to a dignified end.

On February 6, 1933, I indulged my curiosity and justified my faith in Richard Halliburton. On that date he spent the afternoon at Jordan's book store autographing his books and increasing the already extraordinary sales thereof. A young travel writer, he has been characterized as "bold, imaginative, irreverent, writing with a spontaneity that dismisses all rules," and has been condemned and praised and argued about for seven years. But by remaining true to his own "strange and extravagant act," he has become an American institution. Bold and imaginative and spontaneous he undoubtedly is, but I do not think he is irreverent. As he says himself, in replying to a critic who accused him of an imposture: "For all this dwelling on the shallows apparently prevented any notice being taken of the depths." This is precisely the case with those who charge him with irreverence. He is accused of lack of appreciation because, perhaps, he was flippant in discussing the gods on Mount Olympus. But just before indulging his whims, he says on approaching Olympus, "far above, its pinnacle still shone into the night, soaring toward the heavens, like a prayer." That is poetry, not irreverence. He was always keenly sensitive to the beauty and significance of the places he visited, even if he did act a comedy at some of them. He may have made an unsavory remark about the majestic Matterhorn, but at the same time he marvelled before it and stood in respectful awe of its Creator. He may have been disillusioned by the "decay and shocking disrepair," the blatant and garish demonstrations in the vicinity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, "And yet," he says, "despite the barbaric and unholy scenes, I left the Sepulchre as I had come, reverently,—one cannot doubt the authenticity of the faith of the millions and millions of devout people who have worshipped there —it is desperately sincere—I burned a respectful candle."

There are those who have taken great pleasure in telling me not to believe all that Mr. Halliburton says, that he has a unique imagination, and has climbed some of those mountains in his dreams. Others have accused him of being too well satisfied with himself. Concerning the truths or untruths in the Halliburton books, we should prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt, even if we had never read his able defense of himself in *The Flying Carpet,* and even if he had not revealed himself to be honest in essentials in another way. In any case, imagination is no drawback. Those who prefer charges of self-satisfaction against him have never seen him react to an audibly admiring mob. I have seen screen celebrities step on to the legitimate stage with an attitude of supreme egotism; I have seen politicians, business men, teach-

ers, reveal self-esteem merely in the way in which they enter a room, or acknowledge an introduction. Richard Halliburton impressed me by his unobtrusive manner. Greater minds than mine had reacted against him, and I was prepared for the worst. Indeed, I was wide-eyed and open-mouthed, as he entered the bookstore. I suppose I expected him to do a somersault over a counter and a handspring into a chair. I am still trying to reconcile the dignified, serious young man who unceremoniously autographed books for whoever requested it with the harum-scarum vagabond who found that a Princeton degree, flaunted in the face of a salty sea captain, did not impress him with his nautical abilities, which were, in fact, non-existent. Dignity was the last thing his books and his critics had led me to expect in Richard Halliburton. It is the first thing now with which I credit him. He remained on that day, from three-thirty until five o'clock, the most unaffected celebrity I have ever seen, with a great deal of self-confidence, but little self-esteem. He looked younger than his thirty-three years and was surprisingly slight of build. There was nothing in his appearance or manner to suggest that he had done unusual things, or that he thought he had. Even if one knew nothing about him, the twinkle in his eyes would tell you that he has a sense of fun and that he can laugh at himself.

Fortunata C. Caliri, '34.

Pro Patria

Still hope is there. Upon the nation's pulse
A strong hand lingers, breathlessly aware
Of every throbbing. Stimulant to dare
A gold-crazed world and gain untold results,
A man has come to stem a sea of cults
Which undermine, with stealth, our cities fair.
A President, whose selfless pride is rare
In bigot world, where praise is mere insult.
An eagle sweeps across a sky, as blue
Itself as cloudless canvas which it rides,
Assuaging, by its flight, the wrongs of years.
A world thanks God for Roosevelt. We knew
He could not fail. Our confidence abides
In him. With perfect faith we've banished fears.

Marie J. Scanlin, '34.

The Fog Lifts

It was a night admirably suited for a murder, or at least for a robbery. From the wharf a fog, black and foreboding, rolled up to the blue-black sky, extinguished the night lights glimmering there, and settled, without respect for person or for place, in every crack and cranny it could find in the little town of Cronwall. It was a cold night and damp, the fog having been preceded by a heavy rain. The air was wet, causing the fog, once it had wrapped itself around one, to cling with an almost suffocating pressure. It was a quiet night, as all Cronwall nights were when this "public enemy" took possession, more often than not, of the town. Cronwall could do nothing about it. Its most intrepid citizen might hurl defiance to no avail. The fog came and the fog stayed, until, silently, as it had come, it would, of its own accord and at its own convenience, roll away towards the sea, whence it had come. The majority of Cronwall's citizens remained indoors and retired early on these dismal nights. One gained nothing by venturing forth, except wet clothing, a cold, if one were at all susceptible, and a vehement renewal of plans to move inland. These plans, however, never materialized, so the gain was negligible.

It was, as I have said, a night admirably suited for a murder, or at least for a robbery. Not only would the fog conceal the movements of the criminal, but it would also,—and this is of utmost importance to the villain,—discourage any possibility of detection.

Emerging from an indistinct, shapeless cloud of fog, Geoffrey and Leslie Kane linked arms and turned to walk in the direction of Main Street. They had come out of the front door of a house in a narrow crooked street, but on such a night the house was nothing more than a cloud of concentrated fog. They walked slowly, as if they were feeling the way. Neither of them, it might be well to add, were contemplating murder or any other form of violence. One of them was anticipating an enjoyable evening at Cronwall's only motion picture theatre, located in Cronwall Square, six blocks away on Main Street; the other was doubtful concerning the merits of the proposed evening's entertainment. In the distance they could see the faint glimmer of light which told them that Main Street was holding its own and was not thinking of turning down its lights at the behest of the silent invader. The two young men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty, were not afraid,

but they were sure that Main Street would be much more comfortable, once reached. Dimmed lights are so much more friendly than no lights at all, especially on a black night.

"What a night! Do you suppose the show will be worth all this trouble?" It was Geoffrey speaking, and in the dull bored tone of his voice was the answer to his own question.

"Of course. Did Novarro ever disappoint you in any of his pictures?" Leslie was enthusiastic. Evidently for him the actor in question could do no wrong.

"Oh, he's all right." The figure at his side stiffened, and Geoffrey hurried on to speak of the one subject which should not be discussed on so black a night.

"Third robbery in two weeks happened last night, Les. Right across the street from us, too."

"I didn't read it up, but whoever is doing the jobs is mighty clever. Why, it's getting so that everybody suspects everybody else, and you're no longer safe in your own home."

"Y'know, Les, I think it's one man, and he comes up in a boat at night, and goes off the same way. He leaves absolutely no traces."

"You may be right, Geoffrey, but I think it's somebody living right around here in Cronwall, somebody who knows who's home and who isn't home. He does his work and then gets swallowed up in the town crowds—that's why he can't be followed."

The fog seemed to be getting thicker, and Geoffrey and Leslie pressed closer together, turned their coat collars up around their ears and walked a little faster. In reality the fog was lifting. It was only the mental fog which thickened as they discussed in detail the series of burglaries which had of late terrorized Cronwall and baffled the police.

"Anyway, it doesn't say much for Cronwall's police force. Why, Scotland Yard . . . " Concerning the merits of Scotland Yard we may not hear, for just at this point, to Geoffrey's right—he was on the inside of the pavement—running footsteps were audible. A heavy body lunged against Geoffrey and would have knocked him over had not Leslie offset the jolt. The man had emerged from a narrow alley, quite invisible, and being in a great hurry to be on his way had jostled the two boys. He mumbled an apology and adding that he "didn't know anyone was around" started off in front of the boys towards Main street. Like a flash, one idea passed through two young minds. The man in front of them had now broken into a run. Leslie and Geoffrey walked faster.

"He's in a terrific hurry! And where did he come from, anyway?" asked Geoffrey who was still feeling the effects of a sharp elbow in his right side. "Why does he keep turning around and looking back?"

Geoffrey was excited. Three times before he reached the corner the man turned to see if anyone was following. And after each backward glance he hastened his steps, apparently because the two boys hastened theirs. At the corner he stopped a moment, and, making use of the light which penetrated the blackness from the globe of the lamp-post, he glanced at his watch, felt for something in his pocket (a gun perhaps, Geoffrey was sure of it), turned his coat collar up, pulled his hat down further over his eyes, and turned off in the direction of the Square, walking briskly. As soon as he had disappeared around the corner the two boys began to run.

"Come on, Les. He looks suspicious."

Behind them a man and woman, who had made their appearance a minute or two before, looked at each other and wondered what the two lads in front of them had seen to make them break into a run so abruptly.

Still running they turned the corner, and because Main Street had a light at every intersection they were able to see the suspect who was just crossing the street a block ahead. As unexpectedly as they had opened the race they slackened their pace and continued forward in brisk walk. All thoughts of the movies had fled, and had you observed to Leslie that Novarro was merely "all right" he would have cried: "Righto! Look at him—he turned around again. He's been up to something and he knows we're following him."

Pursued and pursuers fled along Main Street and it is well perhaps that the one could not read the thoughts of the other two.

They were approaching the Square, the theatre lights in the distance blazed a warm invitation. The place was alive with people. One block away from the theatre the man paused again under a light, glanced at his watch and then backward over his shoulder. He saw the two boys and behind them a man and a woman. He slackened his speed and walked a bit more leisurely toward the theatre. A police officer coming from the other direction passed the man just as the latter slowed up.

"Look!" whispered Geoffrey. "He saw the officer coming and he slowed up. He's smooth!" And then, because it seemed the thing to do that night, Geoffrey and Leslie glanced over their shoulders. The man and woman were close behind, looking for all the world like two ghosts, as a blurred outline was all that one could perceive through the fog.

"Gosh!" said Geoffrey under his breath. "It looks as if *we're* followed, not following."

The man had by now turned in at the box office of the theatre, which was located just off the Main Street, and was lost to sight, momentarily.

He purchased tickets, and turning back from the box office reappeared on the main street and looked back in the direction from which he had just come. With an agile movement he averted a second collision with Geoffrey, who, breathless and excited, fastened his eyes on the man whom he faced so suddenly and so unexpectedly, and would have challenged him, had not the man, a young man about his own age, looked past and beyond him, and said to the man and woman who were now within hearing distance:

"I say, Aunt Nellie, it took you long enough to get out. I've been watching for you all the way. No—here—I've got the tickets—to save time—it's late—the show began five minutes ago."

And just as Leslie and Geoffrey entered the theatre, they noticed that the fog had lifted.

Fortunata Caliri, '34.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

EARLY RISING

R-r-r-ing-g-g! "Old Faithful" breaks into the midst of my dreamy slumbers with its woeful message: "It's time to get up!" A cold draft of wind blows in through the open window and a general chilliness pervades the room, which is a great aid, if not a desirable one, to hasten the awakening. I cautiously stretch out a hand to test the temperature, my worst fears are realized, and as I put out my arm to shut off the persistent alarm, another chill blast sweeps across the room. The warmth of the covers is so inviting that I snuggle down luxuriously for just five minutes, and then intend to spring out of bed bravely and finish some work left from last night.

Five minutes pass, sadly I look at the clock, but then I remember that I had set it ahead five minutes the night before, so that allows me a few more minutes. In five minutes more I shall surprise myself by becoming strong in my purpose, spring out of bed, and attack the awaiting work. A few more minutes elapse, in which I ponder and worry about the dire results if I go to class without that important assignment finished. "Old Faithful," who had not failed in his duty, looks sadly on at this procedure and shakes his head mournfully, wondering why he never obtains successful results from his latest owner.

In the meantime I am but vaguely conscious of its persistent ticking, which drums out the message that the minutes are fast slipping away. Wrapped in rosy dreams, I forget my cares and worries, finding only pleasure in the joy and comfort of the moment. But, alas! as from every dream there comes a cruel awakening, a voice penetrates my slumber, calling, "Are you going to school today?" Without more ado I spring out of bed, while "Old Faithful" derisively smiles "7:30." But alas! I am an hour too late, my doom is sealed, I must wend my way to class and receive the direful judgment.

Such a pantomime is staged by my clock and me each morning that I plan to rise early and complete an assignment. Shamefully I admit that brave resolutions are made, but rarely carried out. Such is my weakness, I freely admit it, and after years of experience I have come to the conclusion that I must finish my work at night, for I never can rise early in the morning.

So, I say in conclusion, "Do or die at night, for it's sleep in the morning!"

GERTRUDE HICKEY, '34.

THAT WONDERFUL SOMETHING

It is indefinable, it is intangible, it is sublime. It is the price of youth and the glory of age. Whence comes that strange, knowing, far-away look, that beautiful beaming dimness that lights the eyes of the very old? Vainly I have sought it in the eyes of the young, but in its place I have found only a glow of eagerness and expectancy, a contagious aura of fire and promise. The eyes of the middle-aged are unfathomable and, having considerably outgrown the puzzled yet over-confident look of the twenties, they have taken on a clear, piercing quality, a superior tolerance, a keener outlook on life, born of the insight gleaned from experience. In the eyes of the suffering, through the mist of pain and tears, there shines a flickering gleam of hope, of faith in life. Happiness finds its best reflection in the eyes; it darts merrily about, shooting out sparks of uncontrollable joy, actually transforming two human orbs into vivid depths of brilliancy and laughter.

Yes, there is without a doubt a decided charm, a kind of genuine beauty in every optical expression. It is, however, in the eyes only of the very old that one may perceive that lingering sweetness, that mystical loveliness which can only grace the windows of a soul swept and garnished by time, trial, sacrifice, and unselfish love. Time is a great healer, age a great purifier, and a mere five or ten years at the sunset of life can mellow the hardness, the bitterness, the unscrupulousness, the selfish intolerance of a lifetime. The sight of elderly persons always fascinates me. There is something so lovable, so tenderly solicitous about them.

Commuting daily, I have ample opportunity to observe the aged men and women who pass me by. One day in the subway two old men sat opposite me. From their appearance I judged that one was a day laborer, the other an aristocratic gentleman, prosperously attired. In the eyes of both, however, was the same gentle wisdom, the same weary content, as they benignly watched the little girl between them who was evidently the granddaughter of the laborer, and who, true to the tradition of little grandchildren, was plying him with endless questions.

Recently I met a young friend with his father and his grandfather. I was impressed with the vast difference in expression in spite of the strong family resemblance they bore to one another. I had the unaccountable feeling that the young man would never equal his father, and that he in turn would never equal his father,—and all because of the look in the old man's eyes, which seemed to smile on life and youth.

The whole beauty of that delightfully characteristic look seems to be the result of life's toil. The young are launching out on their journey, fearless, confident, dauntless. With nothing to conceal they face the world unflinchingly, eyes bright with ambition and ardor. The middle-

aged have suffered, have rejoiced, have made great mistakes and have done many fine things. They have lived and learned. On the ashes of their youth they build the foundation of their age. Eyes shadowy with conflicting interests and emotions, they regretfully survey the past and expectantly look to the future, since "hope springs eternal."

I would grow old quickly that I may the sooner look out on life and see with the eyes of age, that, chastened by troubles and expanded by joys, I may see at last the true worth of things, and that in my eyes may be lighted the unflickering light of Christian charity.

MARY R. KAVANAUGH, '35.

FAITH AND EDUCATION

"It is faith and an upright life that are required of thee; not the loftiness of intellect, nor diving deep into the Mysteries of God."

The Following of Christ, bk. IV, chap. 18.

Whoever has tarried for a moment in the press of life to ask himself frankly whither he is going, and why, will appreciate the above truth. Reduced to the final analysis, Knowledge in itself is a sterile attribute; it leads to truth, yes, but what is truth but an abstract ideal, somewhat lacking in warmth and force? Granting that the consolations of philosophy are numerous, we must admit that in a moment of dire temptation, or in a moral crisis, all the lore of the ancients, all the axioms of Seneca, and all the high-minded discourses of Cicero exert a salutary effect that is practically "nihil." Nor does Science, with a thorough acquaintance of the harmful results following an action, deter us. This has been amply demonstrated in the Russian experiment, where the removal of the supernatural element in moral training resulted in a landslide of the morals. The resultant chaos is perhaps the reason for the recent tolerance and even sympathy with which the U. S. S. R. has treated the religious question, having discovered that to wipe out a God and maintain a civilization were not compatible. We are digressing from our main point, but this example goes to prove that the idea of a God is essential, not only to the metaphysician and theologist, but to the man in the street. It may be objected that society is governed by the primitive "mores," but these in turn suppose a deity. Abolish one and the floor beneath the other falls, too.

BARBARA FERGUSON, '36.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

LOYALTY

One of the most admirable traits in the character of John Henry Newman is his undying loyalty to Oxford. Even before Newman entered that great center of learning, he held it in awe as one would a "sacred thing," and his presence in the university for so many years only served to increase and to hallow this affection. Shortly before his conversion to the Catholic faith, he felt the necessity of withdrawing from Oxford, and the separation caused him indescribable grief.

Of the many references in the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* to his love for his Alma Mater, none, I think, is more poignant than when he describes the sorrowful day of his departure. "I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls . . . and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own petual residence even unto death in my own University." And "even unto death" was his loyalty, although until 1864, when he wrote the *Apologia,* he could say with pathos: "I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

That his love and interest in Oxford continued undiminished through the years is shown in the following excerpt from a letter written by Canon Scott Holland describing a visit that he made to Newman at the Birmingham Oratory, in 1877. "The talk was all about Oxford. He could not tire of the smallest detail of news from there. Every little touch was of interest to him. Had I seen Dr. Pusey lately? I told him of a University Sermon which the Doctor had just delivered in a voice choked for minutes at a time by hurricanes of coughing. 'Ah, yes! he never could manage the voice.' I mentioned that Oriel was in difficulty over its roof, and had to patch up its gables with plaster, having no money to do more. 'Yes, the beams in the roof were always rotten.' So the enquiries went on, in silvery whispers, keen and quick. It was, of course, wonderful and beautiful to me that he should treat me with such deference, and should invest me, so delicately, with something of the halo that belonged to anyone who brought a touch of Oxford to him. I had to fly for my train, and sped home tingling with the magic of a presence that seemed to me like the frail embodiment of a living voice.

His soul was in his voice, as a bird is in its song. It was his spiritual expression."

Newman's last visit to Oxford was in response to an invitation to a dinner in his honor after he had received the dignity of the Cardinalate. Mr. James Bryce, at that time American Ambassador in London, describes this visit in a letter to Wilfred Ward. "There was something tenderly pathetic to us younger men in seeing the old man come again, after so many eventful years, to the hall where he had been wont to sit as a youth, the voice so often heard in St. Mary's retaining, faint though it had grown, the sweet modulations Oxford knew so well, and the aged face worn deep with the lines of thought, struggle, and sorrow. The story of a momentous period in the history of the University and of religion in England seemed to be written there."

This loyalty in Newman for his Alma Mater denotes an admirable staunchness and trueness of character. We should not, however, simply admire this virtue of Newman, but rather we should attempt to develop this trait in ourselves. Loyalty to our college reflects in a twofold manner: upon the college, and perhaps more prominently upon ourselves. If we are loyal and grateful to our Alma Mater, we shall have that same attitude towards our friends, and we shall develop a trait of character that will strengthen us in every way.

So, if we leave our study of Newman with little else than a realization of his love, his loyalty, and his undying gratitude to Oxford, and with the determination to develop in ourselves at least a spark of these admirable traits, we shall have gained much.

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

FORESIGHT

On all sides we are greeted with tales of financial difficulties, stories of industrial failures, and accounts of social and educational calamities. And the reason? It is that poor old, much-abused "Depression" who receives all the blame. Indeed, he has ravaged the country and left a trail of grief behind him, but why must we lay all our evils at his door? Surely some are of our own making and consequently of our own curing.

Even the most pessimistic of us can see, however, that "Old Man Depression" is retreating and we are thankful for it. But what are we going to do about it? Are we going to breathe a sigh of relief and then sit back calmly awaiting something to happen? No, indeed, not if we are aware of the needs of the times. This financial and industrial upheaval has created a unique situation for which we must prepare our-

selves. In a very short time, a matter of months for some, but at the most a few years, we shall have finished our course of study and we shall be searching for all-too-elusive positions. What are we going to find? Many people who have been unemployed for the past few years will be seeking work. Others who have just finished school will be seeking employment. The result will be that professional fields will be more overcrowded than ever and competition will be very keen—keener than we have as yet experienced. Who, then, will be chosen for the available positions among so many applicants? Not those who are fair or mediocre students, but those who are best in their chosen profession.

Perhaps you will ask what all this has to do with us, since we are not looking for positions just now. That is true. We are not in search of employment just now, but the time is not far off when most of us will be. Fortunately, we are, however, in an excellent position to equip ourselves better for that time. It is now that we must prove to ourselves that we are not satisfied with a poorer type of scholarship. We must strive to perfect ourselves intellectually so that when we do apply for a position we shall be able to present the best possible qualifications.

If, however, we do not arm ourselves with the strong weapons of faith and learning during the remainder of our college days, let us not self-sympathizingly blame "Depression" when we meet failure, but rather let us recognize the fact that our plight is the result of our own indolence and lack of foresight.

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

E. C. ECHOES

Monday, September 11, 1933.

A Freshman Week Diary

Dear Diary: Well, at last it has come and gone—our first day at Emmanuel College! How thrilled we were when, upon assembling in the auditorium, we were warmly welcomed by the Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, and addressed as "College Freshmen." In this first morning talk we were particularly impressed with the fact that we must "start by starting." I think that we have done so, because we spent the rest of the day making friends and arranging our programs. I wonder what tomorrow will bring.

Tuesday, September 12, 1933.

Dear Diary: After the Dean's talk this morning, we had that "awful thing" known as an intelligence test, which was not so "awful" after all. This afternoon brought the long-awaited meeting between the Freshmen and their Junior sisters. We just know that we have the very best Juniors.

Wednesday, September 13, 1933.

Well, Diary, after our morning lecture, we practised songs for Cap and Gown Sunday. It sounds interesting, doesn't it? This afternoon we were entertained at a concert given in the auditorium by Miss Margaret Dooley, a graduate of Trinity, who has a beautiful voice. We were so happy to be able to have our mothers and friends as guests, so that they could understand why we liked everything and everybody so well.

Thursday, September 14, 1933.

Dear Diary: Today has been the busiest day this week. There was something doing every minute. After the Orientation Lecture we met our teachers, and after luncheon elected our class officers: Mary Henderson of Hudson, president; Loretto Murphy of West Roxbury, vice-president, Helen Delaney of Cambridge, secretary, and Alice Quartz of Newton, treasurer. For the past few days we have felt like grown-up college students, but this afternoon all our dignity vanished, for we were transformed into babies and were dutifully cared for by our junior nursemaids. It was lots of fun to see our classmates attired in baby apparel. Prizes were awarded to Barbara Sullivan, the prettiest baby; to Mary Powers, the cutest; to Barbara McGrath, the healthiest, and to Claire Busby, the most original. There is to be another party tomorrow.

Friday, September 15, 1933.

Dear Diary: Today brought another test, but since it was on the Emmanuel Handbook, we did not mind it, because we want to know the rules and traditions of our college. At two o'clock, there was a general assembly of the entire student body, about three hundred and twenty students in all. All week we had looked forward to seeing all the students gathered together, and when Sister Helen Madeleine addressed us all as "students of Emmanuel," we felt that we really belonged to the college. After this assembly, we went to the gym for the Get-Acquainted Party. This certainly was true to its name, for we "got acquainted" with everyone. Our Juniors presented us to the Faculty and to the students, and we were kept busy for the rest of the afternoon.

I am quite sure, dear Diary, that the heart of every Freshman is filled tonight with gratitude to Sister Helen Madeleine and to all who helped to make Freshman Week the happy and never-to-be-forgotten week that it has been.

M. and R. H., '37.

El Club Español

El Club Español held its first meeting on September eighteenth. The president, Miss Emily Collins, welcomed the new members to the club, and urged all to make this year's meetings as interesting as possible. Miss Anne O'Neill recited several of Becquer's poems. Miss Rose Maffeo, '34, gave an appreciative lecture on the life of Murillo, one of the greatest poets of Spain. Following this, all the members took part in an enjoyable game of Spanish proverbs.

On the sixth of November the Spanish Club presented a very interesting and enjoyable illustrated conference on Spain's great Catholic artist, Bartolome Esteban Murillo. The great success of the afternoon's meeting was achieved by the "simpaticas" officers, Misses Emily Collins, Rose Maffeo, Dorothea Dunigan, Helen McGettrick, and the loyal enthusiasm of the members of the Club Español.

The Foreign Mission Society

With renewed zest the Foreign Mission Society commenced its year of activities on September twenty-fifth. Miss Dorothea Dunigan opened the meeting and read an interesting note from Sister Superior Provincial, thanking the society for its donation of last year. During the meeting the members were asked to say five thousand rosaries for the Students' Mission Crusade. The Freshmen, whose representative is Anna

Sheehan, were given the charge of collecting stamps. On October fourth, the Society had the pleasure of welcoming two Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, one of whom spoke of the remarkable work that is being done by Mother Drexel and her community for our Home Missions among the Negroes and Indians. The aim of the Sisters in coming was to foster a desire for a Mission vocation among the students.

"Beano" came to Emmanuel on Monday afternoon, October twenty-third, under the auspices of the Senior members of the Foreign Mission Society and transformed the unromantic gymnasium. The game may have a commonplace title, but it works like a charm. For those who could not find a place at the "Beano" tables, there was a booth reserved for any who had faith in the roulette table, which guaranteed to "double your money." We hope that "Beano" will come again and stay longer.

In looking forward as undergraduates to Senior days, it was Cap and Gown Sunday that was the goal rather than Commencement itself.

Cap and Gown Sunday

For the Class of 1934 Cap and Gown Sunday was October first. The day seemed more pleasant than any other Cap and Gown Sunday, the chapel looked more lovely as it opened its doors to receive eager young seniors in cap and gown. After Mass we had breakfast as usual in the dining-hall, where our happiness was increased by addresses by our President, Sister Superior Julie, and by our Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine. The Seniors were praised and sung to by the other classes, and pictures were taken, a souvenir of this memorable occasion. And we lingered as long as possible to prolong our happiness. When we finally left the campus with our beautiful bouquets of American Beauty roses, our College flower, we carried away with us a memory that will always be cherished by each member of the Class of 1934.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot opened its year with a meeting on Monday, October second, at which the president, Mary Malloy, cordially welcomed the old and new members. Three councillors were elected to take charge of future entertainments: Catherine Lane, '34; Evangeline Mercier, '35, and Fabronia Antos, '36. The attraction of the afternoon was the entertaining and enlightening talk given by Mary Barrow, '33, last year's recipient of the Louis Veuillot Scholarship, which provides a summer course at the Sorbonne. Miss Barrow graphically described her impressions of France and of French life.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

The second meeting of the Cercle Louis Veuillot took place on November the thirteenth. After the roll-call there was a very interesting lecture given by Miss Phyllis Joy on "Student Life in Paris." Following which there was an informal discussion by the members of the Club. Miss Oda McClure of the Junior Class gave an interesting book review of "Au Cap Blamidan" by Abbé L. Groulx. The rest of the meeting was devoted to French games.

The Classical Society

In its endeavor to foster an appreciation for classical culture, the Classical Society, on October fourth, planned an interesting program for the coming year under its president, Catherine Lane, '34. Mary Devenny gave a delightful account of her summer tour of countries bordering on the Mediterranean shores. Miss Devenny chose Greece and Rome particularly for her lecture. Notwithstanding the fact that the ruins of these two ancient centers of culture are supposed to be known to us by study and pictures, we could not but share the enthusiasm of Miss Devenny, as she discussed the splendor of the beautiful marble columns of the Parthenon and the exquisite architectural perfection of the statue of Athena on the Acropolis. And yet, in the midst of Grecian ruins, Miss Devenny informed us, there were policemen, trolley cars, hotels, and even cafés. She discussed Rome under three aspects: ancient, medieval, and modern. The criticism of Miss Devenny on modern Rome was of particular interest, for she characterized it as displaying signs of depression, and possessing modern systems of transportation, fine roads, and excellent apartments. In conclusion, Miss Devenny stated that Saint Peter's of Rome stands as a symbol of Religion, and that she thinks that in this world of scepticism, there will be an abrupt reversion to Rome, the source of Christianity.

The Classical Society held its second meeting of the academic year on Monday, November twentieth. After a short business meeting, during which plans for the second semester were discussed, the informal part of the program was carried out. The Junior members of the society enacted a playlet that was translated into Greek, entitled "The Queen and the Knight," which is in reality the well-known episode of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. In the cast were: Helen Kelleher, Ethel Kelleher, Margaret McBrien, Dorothea McDonald and Mary De Guglielmo, all members of the class of 1935. Marion Buckley, '34, vice-president of the Classical Society, then entertained the group with an illustrated lecture of her travels and experiences in Europe during the

past summer. She dwelt particularly on Roman life and the relationship of Rome with Etruria. She included an interesting and instructive description of Italy as a whole, also of Switzerland, Germany, and France, and illustrated her talk with cards and snapshots. The meeting was both instructive and enjoyable.

The Historical Society

The Historical Society commenced its series of lecture programs on October thirteenth, by presenting to the faculty and to the student body the distinguished Congressman, the Honorable William P. Connery, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The subject selected was the National Recovery Act, the aims and anticipated accomplishments of which were accurately and definitely outlined in the course of the lecture. Probably the most significant revelation made by the lecturer was concerning the authorship of the National Recovery Act, the principles of which were formulated by Congressman Connery and Michael J. Flynn, a labor leader. Mr. Connery adroitly presented to his audience the procedures taken in the final adoption of that gigantic symbol of the present democratic spirit, the code, which necessitates an increase in wages, thereby terminating the monopoly of buying power by a few and transferring it into the hands of the people. At the conclusion of the lecture a question box concerning the National Recovery Act was opened, and proved most interesting as well as instructive.

Whenever the Historical Society announces a lecture, a real treat is anticipated, but especially so when the lecturer is to be the Reverend J. F. X. Murphy, S.J., of the Boston College Graduate School. "Education in the Middle Ages" was the subject under consideration on November fifteenth, and so adroitly was it handled that we are convinced Father Murphy is well surnamed "the middle-age professor." Among the topics touched upon in the course of the address the following are noteworthy: current misrepresentations concerning the Middle Ages; textbooks which are to be guarded against, those which are to be used; abuses of the Middle Ages, imaginary and real; the rise of the universities and their development unto fruition; general education during the period. In his usual informing manner the lecturer gave valuable information dealing not only with the subject, but with matters leading up to and around it. As, for instance, that Catherine of Aragon arrived in England with her silver table plate and taught Englishmen their first table manners, little dreaming that this action would be the subject of discussion four hundred years later. Innumerable points of interest were touched upon in

the course of the hour, and we were loath to hear the speaker utter his concluding remarks. We always welcome Reverend Father Murphy to our lecture halls, and we trust that his return to us will not be too far distant.

The Publicity Bridge

On Monday afternoon, October sixteenth, the Publicity Committee held a very successful Bridge and Tea in the Music Hall. Refreshments were served by members of the committee and many beautiful prizes were won by the successful players. The committee consisted of the members of the Publicity Committee: Margaret Callahan, '34, chairman; Agnes McHugh, '34; Martha Doherty, '35; Anastasia Kirby, '35; Helen Lyons, '36; Rosemary Murdock, '37, and the officers of the four classes.

The Dramatic Society

A unique meeting was held on October eighteenth by the Dramatic Society, at which Eleanor Stankard, '34, president of the Society, acted as hostess. Entertainment was provided by Mary Shannon, '36, whose vocal solos were accompanied by Gertrude Larkin, '36. Anastasia Kirby, '35, gave a brilliant reading entitled, "A Noble Profession." Tea was poured by Mary C. McCarthy, Loretta Daley, Elizabeth Turcotte, Catherine McGuillan, Margaret Sullivan, Mary Smith, Mary McInerny, Mary Malloy, Agnes Crane, Mary Byrne, Coralie Nelson, Anastasia Kirby, and Rita Guthrie. Louise McAuliffe was elected Freshman representative.

The Literary Society

On Wednesday, October twenty-fifth, the Literary Society held its opening program of the year, the first contribution to which was a clever analysis of Christopher Morley's spirited satire, *Swiss Family Manhattan,* given in a most enlightening manner by Fortunata Caliri, '34. She pointed out the stylistic qualities of the work, and the fact that Mr. Morley's aim was to criticize American life and American institutions through the medium of satire and to bring Americans to the realization of the fact that Europeans have no illusions about them. In her review of Noël Coward's musical comedy, "Bitter Sweet," Elizabeth Beahan, '34, classed the work as typical of the modern naturalistic drama. She believes that

its distinctive value lies in the brilliancy of the dialogue rather than in the originality of the plot. Miss Beahan finds, however, that though the story is not unusual, it is masterfully treated and that it brings a unique beauty to the American stage. Gertrude Hickey, '34, gave an appreciation of the Book of the Month for January, 1933, Cicely Halleck's *Mirror for Toby*. In her synopsis of the novel, she traced the author's proof of the importance of woman in her capacity as a moral aid to man and outlined Miss Halleck's defiance of realism as well as her appreciation of spiritual values. Finally, Mary Devenny, '35, made a few brief but interesting comments on her impressions of the Holy Land. She convinced her listeners that the chief satisfaction of travel is not alone in seeing but mostly in feeling.

Appearance and Dress

The student body of Emmanuel College enjoyed an unusually interesting lecture on Monday, October thirtieth, given by Mrs. Theodosia Crosse, a woman of national distinction. Mrs. Crosse has acted as college president for ten years; as author, she has contributed to some of the leading magazines; as lecturer, she has presented literary and scientific discourses in prominent educational and club circles and under the most exclusive auspices in the United States. Her lecture on Appearance and Dress was entertaining and inspirational. Mrs. Crosse was a perfect exponent of the theories she stressed. She pointed out how important a part the inner beauty of personality and charm is to exterior appearance. The lecture was beneficial and at the same time delivered in so delightful a manner that the students were entertained while being instructed.

The Freshman Tea Dance

The tea dance on Saturday, November fourth, was unanimously voted one of the most delightful ever held by Freshmen of Emmanuel. The weather was beautiful, a gorgeous fall day; the place was the very best, the Copley-Plaza, and those in attendance completed the picture in the most attractive manner. The Freshmen displayed a very fine ability in organizing and carrying out their program. Mary Dunn, chairman, Cynthia Kingsley, Rosemary Murdoch, Isabel Maguire, Clare Busby, Marjorie Ryan, Mary Henderson, ex-officio, were certainly rewarded for their work by the success of the party.

Junior Class Plays

The Dramatic Society on November the sixth sponsored the début of its Junior members in the presentation of two brilliant performances entitled, "Not Quite Such a Goose" and "Letty." Members taking part in the former play were: Marguerite Carr as Albert Bell, in the rôle of a tantalizing unsophisticated youth of seventeen; Marion Cassidy as Mrs. Bell, the charming mother; Evangeline Mercier as Sylvia Bell, a typical sister who is the victim of the quips of an aggravating brother; Dorothea MacDonald as Phillip Hick, a youth whose endeavors at suavity seemed to be futile, and Clare O'Brien, the beautiful and gracious friend of Sylvia.

The title rôle of "Letty" was played by Dorothea O'Brien, who proved an amiable young lady. In the portrayal of Dorothea and Veronica by Martha Doherty and Anastasia Kirby respectively, our ideas of typical maiden ladies were fulfilled, and we wish to congratulate Veronica on her ability in the transformation of colors, particularly with regard to her wrap. Mary Stanton played the rôle of Barbara, a sweet Irish colleen. Anne S. McCarthy as Marybelle Sharpe, Mary Vaas as Babe, and Helen Murphy as Catherine, took the rôles of gracious young friends of Letty, who, as we witnessed in the interim of five years, had become connoisseurs in the art of being charming. Mrs. Grey portrayed the essence of refinement and dignity. The performances were presented exceptionally well and the audience expressed thorough enjoyment by laughter and applause. To the Juniors we extend our sincere congratulations on their theatrical début.

Catholic Action

The members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, under the direction of Gertrude Webber, '34, president, are continuing their interest in the Catholic Action movement. A Catholic Action Committee was organized two years ago and has been most successful in its endeavor to furnish the student body with information concerning the activities of the Church. This year six committees have been chosen: the Eucharistic Committee, under the leadership of Lillian O'Neil, '34, is attempting to stimulate devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by conducting a monthly Holy Hour and by advocating frequent visits to the chapel. Miss O'Neil is assisted by Agatha Maguire, '35; Marion Chiampa, '36, and Yolanda Lodie, '37. The purpose of the Marian Committee is to arouse interest in devotion to the blessed Virgin. Catherine Murphy, '34, is chairman, and has as assistants Martha Doherty, '35; Mary Roche, '36, and Mary Scanlon, '37. The Papal Committee, whose objective is to acquaint the student body

with the important acts of the Holy See, as well as to interpret and summarize the Papal Encyclicals, is headed by Marie Scanlin, '34, whose assistants are Evangeline Mercier, '35; Dora Murphy, '36, and Helen McCarthy, '37. The Liturgical Committee, introduced this year, aims to acquaint the student body with the feasts of the Church and of the Saints. Isabel Reilly, '34, is in charge of this committee. Its undergraduate members are Mary Stanton, '35; Rita Shea, '36, and Anita McCarthy, '37. The Catholic Literature Committee purposes to make Catholic authors and their works better known by giving reviews of these books at Assembly. Margaret Sullivan, '34, is the chairman. Her assistants are, Winifred Burdick, '35; Alice Dalton, '36, and Mary I. Sullivan, '37. The Catholic Interest Committee reports at assembly upon the current events of the Church at home and abroad. The chairman, Helen A. Glynn, '34, is assisted by Helen Kelleher, '35; Rita Brown, '36, and Cynthia Kingsley, '37.

Education Week Contest

For several years Emmanuel College has observed the National Education Week by opening a contest to the Senior Class members of the Catholic High Schools in the vicinity of Boston. This year the contest consisted in the choice of a passage from the *Imitation of Christ,* which would express the necessity of a supernatural element in education, and in an original paragraph which would develop the thought contained in the passage chosen. On November eighth a program was held in the auditorium of the College, to which the members of the classes of the more than two hundred competitors were invited, and at which the winners of the contest were announced.

The program consisted of a selection by the Emmanuel College orchestra, directed by Lillian Dale, '34; introductory remarks by the Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.L., Supervisor of Schools in the Archdiocese of Boston; a harp solo by Agnes McHugh, '34; a violin solo by Elizabeth McNamara, '35; an address by the Reverend John Doherty, S.J., Dean of the Graduate School of Boston College; vocal selections by Martha Hurley; a violoncello solo by Eleanor Fogerty, '36; the announcement of the winners of the contest, and the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the audience.

The three judges were the Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.L.; William F. Linehan, Ph.D., Dean of the Teachers' College of the City of Boston, and a member of the Emmanuel College Faculty. Prizes were awarded to the following contestants: first prize, Marjorie Michaels, Saint James High School, Salem; two second prizes, to Marie

McCue, Saint Gregory's School, Dorchester, and Marie Barry, Academy of Notre Dame, Granby street; third prize to Claire Torpy, Saint Mary's High School, Lawrence. Ten contestants were given honorable mention.

"Sylvia"

Heartiest congratulations are extended to those who cooperated to make the operetta, presented by the Musical Society on November twenty-fifth, such an overwhelming success. That the large audience was thoroughly appreciative was evidenced by the generous applause accorded the cast in their operatic début. The principal character, Sylvia, was played by Martha Hurley; Sir Bertram de Lacey, by Helen Goodwin; Betty, by Agnes McHugh; Polly, by Mary Shannon; Dolly, by Emily Collins; Molly, by Winifred Arendtz; William, by Gertrude Larkin; Prince Tobbytum, by Katherine Flatley. The court ladies, Arabella and Araminta, were played by Mary Salmon and Yolanda Lodie. Dorothy O'Brien and Emily Collins gave solo dances. There was also a trio dance by Emily Collins, Mary Shannon, and Winifred Arendtz, and chorus groups: the Haymakers, the Farmer's Sons and Daughters.

Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestral group, Paul Shirley conducting, gave its annual concert in the auditorium Sunday afternoon, November twelfth, before the students and their friends. Marie Murray, contralto, was the assisting artist, opening her program with "Che Faro Senza Euridice" from Glück's "Orpheus." The ensemble included among its selections the very popular "Petite Suite" by Debussy, and "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Mrs. Murray was received with enthusiastic applause and the concert was considered one of the best that the group has yet given at Emmanuel.

Miss Mary McInerney, Boston, president of the senior class, was in charge of the ushers who included Agnes E. McHugh, Everett, president of the Musical Society; Margaret T. Callahan, Watertown; Emily Collins, Milton; Eleanor Stankard, Belmont; Mary Smith, Hyde Park; Mary C. McCarthy, Brookline; Lillian Dale, Medford; Isabelle Reilly, Boston; Mary McDermott, Milton; Mary Geany, Boston; Mary J. McCarthy, Brookline; and Lillian O'Neil, Somerville.

ALUMNAE NOTES

There is something more exciting than setting out on a long journey and that is coming home again. There is something more thrilling than being graduated from Emmanuel and that is being welcomed back again. This, no doubt, accounts for the happy spirit which prevailed among the more than three hundred alumnae who returned to the college on Sunday, October twenty-ninth, for their annual autumn meeting. The presence of such a large number was eloquent testimony of the love and devotion given to Alma Mater by her alumnae, whose primary purpose is always the welfare of the college. It was good to hear that purpose emphasized again and again in the brief but pertinent remarks of Sister Helen Madeleine and in the gracious address of welcome delivered by our newly elected president, Mrs. Daniel Sheehan (Marion McDonald, '25), for it reminded us of our personal responsibility as members of the Alumnae Association. In a spirit wholly in accord with theirs, we began to discuss plans for the coming season.

Eager to hear what arrangements had been made for that annual and never-to-be-missed occasion, the Alumnae Supper Dance, we called upon Marguerite Burke, '30, chairman, to divulge her plans. Learning that the time is Thanksgiving Night and the place is the Copley-Plaza, we formed a firm resolution to be present, and then turned our attention to Alice Barry, who announced that as chairman of a theatre party to be held later on in the winter, she has already begun to map out her plans for an entertaining and profitable evening at one of Boston's leading theatres. More of this later.

Roquetta Curtin, '26, in charge of entertainment for the meeting, introduced Mary Kinneen, '25, who read "The Silver Lining," a playlet concerned with the surreptitious literary labors of Fanny Burney. After this thoroughly enjoyable interlude, tea was served by hostesses from each class. This part of our meeting might be called the most successful of all, for it was planned as an acquaintance party in order that members of the earlier and more recent classes might know each other better. Everyone wore an identification tag, and although in many cases these proved to be unnecessary, the fact that they were worn increased the spirit of congeniality and friendliness.

Over the teacups news was flying fast. Here are some of the bits that came to our ears:

CLASS OF 1923

Elizabeth Logan is teaching English at Emmanuel College.

CLASS OF 1926

Sister Mary Frances (Mary Mullet) came from Trinity to assist in the Biology department at Emmanuel College.

CLASS OF 1927

Margaret Kenney is teaching in St. Joseph's High School, Roxbury.

CLASS OF 1928

Esther Fox entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Waltham, in August.

CLASS OF 1929

Sister Catherine Joan (Katherine Skelley) is teaching at Trinity College.

Sister Mary James (Mary Walsh) is teaching in Saint Patrick's High School, Lowell.

CLASS OF 1930

Sister Ruth Marie (Ruth Kelley) is teaching in Saint Patrick's High School, Lowell.

Sister Mary John (Mary Hoye) is teaching in Notre Dame Academy in Tyngsboro.

Doris Donovan has been appointed to teach in the Waltham High School.

CLASS OF 1931

Margaret McLeod is teaching in Saint Mary's School, Boston.

Mary Bradley has been appointed in the Lawrence schools.

Elvena Cahoon has a position at the Pondville Hospital.

Mary Devlin has entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy in Providence.

Louise Fielding is teaching in Memorial High School, Boston.

Katherine Malley is employed at Filene's.

Agnes Martikke entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Waltham, in August.

Colette Murphy has a secretarial position.

CLASS OF 1932

Dorothy Jackson is employed as a private technician.

Mary Kelley received her Master's degree at Boston College in June, and has a position in the State House.

Mary Kenney is teaching in Saint Joseph's High School, Roxbury.

Adelaide O'Sullivan is teaching in Lawrence.

Eleanor Stafford is teaching a special class in the school of the Good Shepherd Convent.

Winifred Ward is teaching in the Framingham High School.

CLASS OF 1933

Marian Barry has a social service position.

Frances Blute has been appointed in Somerville.

Margaret Brewin is teaching in Everett.

Catherine E. Burke is a cadet teacher in Woburn.

Claire Connors has been appointed in the Somerville schools.

Helen Cox is teaching Evening School in Lawrence.

Lillian and Eleanor Cronin are studying at Boston University.

Anne Crowley is a technician at the Boston City Hospital.

Anne Dempsey is taking the secretarial course at Simmons College.

Dorothy Dever has a position in the office of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Mary G. Dolan is teaching at Saint Augustine's School, South Boston.

Margaret Donahue is studying at the Portia Law School.

Marguerite Downey is assistant society editor of the *Boston Sunday American.*

Ada Erlandson is studying at the Sorbonne in France.

Helen Gately has a position in Filene's.

Cecilia Gilgun is teaching in Woburn.

Eleanor Grady has a position with the Jordan Marsh Company.

Ruth Grush has been appointed in the Somerville schools.

Dorothy Hatch is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Elizabeth Healey is a cadet teacher in Woburn.

Phyllis Henneberry is a technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Louise Hollander is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Mary Keenan is teaching in the Belmont Junior High School.

Winifred Killoran has a social service position.

Mary Koen is employed as technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Catherine Leonard is visiting her parents in California.

Margaret Lynch has a position in Chandler's.

Marguerite Maguire has a position with Jordan Marsh Company.

Helen Morgan is a technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Katherine Mulvey is taking the Social Service course at Simmons College.

Mary Frances Murphy has obtained a position in the music department of a broadcasting station.

Elizabeth McCarthy is taking a secretarial course at Bryant & Stratton's.

Mary Rogers McCarthy is teaching in Somerville.

Miriam McCue is taking the secretarial course at Simmons College.

Anne O'Dowd has a position in Filene's.

Claire O'Neil is teaching in Arlington.

Margaret O'Neil is teaching Evening School in Somerville.

Catherine Quinn is teaching in Lawrence.

Geraldine Soles is a cadet teacher in Woburn.

Helen Sullivan has a position in Chandler's.

MARRIAGES

Eveline Quinn, '24, to Edward F. McKeon.

Rita Connors, '25, to Dr. John Cleary.

Margaret Gleeson, '25, to John D. Benson.

Agnes Kiley, '26, to Lawrence Heidt.

Veronica Odell, '26, to Holland W. Hazen.

Agnes Lord, '27, to George W. Lynch.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Butler (Katherine Morrison, '24) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kelly (Mary Downey, '26) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Donlan (Rosella Kenney, '26) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hettinger (Marguerite Leary) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Savage (Frances O'Brien, '23) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barrett (Alice Scanlon, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mr. Charles Kerans, father of Anna Kerans, '28.

Mr. William Kelley, husband of Katherine Gately, '26.

Mr. John J. Dunigan, father of Dorothea Dunigan, '34.

Dr. Edward J. Denning, father of Dorothy Denning, '29, and of Mary Denning, '36.

Mrs. Jeremiah D. Donovan, mother of Julia Donovan, '28 (Sister Marie Genevieve).

A general topic of current interest which was being discussed and heartily approved was the decision of the Emmanuel League to admit the alumnae to membership in that organization. We also heard expressions of satisfaction that the League is inaugurating monthly bridges at the college, and that they have arranged for many instructive lectures during the winter. It is hoped that many members of the Alumnae Association will take advantage of the opportunity afforded them and will become active members of the League. All Emmanuel girls, both past and present, deeply appreciate the splendid work being done for the college by the ladies of the League, and the alumnae especially hope to express that appreciation publicly at a meeting to be held in January.

The Emmanuel League held its first meeting of the season on Sunday, October 15, 1933. The guest speaker, Miss Lina Marguerite Gremillot, spoke on "Paris, New and Old," and illustrated her lecture with colored stereopticon slides. Mrs. Stephen Vincent White, contralto, rendered vocal selections. Mrs. Frederic J. Crosby and Miss Jane McKey poured tea.

On Tuesday, October 17th, the League held its first of a series of monthly bridge parties, of which Mrs. J. J. O'Neill of Somerville is assuming general chairmanship. The hostesses of the day were Mrs. Frederic Crosby, Mrs. Walter Doherty and Mrs. Edward Connors. The party was well attended and the guests enjoyed the informality of the gathering.

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